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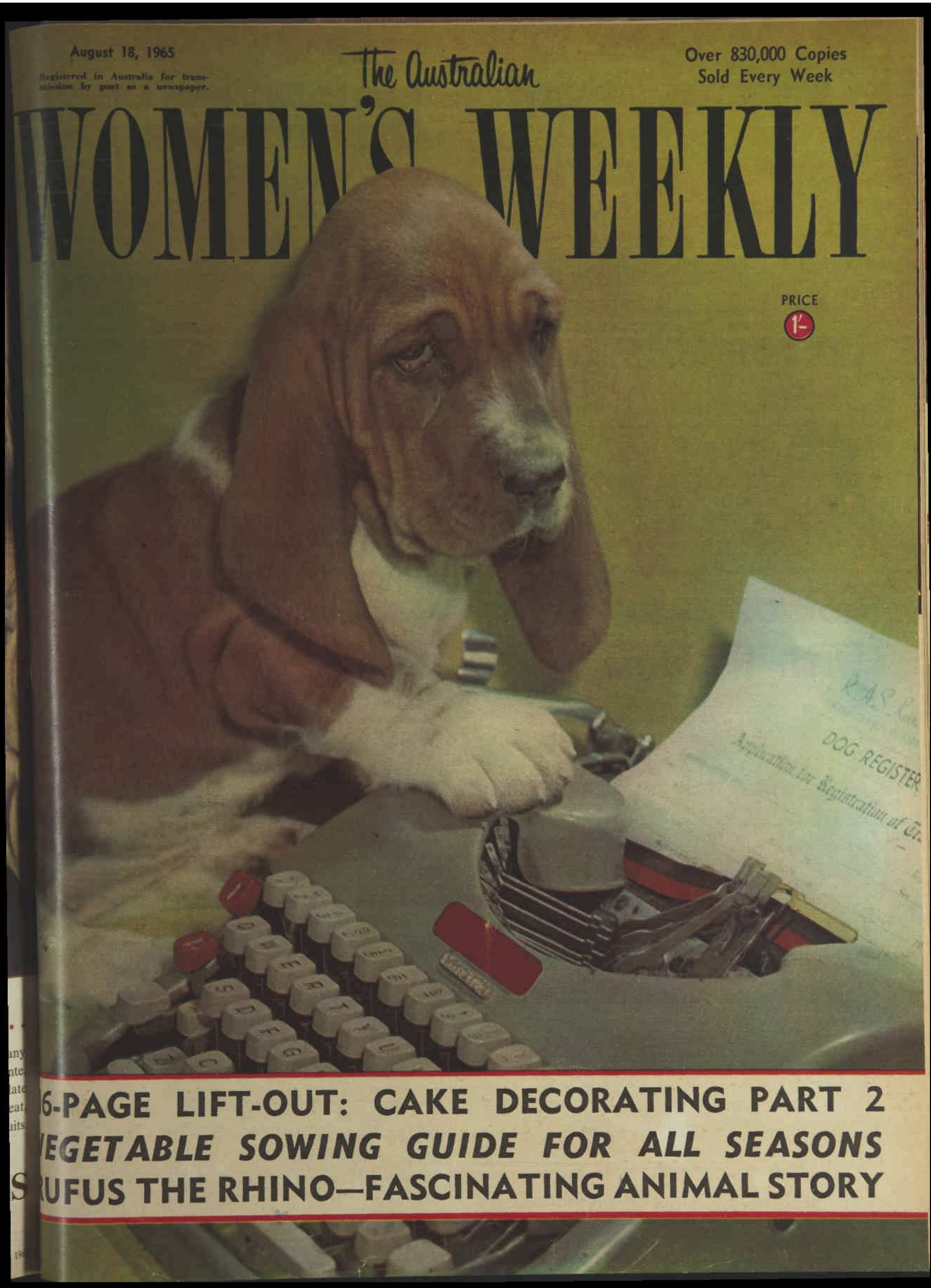

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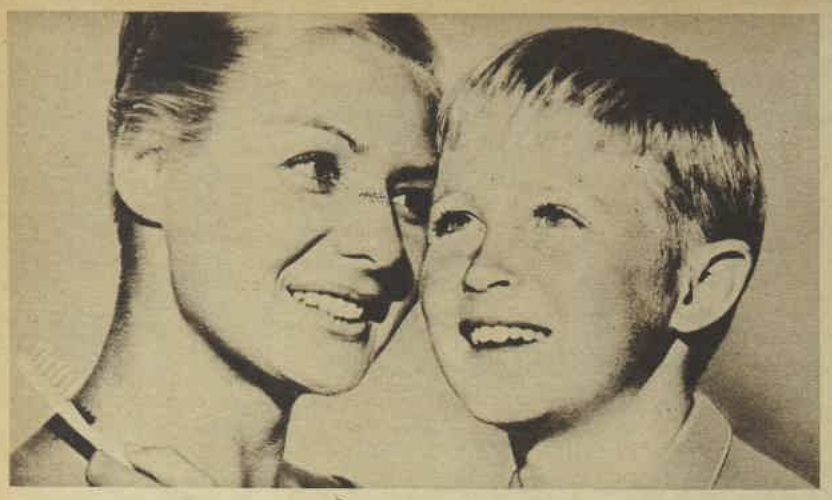

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WORTH REPORTING

WE are always impressed by achievement, and are especially impressed by women who can make and mend and make-do, often in trying circumstances.

In this category are the readers who wrote to us about their ways for making money at home (see their stories, pages 52, 53).

Another woman who wins our admiration is Mrs. Violet Stevenson, 72, of Clarence Park, S.A.

Widowed last year and confined to the house a great deal through ill-health, Mrs. Stevenson does tatting while watching TV, and tends her garden of shrubs and cacti.

Now, using home-made tools, cement, and sand left over from recent concrete work, plus 1/6 worth of bolts, she has made a Japanese lantern.

Mrs. Stevenson, who lives with Eunice, one of her two daughters, made shaping tools from old bits of galvanised iron and wood. She followed the how-to-make instructions we gave in April, 1964.

She used wire netting from an old birdcage for reinforcing the cement, joined the "legs" of the base and the window frames at the top with copper wiring taken from old electric-light cord.

"It took a bit of patience for a new chum," Mrs. Stevenson said. "I haven't made anything like this before.

"I advise others to grease the wood and metal to stop cement sticking to them."

Daughter Eunice spends a good deal of her time writing to various sources tracing a family tie with famous writer Robert Louis Stevenson.

● *Mrs. Stevenson, 72, of Adelaide, and the lantern she made.*

OUR COVER

● Langi Matilda Maia—affectionately called Brown Owl by her owner, Miss P. L. Nock, of Mosman, N.S.W. — is beginning her secretarial career early in life. Brown Owl is one of a litter of nine. The puppies' mother died after their caesarean birth, and they were mothered by a gentle German Shepherd. Picture by Keith Barlow, staff photographer.

● *Christian Ferras*

Hotel home

WHEN French violinist Christian Ferras arrived in Sydney to begin a series of 28 ABC concerts, it was one of the few times since his marriage that he has travelled without his wife.

She stayed in Paris to recover from an illness, and will join him in Perth.

"She was a professional singer—not a big star," he said, "but she is my best teacher — she knows music better than I!"

Their home is the Windsor Hotel, Paris. "A good address, eh?" he said.

"Our housing is difficult. I am always travelling—I am in Paris only three months in the year.

"The first year of our marriage, we came home from tour to the apartment we had then. The staff left. I said 'No more this,' and since then we have lived in the hotel."

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THE PRINCESS AND THE BEATLES

11 AUG 1965

● *Princess Margaret, in a white polka-dotted evening gown, arrives at the London Pavilion for the premiere of the Beatles' new film, "Help!" Lord Snowdon accompanied her.*

● *Ringo Starr, John Lennon and his wife, Cynthia, and George Harrison outside the theatre. The boys wore dinner jackets; Ringo with a frilly shirt. But George said: "I don't go for this. I'd rather be in jeans."*

● There were 250 policemen, five ambulances, three fire engines, and thousands of banner-waving, singing teenagers around Piccadilly Circus when the Beatles arrived for the premiere of their new film, "Help!", at the London Pavilion.

HELP was needed from the police to get John Lennon's Rolls-Royce out of a minute traffic jam and from ambulance for the girls who fainted because it was too much for them.

The statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus was roped off because of the numbers of the gawkers.

The crowd gave an equally enthusiastic reception to Princess Margaret and her husband, Lord Snowdon, when they arrived for the premiere, which was for charity.

The Beatles were presented to the Princess, who later told them how much she had enjoyed the film and that she and her husband had clapped in time to the music in one sequence. After the film the Princess and Lord Snowdon joined the Beatles for half an hour at a party.

The Beatles had most of their relatives as guests at the premiere. Paul McCartney had 17 guests, including aunts and uncles from Liverpool and his girlfriend, Jane Asher.

"It was murder getting them all in," said Paul.

It was a night of triumph for the Beatles, but a busy one for ambulance men, who calculated that they dealt with 20 fainting cases and treated a number of young girls suffering from hysteria. Seven girls were later treated in hospital for minor injuries.

— *Pictures by Ray Bellisario*

● *Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon with (from left) Ringo, George, Paul McCartney, John. The film raised £6000 for charity.*

● *The Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, Ringo and his wife, Maureen (above), on the red carpet leading to the foyer of the theatre.*

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WHY THAT HAG-RIDDEN WAIT FOR MEDICAL TEST RESULTS?

—Today there are so many kinds of tests

● The people were waiting. They waited with that special kind of resignation that seems to belong to the ante-rooms of Power, or to a railway-station platform at 3 a.m., or to the Outpatients' Department at a big public hospital.

IT was 12.20 p.m. "The next appointments don't start till one o'clock," said the Deputy Medical Superintendent, "and patients aren't asked to arrive till 15 minutes before the appointment.

"But lots still come early and just wait. People assume that if you come to a public hospital you have to wait."

I made another quick note. I was trying to find out why people have to wait so long for the results of medical tests.

It had all begun with my friend, Mr. A., who took his routine free chest X-ray at the mobile clinic.

Later Mr. A. received an alarming letter, phrased in reassuring terms. It asked him to return for a second X-ray and it fixed an appointment **ten days hence.**

Ten days and an eternity. Ten nights, in which the reassuring terms and Mr. A.'s imagination fought a pitched battle, and imagination (and the normal human tendency to fear the worst) won hands down.

Came the second X-ray and a further wait for the results.

The story has a happy ending, as apparently it often does. But that long, hag-ridden, surely unnecessary wait . . . ?

TB procedures

I wondered if many people have to wait —and for how long—for results of tests, all kinds of tests, radiological tests, pathology tests, blood tests, breathing tests, hormone and virus and pregnancy tests, the ever-increasing range of tests which science is placing at the service of the sick and those who merely want to keep well.

● Might the delay be sometimes dangerous?

● Is waiting-time reduced if the tests are done by private specialists rather than public clinics?

● If public hospitals are indeed slower in getting results to the patient, why?

● Is a patient kept worrying longer according to whether he can pay for the necessary test?

● Why should waiting-time be extended because specialists give results to the patient's doctor instead of direct to the patient?

In the search for answers, I took the case of Mr. A. to the Tuberculosis Division of the N.S.W. Department of Health. The Deputy-Director explained the procedures regarding testing for TB:

All TB conditions can be investigated either privately, when the patient must pay the fees, or free at public clinics.

The patient can also go to the Outpatients' Department of a public hospital, which charges all but the pensioner and the genuinely needy.

Both the Department of Health and the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of N.S.W. send mobile units to city, suburbs, and country free of charge. The department also runs a Chest X-ray Centre at 697 George Street, Sydney, in the heart of the city, where some 200 people a day are X-rayed.

Both private and public employers use the service, for which there is no charge.

At the department clinics, in the case of a clear X-ray, the average period between taking the film and dispatch of the results is 48 to 72 hours, the variation depending on the current influx of work.

In the city, the rest depends on the mails. In the country, it's less predictable.

Films have to be sent to the city from the area where the mobile unit is operating, and with 400-plus films to a spool it may be two days before the spool comes off.

Train and plane services are used wherever possible. When the film reaches the centre, it has to be processed, "read," and the results dispatched.

On the whole, says the Deputy-Director, staff-shortage is not a real factor in delay, although sometimes the division is "snowed-under."

There may be sickness among the staff members handling the work — or several mobile units may be working close together.

The average of 3000 X-rays a day is well below maximum daily capacity of 4000 to 5000.

By KAY KEAVNEY

When an X-ray indicates disease, the period required for confirmation depends on the individual case. Where TB germs can be detected under the microscope, a decision can be given the same day. But if it's necessary to "groom" a culture of the germs, the process itself takes six weeks, plus one or two weeks more to make a thorough analysis.

The kind of alarming communication received by Mr. A. is sent out:

● When the X-ray plate is technically unsatisfactory.

● When abnormality is detected. It is made very clear in the letter that this need not mean the worst.

In some cases, the Deputy-Director told me, a delay between taking the first (miniature) X-ray and the second (large) X-ray is actually desirable; for example, when a severe influenza has looked like TB.

But Mr. A. need never have lived through his ten days and nights of misery.

He could have rung the George Street centre (telephone number 211-0366) and arranged for an **immediate X-ray and interview** with the doctor on duty. Attention, all Mr. and Mrs. A's!

The Anti-Tuberculosis Association, which is registered as a private charity, but whose clinical and mass X-ray work is directed and financed by the Department of Health, told a similar story:

When a spool of films reaches their Sydney centre, it is processed. This, including the drying, takes about 12 hours. Then the films are "read," both by the clinic doctor and one of a team of visiting radiologists, and marked "Normal" or "Abnormal."

The film clerk separates the two. "Clears" go to one room, where voluntary workers process them through machines and send out "Clear" cards.

This can take from five to seven days, depending on circumstances. For example, a film taken on a Friday may not be completed till the following Friday, because the weekend intervenes.

All "Abnormals" go to the Medical Director of Mass Radiography, who constitutes a third opinion and decides on the action to be taken.

The patient may be called back for a second (large) X-ray. If he was referred to the clinic by a private doctor, the results will be sent to that doctor.

This is not for reasons of protocol but because the doctor is the person best qualified to interpret the results.

If the patient has come independently to the clinic, he may choose to consult his own doctor for treatment, or allow the clinic to go ahead free of charge.

Where the suspected abnormality is not TB, the clinic always advises the patient to consult his own doctor forthwith.

In the country, the association likes to send a large X-ray unit to an area about three weeks after the mobile unit.

When a patient's first X-ray shows an abnormality, "come-back" cards are sent out ten days before the second unit is due in the area.

"This is a compromise period," explained the Assistant-Administrator. "Not long enough to make the patient too anxious, but not so short that letters may not arrive in time for him to keep the appointment.

"All sorts of imponderables are involved, not least the mails. We keep our fingers crossed and hope that everything will work out."

In the city this interim period is reduced to about a week.

"We try to give maximum consideration to the patient's anxieties that is compatible with maximum efficiency of the unit."

With such a large volume of work, I felt, fair enough.

"In **private** practice," said a leading radiologist, "there is no delay whatever between the X-ray and getting out the results.

"In urgent cases, for instance a child with a suspected fracture of the wrist, we would get on the phone to his doctor within eight minutes.

"Yes, we prefer to communicate our report to the doctor. That's in the patient's best interests."

The radiologist considered that with his three partners, in his Macquarie Street and suburban practices, he would handle as much work as do most large public hospitals.

Back in 24 hours

The key, he said, was to have enough trained staff.

Of course, private radiologists don't handle pensioners, and elderly people are usually slower to deal with. Nor would they handle patients who have to be hospitalised. (Later a doctor-administrator at a teaching hospital estimated that this involved at least 20 percent of the work.)

The speed with which private men can get the results to the referring doctor is, however, quite marked, and the difference in cost for those insured under the medical schemes quite slight.

The doctor-administrator at the teaching hospital said a little testily that there is no really valid standard of comparison between private radiologists and public-hospital clinics.

Taking the case of hospitalised patients alone: the private man doesn't have to worry about how his patients are to be got to their appointments. They are simply there. The hospitals have to organise their patients out of bed, down to the clinic and then back again, in a chain of command ranging from ward sister to porters.

Once the film is taken, the medical officer could have the results as soon as they are physically available if he had time to go down to the clinic and get them.

Through channels they'd normally be back in the ward within 24 hours.

Outpatients' results are sent to the referring doctor as soon as available, or given to the patient on his next visit, usually a week later.

For the smaller suburban and district hospitals, speed of results is very much at the mercy of current influx of work.

Often, shortage of clerical staff can form a bottleneck. A suburban general practitioner told me that usually when he telephones his local hospital to speed reports, a technician, not an office girl, answers.

This busy practitioner confirmed that private radiologists are much speedier, although delays can occur even with them.

Some X-rays, "hard" X-rays, for example, involve considerable radiation risk to the personnel, and only a certain number can be done in a week.

Some radiologists "batch" patients, say six to a session, three times a week.

Where there is real urgency, however, and the G.P. is prepared to "push," he can usually get priority for a patient. The doctor found this equally true of public hospital clinics.

A woman G.P. with a big suburban practice said very firmly that the speed

● *Continued on page 12*

SMALL COST DIFFERENCE

● For the estimated 75 percent of the N.S.W. population who are insured against sickness, there's little difference in cost whether they go to a private doctor or a hospital clinic.

The outpatients' clinics are nearly as costly as the private men, and the initial 10/- outpatient's fee is not refundable.

The Hospitals Commission, which lays down the basis of all refunds, intends that on the average only 10 percent of the fee should be borne by the insured patient.

Taking two uncomplicated X-rays as test cases: For the wrist, the hospitals charge £3/3/-; a leading private radiologist £3/13/6. Refunds from the higher tables of two major medical funds are £2/5/-.

For the chest, the hospitals charge £3/3/-, the radiologist £2/2/- to £5/5/-, depending on the complexity. Refunds, depending on the complexity, 18/- to £4.

For the uninsured 25 percent, the moral seems to be, Join a Fund. Costs of clinical testing bear heavily on the uninsured, both in radiology of all kinds and in the wider and more complicated field of pathology.

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A TRIBUTE TO JOHNNY

Australia dealt him two disasters. He prefers to call it three chances.

By GLORIA NEWTON

● *Betty and Giovanni (Johnny) Zanussi, right, and, below, Johnny's sons, Giorgio, Claudio, and Roberto. After his first wife died in 1957, Johnny took his boys to his parents, at Pordenone, Italy, where this picture was taken in 1959.*

IGHT now the future looks rosy r 35-year-old Giovanni Zanussi — but t is because he is a n who refuses to be aten.

Since he came here 16 rs ago he has suffered misfortune and defeat, and ain-year separation from three sons.

But Giovanni, fair-haired, eyes that crinkle when laughs, is a true battler. Setbacks that would have de another man return to secure life of a prosrous farm at Pordenone, r Venice, only stirred him fight harder to stay in a ntry he describes as nderful."

And now Giovanni's sons, rgio, Claudio, and Robto, are flying out from n to join him and the ly Australian girl he ried four years ago.

It was his wife, Betty, who uaded Giovanni to tell story.

"We are always hearing ut the people who come Australia and give up at first setback," she said.

"But people like my nny stay and fight and help from no one. These the people you rarely r about."

In their **trim home at Kahuh, near Newcastle, S.W., Johnny was reant to talk at first. He he didn't think he had anything remarkable.**

But Betty, sitting beside on the couch, kissed him the cheek and said, nny, just start from the ning. It is a wonderful and you are a wonful man."

He had really been the k sheep of his family, ny explained.

Her father and two ers are proud farmers, d each time they e more land. Mainly ry farm, they grow s, wheat, corn, and ns. They could never erstand why I didn't their enthusiasm. But couldn't.

"As soon as I was old gh I made for the town learnt the painting

"For a long time I had interested in Australia. d an uncle and aunt in Queensland and from their letters it sounded such a wonderful place."

The first time he saved his fare he paid it to a company for passage on a ship which he found later didn't exist—neither did the company.

"Just after the war there were many such companies," he said wryly.

He married, saved up again, and sailed for Australia in 1949, leaving behind his young wife, who was pregnant.

There was a letter waiting for him in Sydney telling him that his first son, Giorgio, had been born.

"I was so happy," he said. "I went up to join my uncle and aunt near Ayr, in Queensland, and started cutting cane. I wanted to make money quickly so that my wife and son could join me.

"Mamma mia! At first I thought my hands would drop off. It was tough work, but I kept at it for the six years I was there."

In nine months Johnny had the money to bring his family out and in six years, cane-cutting in the season and working as a painting contractor off-season, he built a house and planted a garden that was the envy of his neighbors.

"I built that home myself, brick by brick, plank by plank," he said. "But it was good experience. Now there is little that I can't do around the house."

A good life

Life seemed very good in those years.

The community was a friendly, happy one. Claudio was born in 1951 and Roberto in 1954.

Roberto was only three when his mother died and Johnny's world was turned upside down.

"I tried to look after the boys — the neighbors were very good to me — but my hours were erratic and the life I was giving them was not good for them," Johnny said.

"I knew there was only one thing to do. Sell up and take them to my parents."

He booked passages for himself and the boys, wound up his business, and put his house up for auction.

"And, you know," he said, laughter crinkling his eyes, "it hadn't really rained in that area since I had been there. On the day my house went up for auction it poured —and no one turned up.

"Well, I just had to go, so I sold it for a song. Luck? It wasn't with me at that time, believe me."

Back in Pordenone, after a tiring sea trip — "imagine watching three energetic young boys, doing their washing and ironing" — Johnny told his mother he would stay on the farm.

"But I couldn't," he said. "I was used to Australia and its kind of life.

"Leaving my boys was the hardest thing I have ever had to do. I had to wait until dark and slip out quietly while they were asleep.

"Roberto knew something was wrong and just wouldn't go to sleep, and Mamma kept begging me to stay. It was a terrible time."

Johnny returned to Sydney in 1959 with one ambition — to make money quickly and bring his boys back to Australia.

"I had a little money saved and I invested it in a truck with a friend. We went up around the Bega area carrying for the mines," he said.

He still shudders when he recalls that disastrous venture.

"Oh, what a life. It seemed to rain all the time. We slept in tents in the bush, I grew a beard, and we were lucky to have a bath once a fortnight.

"Rain, bogs, blackouts, everything went wrong, and I lost every penny. It seemed the more I tried to make quick money the more everything went bad."

So back he went to cane-cutting.

But he was restless and "there were too many memories up there," so he returned to Sydney and found work in a factory.

"And then," he said, turning to his wife with a tender, caressing smile, "I met you."

"He wasn't a bit romantic," Betty laughed as she squeezed his hand.

"When my cousin brought him home to dinner I thought he was conceited. But he kept coming around every night, and suddenly I saw what a perfect gentleman he was.

● *Zanussi home, near Newcastle, N.S.W. "It has three blocks of land," said Johnny, "one for each of the boys. If they want dogs, horses, even a cow, there will be plenty of room."*

Lovers' phrase

"I don't remember when he proposed, but we married a few months after we met.

"I am lucky to have such a wonderful husband—even though he does tell me he loves me like the skin of a tomato.

"That's the translation of an Italian endearment. I got a shock when I learnt what it meant."

Johnny laughed. "But, Betty," he protested, "that really is a beautiful lovers' phrase. The tomato is a beautiful and much-loved fruit."

Johnny and Betty looked around for a suitable place to make a home for the boys.

"We decided Sydney was not the right place for boys used to farm life," Betty said.

So it was off to Newcastle, where they lived in a flat while Johnny set up his shingle as a painting contractor.

"We have never looked back," Johnny said. "In two years here I have never gone without a day's work.

"In Sydney I knew only a few people. Here I know half the people and feel I have attained standing in the community.

"Whatever my boys decide to do when they leave school they will be able to get the start they may need."

Four months ago Johnny and Betty moved into their new home and started preparing for the boys' arrival.

Betty is as excited about their arrival as their father.

"Three boys, all like Johnny. What more could any woman ask," she said.

"Italian food? The only food in the world, according to Johnny. Well, I am pretty good at preparing that and, anyway, Johnny is a marvellous cook.

"I can help the boys with their English—they'll need to speak a little before they go to school — and they can help me learn Italian.

"The whole neighborhood is excited about their arrival. Young boys are knocking on the door to ask if they will be interested in Soccer and football.

New furniture

"At the moment we have only beds in their room, but we thought they would enjoy picking out their own furniture and decorations.

"It will take them a while to settle down. After all, it will be a sad-happy experience — sad parting from their grandparents and an exciting arrival seeing their father again.

"I will be so happy to have them. I feel they have so much to give me and I have so much to give them."

Holding Betty's hand as he said goodbye at the door, Johnny looked up at the sky and said:

"It has been such a long, long time, such a long, long wait, but now life is good."

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Using facts as bullets, women aim to outshoot the big Gunn of the Reserve Price Scheme and . . .

● *Three of the women's committee opposing the Wool Board's Reserve Price Scheme, from left, Mrs. T. M. Lawson, Mrs. W. C. Wentworth, Mrs. Gregory Blaxland.*

KEEP WOOL FREE

LATE last month a group of New South Wales women took a long, searching look at the very the Wool Board was presenting the case of the Reserve Price Scheme.

They considered the Wool Board, in effect, was saying, "We really can't explain the scheme to you yet, but trust us, give us your vote and your money, and we will work something out."

And that, the women decided, was certainly NOT good enough for them.

They **formed themselves** into the **Women's Anti Reserve Price Group.**

Unofficially they adopted the name of Operation Pop Gun ("spelt with one 'n', if you please").

They thought that if David defeated Goliath, why couldn't a powerful battery receive the same treatment from a pop gun?

The big gun they are out to annihilate is the Wool Board and its chairman, Sir William Gunn, at present touring Australia on a reputed £30,000 campaign for the adoption of the Reserve Price Scheme.

Chaired by Mrs. Geoffrey Ashton, of Markdale, Binda, the group decided to elect no officers but rather to work together as one.

With her are Mrs. R. Macarthur Onslow, of Orange, Mrs. G. Blaxland, of Woollahra, Mrs. T. N. Lawson, of Oberon, Mrs. W. C. Wentworth, of Newport, Mrs. G. Mackay, of Bradwood, Mrs. B. Wright, of Armidale, Mrs. M. Hole, of Bourke, Mrs. H. McFarland, of Young, Dorothy and Peggy Prell, of Crookwell, Mrs. L. Mac. Smith, of Orange, and Lady McLaughley, of Coonong.

The Group was officially launched at a Press conference chaired by Mrs. Wentworth.

Mrs. Ashton told reporters the Group realised they were making a late run as it was supposed the referendum on the Scheme was scheduled for early September.

"We have stayed in the background too long. Our wives have been too gentlemanly," she said.

"People are being given only one side of the story by

Mrs. Geoff. Ashton (left) and Mrs. Maurice Hole.

Sir William, who is travelling around on the money we woolgrowers gave to the Board to promote the sale of wool.

"We have no backing, but we have plenty of determination to get the proper explanation over to every man and woman whose livelihood is in their wool clip."

A little more than a week later voluntary helpers set to and posted letters to country women throughout Australia asking their co-operation.

On the same day they packed 60,000 copies of a booklet for distribution in every Australian country centre.

The letter asked for the names of women wanting more information on the Scheme and called on those willing to sign petitions demanding a postponement of the referendum.

Other States

The booklet, issued by the (men's) Committee for the Retention and Improvement of the Free Wool Market, explained the Scheme fully, quoted authorities who condemned it, and pointed out how, if it was adopted, it would jeopardise the wool industry.

Similar women's groups are being formed in other States.

Women who believe their fellow country women cannot be sold "a dud scheme" will tour every country area in every State explaining the Scheme and outlining the reasons for their opposition.

Already men and women all over New South Wales have written pledging help. Some even sent donations.

"Your grit and the name you've adopted have fired our imagination," one farmer wrote. "We are behind you little ladies and we will help you all we can."

Believing that few people understood the Reserve Price Scheme, the committee drafted an explanation "a sort of by women to women," Mrs. Ashton explained.

Here is the committee's statement:

"We have heard so many women in the city as well as the country say 'What is this wool scheme, anyway? We hear arguments for and against, but we really don't understand it.'

"We thought we would try to put on paper a simple explanation.

"It must be remembered wool is still our biggest export earner — it brings in 37 percent of our export income, so the vexed question of this wool reserve price scheme really does affect people in the city as well as the country, and could affect the whole of Australia's economy.

"The general idea when the Scheme was put up in 1964 was that woolgrowers would be better off if they all contributed to a fund to buy in Australian wool when the market was low and resell when the market rose.

"There is, of course, nothing new in this idea — market speculators have operated for thousands of years.

"The authority which would operate this scheme, however, would be at some disadvantage compared to an ordinary speculator.

"In order to be fair to all woolgrowers who offered their wool during a selling season, the authority would have to set its buying price before the season's sales opened.

"It would then be stuck with that price for twelve months, although during the course of the season the price which was at first thought prudent might turn out later to be very imprudent.

"The majority of small growers are under the impression that the same reserve floor price will cover all grades of wool. This is not so. Different reserve prices will be made for different qualities, and the inferior bale will not have the same reserve price as the fine quality merino.

"Under the proposed scheme, the woolgrowers will be required to contribute about 17/4 a bale extra annually on top of what they now pay toward wool promotion.

"This will go on for seven or eight consecutive years until there is about £35,000,000 in kitty."

"The Government has guaranteed to arrange an interest-bearing mortgage for any funds required over and above this £35,000,000.

"Security for the mortgage will be the £35,000,000 and first charge on wool bought in.

"Income to the extent of about £400,000 per annum, at present used for wool promotion, will be made available for administration costs.

"Here we should point out that this scheme does not bear any relationship to the wheat scheme at all, although Sir 'Wool Board' Gunn has been heard many times over the air declaiming, 'And where would the wheatgrowers be today if it hadn't been for the wheat scheme?'

"Wheat is directly subsidised by the Government.

"This is not true of the proposed Reserve Price Scheme. The Government is only offering a loan to the growers to be paid back with interest.

"To administer the Scheme there will be a huge team of wool valuers

Continued on page 12

NEXT WEEK

★ This face belongs to . . .

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD

She is English. She is just 22. She is called "The Shrimp" — the highest-paid, most-photographed girl from Europe to America. You'll read her fascinating success story in our four-page feature.

And:

★ *Sixteen-page lift-out . . .*

WEDDING ETIQUETTE

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And:

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★

What to wear to be (fashionably) in the swim

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For midnight snacks, lunch boxes, picnics—for good eating anytime

★ AFTERNOON TEA CAKES

And:

Four gardening-book pages on

★ GERANIUMS ★

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Eerie descent into a skindiver's paradise–

● *Piccaninny Ponds (above), a series of small lakes almost on the coastline of South Australia.*

● *John Harding (left) with the little bird that swam down to meet the underwater swimmers.*

● *John, Valerie, and Tanya (right) among the reeds that fringe the deep chasm of Piccaninny Ponds.*

By *VALERIE HEIGHES*

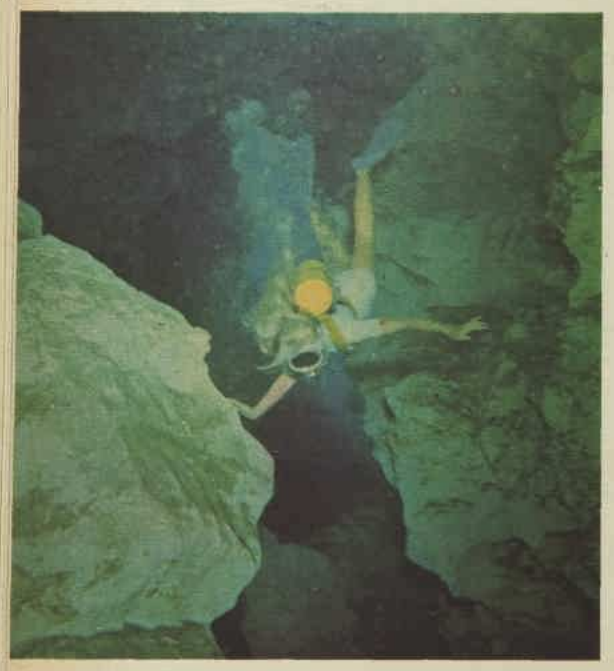
● Spearfishing experts Valerie Heighes and her husband, Ron Taylor, shark-killer John Harding, and surfboard rider Tanya Binning travelled 850 miles from Mortdale, N.S.W., to explore the Piccaninny Ponds.

The ponds are a series of small lakes, connected underground, almost on the coast of South Australia, about 20 miles from Mt. Gambier and to the east of Port MacDonnell.

They are part of the subterranean water system of South Australia's south-east district, which includes the Blue Lake and other lakes in the craters of Mt. Gambier.

The main pond, often called Piccaninny Lake — only 20 feet wide by 200 feet long — is surrounded by long reeds. It has been explored by skindivers, who have not yet touched the bottom.

Valerie Heighes says that, because of the clear water, nowhere are conditions so good for the skindiver armed with an underwater camera. She describes the eerie descent into a skindiver's paradise . . .



● *Valerie at the limestone entrance to the subterranean cave, which, she says, has been penetrated by only a handful of swimmers.*

● *Tanya Binning and John standing on the edges of the first pond.*

LIKE a flock of awkward birds, we flew slowly downwards between the ever-narrowing chasm walls. The vertical, black opening, with its fringe of undulating green algae, beckoned us deeper.

I hung for a moment in the watery sunlight. Tanya hovered 100 feet above, an exquisite silhouette in this clear, turquoise world.

Tanya did not explore the cave with us. We had taught her skindiving only the week before, so she stayed on the surface. The Ponds are only for the experienced diver.

To get to the chasm we had swum through a pond about 50 feet deep to a fringe of reeds, separated them, then started to descend.

I waved at Tanya, then plunged hesitantly through the soft green fringe. Blackness enveloped me. I lay there staring into an inky void.

A stream of silver bubbles wobbled upward from my husband's Scuba tank. John Harding brushed past me, his rubber-clad body touching my leg like some squashy cave-dwelling monster.

He startled me from my trance and overcame my reluctance to move.

I could almost hear my husband, Ron, thinking to himself, "Come on, Valerie, we didn't travel 850 miles so you could waste time and air dithering around in the one spot."

My eyes were becoming accustomed to the gloom. I could dimly see Ron frantically signalling me to swim slowly down toward the very bowels of the earth. It was fantastic. We were in a huge cavern.

Silent place

Tortured limestone jutted from the floor and lower walls. Our air bubbles, trapped against the arched ceiling, lay like brilliant blue mercury, winking down in an ever-widening puddle of air.

There they would remain trapped, unable to escape, over the years to come for perhaps even our children's children to see.

It was fantastic, but true. This still, silent place probably had not changed in thousands of years and would remain the same for thousands of years to come.

I gently felt a battered stone pinnacle, and stirred up a great swirl of powdered sediment.

Ron motioned me to stop disturbing the water and began to take photographs.

The camera flash illuminated the subterranean cavern for a second, throwing it into a twisted composition of grey and black shadows.

Only curiosity kept me there. My body said, "Get out, you fool, this is no place for humans."

Ron had disappeared, his path marked by a trail of silver bubbles. John seemed content to just float, feet up, neatly carving his initials into a limestone outcrop.

I can't imagine who he expected to admire his effort.

I followed Ron's bubbles down. The huge cave condensed into a sort of sooty tunnel that seemed to have swallowed him.

Just as I was about to panic he came into view, which was just as well. This deep dark place was no place in which to panic.

Ron signalled that the air would be getting low. With a mingling of relief and reluctance, I started for the entrance. How far away it looked, that tiny jewel of light in this grey-black world.

John seemed loath to leave the "masterpiece" he had not quite finished. You would have thought that it was go ing to be hung in th Louvre. A little physical per suasion got him moving. Th glimmering topaz jew color changed rapidly into more familiar-looking cav entrance.

We pushed through th slushy algae fringe into th open water. I was free! Sun light danced on the swayin reeds.

A funny bird swam dow to greet us. Perhaps he cou not believe his eyes, seein three strange creatur emerging from the depths.

Anyhow, I bet he wish he had not been so curiou because John reached o and grabbed him. This, course, called for mo photographs.

John's new friend cou hold his breath longer, a dive better, than all of t together.

He was a friendly lit fellow and remained a co stant companion for the re of the swim.

Tanya and I lay face do looking into that fabul chasm of the Piccanin Ron and John were halfw down, looking up. It is o of the most beautiful sig in Australia.

Only a handful of div have swum between its v tical walls and feasted th

● *Continued on page*

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South Australia's amazing . . .

PICCANINNY PONDS

● *John, Valerie, and Tanya looking down the chasm. Tanya stayed near the surface. Pictures are by Ron Taylor.*

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Continuing . . .

PICCANINNY PONDS

● *John Harding helps Tanya, who had learnt skindiving only the week before.*

eyes on its crystal-clear depths.

You can see 100 feet straight down, then the chasm narrows rapidly, veering off to the right, and seems to go on forever.

(One Scuba diver decided to see how deep the Piccaninnies were, but 220 feet down, in the ever-narrowing space, his regulator became clogged by stirred-up sediment. He had to claw his way out, struggling for air. All that I can say is, "This is not for me, thank you." I'd rather swim through a dozen angry shark packs.)

Then we moved through a curtain of reeds from the main pond into a shallower one. A scared tortoise darted into the reeds. I was swimming face up, my air supply down to its last.

We struggled into the surrounding swamp, and through knee-deep mud squelched our way back to the tent we had pitched in a paddock.

I skirted a narrow pool, where, earlier in the day, John had made a slight mistake.

When we started out to explore the cave, John had been unable to wait and had plunged off through the swamp leaving us far behind.

Coming to this pool, he had not hesitated. It looked shallow, but John had heard that this was because of the great clarity of the water.

In he went, thinking it the first pool through which we had to swim. It was almost deep enough for swimming —about five feet—but three feet was soft ooze.

So there was John, trying to swim in a churned-up mud bath.

My husband was rather alarmed at first, but Tanya and I couldn't help laughing, and Ron soon joined in.

But John was not the only one to entertain us with unorthodox swimming. Earlier in the day we had visited the Ewen Ponds, over which was suspended a narrow, single-plank jetty.

Full of enthusiasm for the fresh, unspoiled surroundings, Tanya stood on the jetty, eyes closed, arms outstretched, and took a big, deep breath.

Then, looking happy and pleased, she slowly toppled in. When the splash died down, a surprised, fully dressed Tanya was bobbing around in 20 feet of icy water.

The deep breathing had caused it. The excess oxygen in her system had produced a slight dizziness, throwing her off balance.

Run to waste

We fished her out, lit a big fire, and stood around holding bits of clothing. In no time everything was dry, even if it did smell a bit swampy.

Not a great deal is known about the subterranean waterways, of which the Piccaninny Ponds are a small part. They break the earth's crust just a few yards from the open sea. It is believed that two million gallons of water flow into the ocean daily, yet the land it flows under is dry and barren.

Some say the water comes all the way from the Snowy Mountains, others from the Murray. Up to a mile out at sea fishermen can put a bucket over the side and still bring up fresh water.

It seems a great pity that in a land where water is so scarce and precious these millions of gallons run to waste every day.

Perhaps in the future this liquid wealth will be tapped and diverted to benefit mankind.

Social Roundabout

By Mollie Lyons

THREESOME. Mrs. Rell Skinner, Mrs. Monica Read, and Mrs. Edward Esdaile (left to right) at the parade of spring and summer fashions at the Chevron Hotel organised by the Pied Piper Committee. Proceeds from the parade will go to The Spastic Centre.

AT PARADE. Mrs. Leon Myerson (left) with Mrs. Arthur Gollan at the Black and White committee luncheon and fashion parade at the Lasalle Galleries.

THE spectacular Mt. Hagen Show in New Guinea, where 90,000 natives gather annually in their colorful garb, will be the destination in September of an enthusiastic group of Sydney travellers.

Among them is artist Paul Jones, who hopes to capture on paper enough of the local color and atmosphere to provide him with the material for an exhibition of New Guinea paintings.

Paul (who leaves by air on August 11) will meet up with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Simpson in Lae, and the three of them will do the four-day trip to Mt. Hagen by car. Paul and John Amory (who'll also be up there) will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hagon on their plantation.

Among other lucky ones who'll make the trip are Dr. and Mrs. Neville Morgan, who will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Gibbes on their plantation.

★ ★ ★

SURELY the most delightful things to come from the East are those little musical boxes which play into the telephone while you're waiting for the person at the other end to come back on the line. I heard three this week playing a series of pieces ranging from "Home Sweet Home" to a Beethoven sonata.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Mr. and Mrs. John Sharpe are now back home on their property, "Willow Wood," at Orange, after a five-week stay in their house at Killara. They're busy preparing for the school holidays and university vacation which their three sons will spend with them at Orange.

★ ★ ★

THERE'S an international air to the new committee formed this week, which has been called the Red Cross City Committee. President is Mrs. Sydney Lennon and among the members are women from sixteen different countries. The committee's first party will be a fashion parade and luncheon at the Chevron Hotel on August 24.

★ ★ ★

NEWLY engaged Jenny Cameron-Smith has been really rushing since her return from her six months abroad. A week after her arrival she announced her engagement to law student John Harris and, as well as unpacking, she's now caught up in a round of parties. Her parents, Judge and Mrs. Alistair Cameron-Smith, have arranged a cocktail party for them at their home at Killara on September 10.

AT RECEPTION. Lady Johnston (centre), wife of Sir Charles Johnston, the new British High Commissioner, with Mr. Donald Trounson, U.K. Information Officer, and Mrs. Robert Russell at the reception given for the Johnstons by the Royal Commonwealth Society.

BUSY hunting antique pieces for their new colonial-style home at Beecroft is Judith Lucas, who will wed Alan Gordon at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst, on September 24. Judith, who has been searching for "just the right things" for nearly a year, began her collection with several pieces of furniture—including a cedar chiffonier, dining-room chairs, and a drawing-room suite—from the country property belonging to her fiance's grandmother.

★ ★ ★

INJURIES from the snow country . . . I spotted Brigadier Stan Eskell shopping in Double Bay Village complete with plaster cast and walking stick; and I heard over the grapevine that Mrs. Kitchener Smith is resting a broken leg in Auburn District Hospital.

★ ★ ★

BRIGHT round of parties for bride-to-be Denise Waddy who weds the Rev. Neil Macintosh at St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, on August 14. Bridesmaid Shan Leaney, Mrs. Frank Cheatham, and Mrs. Rowan Waddy have all hostessed pre-wedding parties for Denise. Her three other bridesmaids are her sister, Rosalind, Jennifer Johnstone, and Carla Thurston.

★ ★ ★

JUST back after a two-and-a-half-month whirlwind tour, Leslie Walford had lots of news of the Australians he met abroad. At a party at Betty Fairfax's London flat he was speaking with Diana Massie, Walter Pye, the Lennox Bodes (who are now home) and (visitors to Australia last year) the Hon. John Siddeley and his charming wife, Jacqueline. Leslie spent a day with them at their lovely country house in Sussex.

★ ★ ★

TOP fashion honors for the week undoubtedly go to Mrs. Bob McInerney, whose entrance into the fashion parade and luncheon midweek in a chic oatmeal outfit drew all eyes. Her slim fitted coat (beautifully cut and so simple) was worn with an unusual tall plaited turban exactly the same color.

★ ★ ★

LETTER from London for Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Collins from their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Collins, was written on their return from a fortnight's holiday in the north of Ireland, where they had visited the family's ancestral home. Anthony is at King George Hospital for two years doing post-graduate work.

★ ★ ★

A COMBINED welcome-home and farewell party will be hostessed by Mrs. Robert Gray at her home at Double Bay on August 19. It's a farewell for Mrs. Mara Champion, who leaves on September 1 for a month in Beirut, and a welcome-home for Mrs. Roy McKerihan, who is back from Hong Kong to settle down here again.

★ ★ ★

DATE for your diary . . . the Girls' Brigade Jubilee Dinner at the Trocadero on August 17, when guests will include the Rt. Hon. Lord MacDermott, Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland, and Lady MacDermott, who is International President of the Girls' Brigade.

★ ★ ★

THE most intriguing "gimmick" around town this week which caused a great deal of amusement was the winking eye attached to the pigskin cover of the engagement diary carried by Lady Johnston, wife of the newly arrived British High Commissioner, Sir Charles Johnston. Lady Johnston told me it came originally from a get-well card and she found it such fun she transferred it to the book.

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AT RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Weber with their attendants (from left), Miss Pauline O'Neill and Miss Stephanie Pierce, at the reception at the Pickwick Club which followed their marriage at the Sacred Heart Church, Mosman. The bride was Miss Susan O'Gorman, only daughter of Mrs. Brenda O'Gorman, of Cremorne, and of the late Mr. R. M. O'Gorman. The bridegroom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Weber.

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. David Hum with their attendants (left to right), Miss Robyn Mould, Miss Penny Kitto, and Miss Robyn White, after their marriage at Shore Chapel. The bride was formerly Miss Carolyn White, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. White, of Killara. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. J. R. Kitto, of Longueville, and of the late Mr. D. Hum. A reception was held at Elanora Country Club.

POLO AT WARWICK FARM. Refreshments were enjoyed between matches at the Countess of Dudley Polo Tournament at Warwick Farm by (from left, standing) Mrs. Fred Gilder, of Melbourne, Mrs. Hugh Birch, of Double Bay, and Mr. Michael Casey, a visitor from San Francisco, and (seated) Mrs. John Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis (left), and Mrs. Frank Thompson, of "Widden," Kerrabee. BELOW: English visitor Lord Vestey, of Gloucestershire (at right), who played in the Vychan team against Gunnedah, chatted with (from left) Mr. Brien Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, Miss Margaret Mackay, and her mother, Mrs. Ken Mackay, who came from "Tabbil Creek," Dungog. Seven teams competed in the three-day tournament.

RRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Champion after their marriage at Mark's Church, Hunter's Hill. The bride was formerly Miss Sharon son, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kingston Watson, of Hunter's The bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. Mara Champion, of Double and of the late Mr. A. G. Champion. After a fortnight's honeyon at Perisher Valley they will make their home at Potts Point.

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Continuing . . . WHY THAT HAG-RIDDEN WAIT FOR MEDICAL TEST RESULTS?

Real shortage of trained pathologists

which reports are transmitted to the referring doctor depends on how much he's prepared to make a nuisance of himself.

Another, a male, considered that every G.P. must have an "old-boy network," a list of consultants in all specialised fields who have an "in" with the hospitals.

To a man, the hospitals denied this, although some give priority to the patients of their honoraries. All insisted that the only real priority was the medical urgency.

Summing-up on the radiological front: it seems that private men get the reports much more quickly than the public clinics, although the latter are ready, willing, and able to cut through normal procedures when it's a matter of life-and-death.

All sections prefer to communicate reports to the referring doctor as the person best qualified to interpret them.

The doctor seems well advised to keep after the radiologists, and the patient to keep after his doctor!

Shining corridors

These generalisations are equally true of the wider field of pathology.

A stroll along the shining new corridors of the Department of Health's Institute of Clinical Pathology and Medical Research at Lidcombe, N.S.W., brings home how wide the field is.

Neat signs on neat doors indicate the mysteries being practised within: "Microbiological Assay," "Haematology," "Bacteriology," "Virology," and a host of others.

Some of the tests done here are so time-consuming or complex or rare that it would hardly pay the private pathologist to take them on.

A case in point, the Director told me, is a blood test for anaemia, estimation of vitamin B12.

It takes two weeks from the time the blood arrives at the institute, usually by mail, and it could take three, since the test can be done only in batches put up once a week on a certain day.

The results are then again consigned to the mails, addressed to the referring doctor (and any doctor in the State can use the service free of charge).

The haemoglobin test is quite simple and one that most people take at least once in a lifetime.

A private pathologist I talked to guarantees to get the results out in minutes, by phone or by hand, to other specialists in Macquarie Street, or by mail to the suburbs and country.

The institute informed me more in sorrow than in anger that it could do the same if it were feasible to do the tests individually. But again they must be put up in batches, in this case of 20, and the results take 24 hours to get into the mails.

Outpatients' Pathology Departments also "batch," usually twice a day. Then the results have to be "typed-up," and sometimes there is a bottleneck in the office.

The Pathology Department in one major Sydney women's hospital has only one secretary to type-up all findings of all tests whatever!

I referred this apparent anomaly to the Secretary of the Hospitals Commission, which is responsible for administering the public hospitals system.

He was not aware, he said, of any request for additional clerical staff which had not been sympathetically considered. The real shortage lay with trained pathologists. Few young graduates are prepared to undertake the long specialised training, with relatively poor remuneration.

This was confirmed by the Director of the Lidcombe Institute, which is now training 40 pathologists and technicians.

It takes two years to train a technician, and to train him consumes the time of the trained. With pathologists, the apprenticeship is more than twice as long.

Often, after being trained by the public hospitals and institutes, they go into the more lucrative field of private practice, for which one certainly can't blame them.

This is equally true of technicians and even well-trained office girls.

The situation is particularly tough for the country hospitals. Laboratories are expensive to set up and staff difficult, even impossible, to attract and keep.

And so specimens from country hospitals and doctors swell the flood of the Lidcombe Institute and public-hospital mails. Often they are badly packed and inadequately identified, or the referring doctor's handwriting on the form is illegible.

I heard one horror story about a doctor who rang a certain public utility in a rage because a patient's test was taking too long.

The utility checked through its painstaking records and found that the specimen in question had never been received. This was angrily denied by the doctor.

Later, he rang back and offered to eat crow. He'd found the specimen in the boot of his car!

Sometimes, too, hospital administrators told me defensively, the hospital is blamed for delays when the report is sitting on the referring G.P.'s desk.

Most agreed, though, that there is a very real time-gap between public and private practice.

The private men have a higher percentage of trained staff and for the most part can avoid "batching." They don't have to deal with inpatients and elderly pensioners or with the manifold problems faced especially by teaching hospitals.

Nor are they subject to sudden unpredictable rushes. For instance, last Good Friday a picnic bus, loaded with people suffering from food-poisoning, pulled up at the door of one large public hospital.

For the private man, in fact, the time taken to get out a report is governed only by the time it takes to do the actual test. This varies very widely, even in determining a single condition; for example, pregnancy.

One "immunological" test for pregnancy can be done inside five minutes. Another takes two hours. The Toad Test takes five hours; the Ascheim-Zondek Test, working usually with mice, takes five days.

In the case of microscopic examination of tissue removed at an operation, there is also a wide variation. A section can be frozen and a quick decision given within minutes.

The Lidcombe Institute's Director considers these quick sections less satisfactory than the longer tests.

The institute handles some 11,000 tissues a year, and 90 to 95 percent of reports are dispatched in 48 to 72 hours.

Sent by fast car

If especially urgent, this could be reduced to an average of 24 hours or, if the referring doctor or hospital is close enough, sometimes within ten minutes.

A woman has suspected cancer of the breast. Tissue is removed by the surgeon, frozen, and sent by fast car to the institute while the patient is still on the operating table. The report is telephoned through within minutes to the waiting surgeon.

Many hospitals also have this service, the specimen being rushed to the Pathology Department or private pathologist.

In life-and-death cases like these the public hospitals can act as quickly as the private pathologist and are often much better equipped to do so.

The basic delay factor seems to be the shortage of beds and wards. Sometimes beds are available, but not necessarily in the area most convenient for the patient.

Since inpatients receive priority, the G.P. or consulting surgeon will often try to have a patient requiring clinical investigation admitted to hospital.

The very volume of clinical work, growing greater every year as new tests are made available — and made cheaper for the insured — is gradually closing the public hospitals' facilities to the private practitioner. Many resent this.

Many G.P.s feel that they lose track of a patient being treated by a public hospital, that the essential doctor-patient relationship is being eroded.

Hospital administrators admit that this may be true, but, to a degree, unavoidable. One G.P. even occasionally persuades pensioner-patients to use private pathologists, not only for reasons of speed but to maintain control of the treatment.

Cost-wise, for the insured, the difference is not great. Pathology tests are well covered by the funds.

Again, heaven help the uninsured who is not covered by Social Services! Testing for hepatitis, for instance, costs in the region of £14/14/-.

There seems little likelihood that the overall picture will change.

All ancillary services need doctors, yet the medical graduates passing through N.S.W. universities every year are only numbered in the hundreds.

The universities say they can't increase facilities for lack of finance and staff.

Meanwhile, the population increases and the proportion covered by Social Services increases, and everyone is flat-out keeping up with things as they are.

Every time the Government pays a benefit for a new service, or the service receives a spate of publicity, more demand is created and more need for personnel.

Throughout 1964 the Cancer Detection Clinic at the Lidcombe Institute received 56,000 smear-tests. In the first three months of 1965 the tally was already 30,000!

If the million N.S.W. women who ought to take this test suddenly tried to take it, many private as well as public faces would be red.

And if the entire population decided this very day to be sensible and have that thorough medical overhaul, including a few tests, the results would be chaotic.

People won't do it, of course. Lots are even postponing checking with the doctor on that sore that won't get better or that worrying shortness of breath.

So time slips by, and all too often minor conditions become major.

As one tired suburban doctor summed it up: "The most serious of all unnecessary delays lies in **the patient's mind.**"

Continuing . . . KEEP WOOL FREE

from page 7

valuing every single lot of wool offered every year.

"This is not the first time there has been an agitation for some sort of scheme like this, but it was turned down by four out of every five growers in 1951 in a referendum.

"After the war, when many countries were hungry for wool, wool reached an all-time high. Then, in the 1958-59 season, the market took a dive.

"This started an agitation, and grower organisations asked the Federal Government to set up an impartial committee of people not connected with any branch of the industry.

"This committee — generally referred to as the Philp Committee — took evidence all over Australia and from 90 firms overseas.

"They did make a number of valuable suggestions, but they recommended no change in the free auction system and gave their reasons. The report was released in 1962.

"In 1963 the Wool Board decided to ask for vastly increased money for the promotion of wool.

"One section of disgruntled growers said, 'No more money for wool promotion until we get a marketing scheme.'

"The Wool Board (whose sphere, incidentally, has been wool promotion, not marketing) said, 'Give us this money now and we will go into marketing later.'

"A year later the Wool Board announced the Reserve Price Scheme, but said they were still negotiating with the Government over finance and management.

"In June this year, the same section of disgruntled growers said that if the Scheme was not approved by all woolgrowers they would make it very difficult for the Wool Board to get their wool promotion money.

"So really the Wool Board was in a spot.

"When we delved into this part of the history of the Scheme, we began to understand why Sir 'Wool Board' was so feverishly promoting his scheme.

A threat

"We also began to wonder if the plan really stood on its own merits or was being pushed down our throats because Sir 'Wool Board' felt there might be a threat to his big promotion set-up.

"We think most women who have lived for any length of time in the country are fairly sensible women — they have to be — and before they buy into a scheme like this they are instinctively suspicious of a plan which may give you nothing for something.

"They can understand the scheme's instant appeal to woolgrowers at first sight, especially after the low prices of past years followed by drought.

"It sounds like some sort of insurance: At least I can't get lower than the reserve price, so I'll be able to count on that when I budget.

"We wonder whether all woolgrowers truly realise that the proposal means that they just buy in their own wool with their own money. Do they realise that it costs 5d a lb. to buy in, hold for twelve months, and resell?

"This is the reason that more growers do not withdraw some of their wool when the market is low.

"Do they realise that if stockpile wool is being sold, depressing the market, they will get less for their current offerings?

"Do they realise that the Wool Board can see only sufficient finance for the first year and then the grower contribution is likely to rise?

"Do they realise that any speculator, such as the administering authority, relies on fluctuations; otherwise it must lose money?

"Do they think they can plan developmental work on the basis of 50d overall Australian average?

"One of the things which has occurred to us is that, if you put a 'floor' price in wool, aren't you also putting a 'floor' to synthetics which are directly competitive?

"It seems to us that this is jolly decent of the woolgrower, but maybe not sound.

"At least it gives to the synthetic manufacturer a pretty firm figure to undercut when the textile trade is in the doldrums.

"We asked about the New Zealand floor price scheme and how many bales it has bid on. Apparently, they have bid on 2½ percent of wool offered since their scheme started. What is really in it for a woolgrower?

"Take the 50-bale chap. If ten percent of his wool was supported every year (four times as much as in N.Z.) and he got 3d a lb. extra for that wool, it would mean an extra, say, £19 to him annually, which is about equal to the interest on the money he will have contributed to the scheme.

"This picture ignores all the risks. Come at it how you like, we just can't make it add up.

"Finally, any scheme which takes as much selling as this one must be suspect.

"We disapprove strongly of this pedlar stumping the country on a selling spree. Surely the chairman of the International Wool Secretariat with a £16 million year budget should not be doing this.

"It looks to us like 'reserve at any price' and we don't like it."

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THE INTELLECTUAL WRESTLING PROMOTER

Lives in a penthouse...

...Likes rich foods, so has a fat, a fat-fat, and a thin wardrobe

Promoter Jim Barnett, an American with two university degrees and a Phi Beta Kappa key, is perhaps the only academic in the wrestling game in Australia.

JIM BARNETT pictured in his penthouse. A painting by Italian painter Afro hangs on the wall. An M.A., Jim takes a big interest in books and art, as well as wrestling.

I DECIDED it was much better to make a nice living promoting than be poor teaching," he said candidly in the living-room of his Sydney penthouse.

"I graduated from Harvard in 1948, took an M.A. in English at the University of Chicago in 1949 — and in 1950 I bought a TV set.

"I watched wrestling — that's about all they had on TV at that time, and it had a sort of fatal fascination for me.

By JUDE AINSWORTH

"I got associated with a promoter and started doing press releases for him; then I was a promoter, too."

With his partner, fellow American John Doyle, Jim promotes wrestling matches in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Hobart, Adelaide, and the large country towns, Geelong and Ballarat. The matches are televised on ATN9, Sydney, and GTV9, Melbourne.

Since Jim came to Australia last September, he has lived in a spacious 14th floor penthouse atop the Chevron Hotel at Potts Point.

He is an enthusiastic collector of paintings: "I got into the art kick originally to make money on it — now I like the paintings."

Several paintings from the collection in Jim's four-bedroom, three-bath apartment on the 28th floor of a Louisville, Kentucky, flat back now hang in the Sydney penthouse.

There are three paintings in Jim's "office" — a portrait of a young girl by an unknown artist ("It reminds me of a girl I once knew, when she was young"), a vivid red-orange scene of boats at anchor ("I bought it in Manila. I hate to admit it, but I thought it 'fit' in this room — of all the paintings I have, this is the one everybody likes best. It's just a nothing, but it's pretty!"), and a Cezanney-looking canvas by the well-known French artist Soulage.

Although one wall of the large living-dining-room is floor-to-ceiling plate glass, with "the most spectacular view of the most beautiful city in the world," there is still plenty of wall space for paintings.

The canvas over the couch is by Afro, a famous Italian painter, and was purchased during one of Jim's yearly European trips.

"He won first place twice at the Biennale and is considered a leading artist. I particularly like those colors — it makes me think of a wild night some place," Jim commented.

The phone rang. Jim answered: "One of the boys broke his right hip? Did you hear that?"

Over the stereo is a colorful canvas by Music, an Italian painter with a Paris studio. "Now, that's meant to be a woman riding a donkey," Jim shrugged.

On the same wall is a painting of a country fair by Pignon. "He is a Frenchman and many consider him the greatest contemporary painter in France. He's probably Picasso's closest disciple."

In the dining area hangs "The Firebird," by Prassinos, a French artist.

"I had a little luck with a couple of painters. I bought a Jackson Pollock for . . . well, the dealer said I could bring it back later if I decided I didn't like it. I figured it must be good, because everyone knocked it. I've still got it, and when Pollock died, all the values of his paintings went up.

"I also have a de Kooning. Quite frankly, they're very valuable, and I was afraid to have them shipped over. Especially the Pollock — there is a great deal of surface paint on his abstracts, so his paintings are easily damaged."

The dominating decorative feature in the bedroom is a bookcase above the bed, covering nearly the whole end wall. Jim is a voracious reader, getting through at least one book a day: "I read on planes and I'm an early riser."

To keep up with the latest books, he deals with the famous firm of Brentano's, in New York. They send out one or two batches of new books by air each week in the variety of fields that most interest him — politics, biography, memoirs, and serious literature.

The pieces of sculpture around the penthouse were mostly bought at an exclusive Melbourne store. "I have a weakness for the place. Every time they see me walking by, they say 'Come in a minute — we've got something new!' "

The bronze lamps in the living-room were specially designed and made there. The floor lamp is very unusual — it is designed along the lines of a table lamp, but stands about four and a half feet high.

Jim adores hotel life — "Everything's here at your beck and call."

And the only "useless" feature in the penthouse is the pullman kitchen, hidden behind louvred doors in the dining area. "I've been here ten months and have never used the kitchen. Oh, once I had a girlfriend come up to cook dinner and she burned everything. So I decided: **That's the end of the cooking routine.**"

Jim prefers to use room service, ordering meals at all hours from an extensive menu, and dining out in the many restaurants he so enjoys.

"I'm on a diet to lose two stone, but I can really eat those good rich foods! I have three wardrobes: a fat wardrobe that I'm wearing now, a fat-fat wardrobe, and a thin one.

"Everybody's got a tailor in Hong Kong — I have, too. He fixes the clothes so you can't tell the size. That's why he's a good tailor! But once I walked into a place and heard some woman say, 'It looks like they've refloated the Normandie!" Jim joked.

"That was very evil, I thought!"

His conservative, tweedy way of dressing just doesn't fit the popular image of the showman - entrepreneur. "That's part of it — not to look like a wrestling promoter," Jim said.

"If I'm on a plane and anybody asks me what I do, I say I'm an insurance salesman. Then they keep quiet — afraid I'll try to sell a policy. If they knew I was a promoter, they'd ask the usual, 'Is wrestling fair and square?'

"I have never known at the beginning what the outcome would be at the end of the match — we pay the winner more than the loser.

"I'm not going to have my name associated with anything that's a fraud."

At the moment Jim is promoting 14 overseas wrestlers: nine Americans, two Canadians, two Greeks, and an Italian. He also uses about 25 Australian wrestlers in the preliminary matches.

"Right now everybody is trying to come out here. We get letters every day. My partner is in the U.S. on a talent-buying trip.

"Wrestling is showmanship — the wrestlers we have we think are the best in the world. And we certainly would not bring any wrestler over here who was just a showman and couldn't wrestle."

Sometimes Jim thinks about the academic life and wonders what would have happened if he had stayed in teaching.

"I dote on a lot of work, and in this business I'm dealing with the most exciting people in the world: the public and television people.

"To get anywhere in the academic game today, I'd have to take a Ph.D., and that would take me two full years. I've been away from that life for so long I don't know how easily I'd fit back in.

"Everybody I knew at Harvard is in a field far away from the one I'm in. They really look down on our little routines!

"What the hell! They all think it's crazy. They all thought that by now I would be a professor, or maybe president of a small college!"

CHOCK-FULL BOOKCASE sets the decor of Jim's penthouse bedroom. He reads about a book a day, and has new books sent out continually from America.

His slick kitchen is never used

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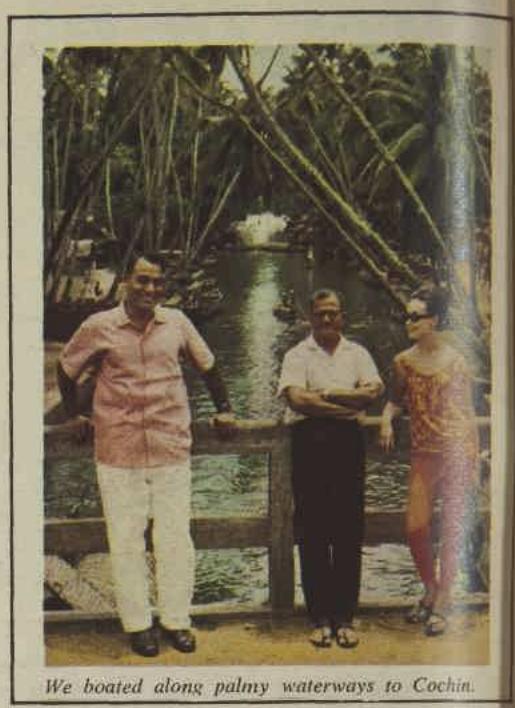
Bargains in ivory, precious stones, silver.



We boated along palmy waterways to Cochin.

Look what we found in India

We spent ten wonderful days in India's tropical South. So much to see and do there . . . we're going back this year. We called first at MADRAS, a fine old seaport city, with stylish hotels in the Grand Manner. We went to a festival of the most superb Indian classical music and dancing—such beautiful women! Then along miles of glistening beaches to MAHABALIPURAM and the world-famous shore temples, where ancient sculptors carved countless gods and goddesses, warrior kings, chariots, elephants—into masses of solid rock along the water's edge. Everywhere you go in the South, you see bizarre and beautiful sculpture, immensely old temples and roadside shrines.

In India, there is always a festival. We caught the Festival of Lights in MYSORE.

The spectacular Brindavan Gardens at Mysore.

We loved Bangalore. This is Parliament House.

I couldn't resist these beautiful saris!

So we cheered the great, colourful parade as the Maharajah went by in his golden howdah atop his favourite painted elephant. No parade will ever seem the same after that. Then elegant BANGALORE, with its high mountain air, tree-lined streets, gardens and splendid buildings. We saw elephants, tigers, bison and boar and many other wild animals in PERIYAR Game Sanctuary. We decided to take the boat along miles of waterways, through sleepy villages and tropical countryside, to old COCHIN. What a hotch-potch of architecture this historic seaport is: Dutch, Portuguese, British . . . and heaven knows how many Indian styles, all adding to the charm of the place. That evening, we sipped long drinks on the hotel terrace. Across the lawn was the Arabian Sea. Palm trees stirred in the sea breeze. Dolphins splashed in the waves. Further South, we were enchanted by the tropical beauty of palm-fringed KOVALAM Beach, near historically beautiful TRIVANDRUM. See why we want to go back? Oh, by the way, the bargains we found—saris in Madras, ivory in Cochin . . . fine handcrafts everywhere.

India's a holidayland of endless variety and surprise. It's all there: ancient temples, vigorous modernity, colour, spectacle. Luxury living in fine hotels. Comfortable travel in air-conditioned trains, Caravelle jetplanes and, above all, the heart-warming friendliness and hospitality of the Indian people. Go to India! And do what we did: ask your travel agent and he will advise you to fly there with the airline that knows India best . . . they're wonderful!

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● *"I'm all for marriage," says five-times married Mickey Rooney (above) . . . "it's difficult . . . you take each other for granted . . . love and kisses become hassles and goodbyes . . . you're left wondering where the gossamer of those very, very magic moments went."*

MICKEY ROONEY — "Enough current to light a city"

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Mickey Rooney, famous pint-size Hollywood movie star, is that most unusual character: a little man who makes you forget his size.

MICKEY ROONEY is 5ft. 2in. tall, and when I met him he was wearing sneakers.

I am 5ft. 7in. tall, and I was wearing 2in. heels. Shaking hands with him, I felt like an Amazon, and telescoped down into a chair quickly in an effort to look smaller.

When I left him an hour later, if anyone had said to me that he is a little man, I would have asked, and meant it: Is he?

He is a colossal character. He reminds me of an electricity substation. You see it squatting in the street, looking like an ordinary building, but as you pass you hear it — humming like crazy, sending out currents that light up a city.

Rooney is exactly like that.

Before I went to see him I had read him up in probably the most fascinating (and shattering) dossier any person can have—a newspaper library's personal file of Press cuttings.

I made out a list of Rooney's attainments.

It read like this: Actor, writer, playwright, moneymaker, TV and nightclub entertainer, composer, pianist, tennis champion, table tennis champion, golfer (handicap 12), swimmer.

I also noted horseplayer, gambler, marrier, father.

I read it out to him, checking. When I finished he said, "I would like you to add another, please—a man."

I would second that, and having talked to him I would add a few more, starting with, of all things, poet.

Mickey is writing two books at present. One, "The Trial of a Soul," is an existentialist novel.

I've never seen anyone who looked less like a poet, nor heard anyone who sounded more like one.

I was so interested in his existentialist novel that he bounced out of his chair to get the manuscript to read to me. He is writing away at it here, between journalists, work, and outside things, like seeing Sydney and playing golf.

Autobiography

"I like to write two books at a time," he told me. "My autobiography, 'I.E.,' comes out in October. It took me two years to write.

"When you write two books at a time, it gives you a chance to separate your thought structure.

"If you don't, it's like playing a round of golf with one club. You can't play with all the clubs you have in your emotional golf bag.

"Now wait a minute," he said, pushing his glasses (they had very wide, bleached wooden frames) up on to his head.

Next minute I was plunged into the Rooney world of blank verse, up to my eyes in poetry.

It was quite an interview.

Mickey in real life is not so different outwardly from the Mickey Rooney film-goers all over the world know (remember Andy Hardy?).

With his electric-current mind and the 5ft. 2in. go real Hollywood teeth (capped I would think), sparkling white and even, fair, suntanned skin, blue eyes, balding, but with surprisingly fair hair that at 45 is white at temples and edges.

He is very broad and deep-chested, muscley, not

Television

fat (he pulled up his skivvy to show me), and weighs in at the moment at 10st. 5lb.

He says he is half a stone overweight, and likes to be round 9st. 10lb.

Rooney's hands are square, and his nails are square, cut straight across and very clean. His feet look square, too, and bigger than I thought they would be.

He was wearing old cream pants that hung low down on his stomach, a faded, bright navy - blue turtle - necked cotton skivvy with an inset V of scarlet, edged with a bright green band.

He doesn't smoke, nor does he drink.

Rooney, the first film star of his stature to visit Australia in a long while, was here for a season at Sydney's Chevron Hotel, where he packed them in twice a night. Thousands of viewers saw him live on TV.

He was interviewed and interviewed on TV, and appeared with Don Lane on his "Tonight" show in a piece of inspired foolery.

TCN9 viewers will be seeing a lot more of Mickey soon when his TV show, "Mickey," is released shortly.

He is modest about his TV shows, embarrassed because they called his latest series "Mickey." "It is terrible, so egotistical," he says. His son Timmy is in it, too.

I saw his third son, Teddy, 15, who was with him. Teddy looks a bit like Dad, but doesn't give off sparks the way Dad does.

Mickey is very thoughtful about marriage and had a lot to say when I asked him about his five wives.

"I am all for marriage," he said, "my form speaks for itself.

"I think marriage is very difficult. We are said to be the highest form of intelligence on earth, but we cannot seem to get along with each other.

"In marriage everything starts with love and kisses, but it becomes hassles and goodbyes and I'll-see-you-laters, and you are left wondering where the gossamer of those very, very magic moments went, and it becomes a case of taking each other for granted.

"The great success of marriage is in not only respecting each other but in respecting moments that are emotionful to each other.

"I am trying to say, to keep romance in each other, never to stop, never to take each other for granted.

"The moment you do, it is all over, it is finished.

"Marriage should be something never quite finished, something that just kind of builds and builds.

"It isn't like fairytales and the live-happily-ever-after stories we are fed on. Sometimes it works out, and sometimes it doesn't.

"It is one of those things we search for in life.

"I believe we are all searching for three things: someone, some place, and something.

"I believe that now I have found all three — and I try to work on the three diligently and hard."

● *Mickey's ambition is to be "a better, more tolerant, and more creative human being."*

Seven children

The wives in Mickey's life run this way. Ava Gardner, whom he married in 1942; Betty Jane Rase, 1944, mother of his two older sons, Mickey, 20, and Timmy, 18; Martha Vickers, 1948, the mother of Teddy, 15; Elaine Mahnken, 1952; and Barbara Thomason, 1959.

As Mickey said to me, "Barbara is number five and we have had four children, three girls and a boy."

Mickey impresses me as one of the few show-business fathers, or others for that matter, who know their children's exact ages and birthdays. He gave all seven of them.

"The girls are Kelly, six, Kerry, five, Kimmy Sue, two. Kelly and Kimmy share the same birthdays, September 13. Kimmy was born by caesarean section, so we arranged it.

"Between Kerry and Kimmy comes Kyle, a son, aged four."

The Rooneys live in a big house at Brentwood, with a tennis court (built by Pancho Gonzales), a swimming-pool, a sauna bath, and a barbecue that's big enough to cook 60 to 70 chickens or steaks at a time.

"Many producers want my daughters to make TV commercials," he said, "but I don't want them to, not until they graduate from school and are old enough to know what they are doing.

"It is very important for them to be children as long as they can. All too soon we become old children."

He is mad about TV and "watches all the time." His favorite show is "Special Agent," and he was surprised it wasn't shown here.

I asked him whether he liked "Danger Man," with Patrick McGoohan, and the mystery was explained. "Special Agent" is what they call "Danger Man" in the States, so we had a lovely time saying, "How about that?" "What about when . . . ?"

Mrs. Rooney is gone on the show (and Patrick McGoohan), too, and won't go out on Saturday nights if it means missing it.

At the end of his season here, Rooney jets home to make a film with Suzanne Pleshette aptly named "Little Dynamite," to finalise negotiations with International, to appear as the lead in a stage production of "Something Funny Happened on the Way to the Forum," to catch up on his writing, family, and friends.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Do you think drinking fountains have a mind of their own, or is it just me? I can never get one to work. You turn the handle and the water just dribbles out. You turn it a little harder and it gets you right in the eye. So you turn it down and it just dribbles again. If it can't think, then how is it that it only hits you in the eye when there's a crowd around?"

Momma's moral: Anyone who can swallow an aspirin at a drinking fountain deserves to get well.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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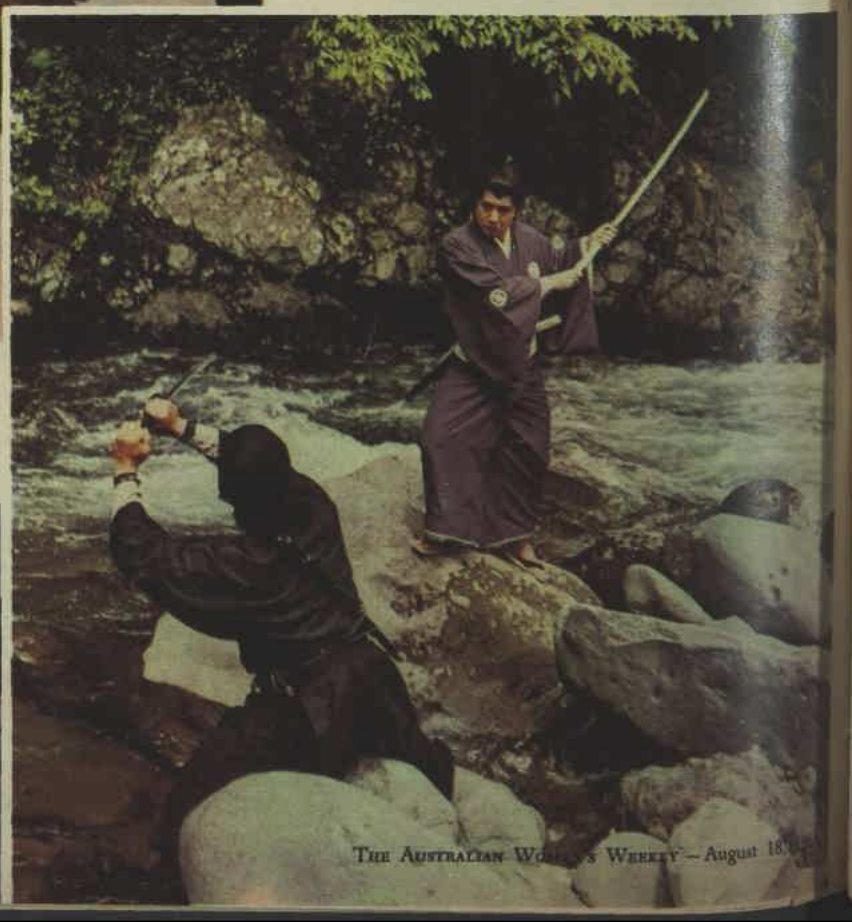
THE SAMURAI

● "THE SAMURAI" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9 each day from Monday to Friday at 5.30 p.m.; in Melbourne on GTV9 each Thursday and Friday at 4 p.m.; other capitals later.

ABOVE: Magnificently robed Shintaro, Master Swordsman, about to go into action to protect the beauty behind him. In the background to right, a headband low on his forehead, is Shintaro's sidekick, Tonbei (Nobuyuki Machii).



RIGHT: Shintaro (facing camera) comes upon a Master Iga Ninja on the edge of a stream. Shintaro had discarded a disguise and jumped from the top of a waterfall, unseen here, to his enemy. He won.

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Television

FEW things have made as great an impact on the junior viewer set as "The Samurai," the first Japanese TV show ever presented on Australian screens. Basically it is a Western, with goodies and baddies and the traditional triumph of good over evil.

And what a Western "The Sumarai" is! The sword has replaced the six-gun, the hero wears a kimono, the Indians are replaced by the Ninja.

"The Samurai" is set in the 17th century amid beautiful rural scenery, exquisite temples, and strange and picturesque villages and shrines.

The hero is a samurai, a hereditary warrior, called Shintaro, Master Swordsman. Shintaro, scion of a noble family, is in the service of the Shogun of Japan. (The Shogun was the hereditary commander-in-chief and virtual ruler in the days before the Emperor.)

To gain his eminence, the Shogun had to tame the provincial warlords, 73 of them, and keep them tamed. Shintaro, on the move in the provinces, is a spy for the Shogun, and his insurance against uprisings.

"Adventures, violent and thrilling, were in the way of his carrying out this extensive assignment," the official Japanese blurb says: "Most notable was the showdown with 'Ninja' waylaying him on behalf of the antagonistic provincial warlords."

The Ninja certainly are notable. They are skilled performers of Ninjitsu, a unique form of martial arts.

The Ninja walk with amazing speed. It is not unusual for them to cover 100 miles a day, so the word "amazing" is correct.

They have the power of hearing fourteen times as strong as that of an ordinary man, can see in the dark like a cat, can jump 18ft. broad and 16ft. high.

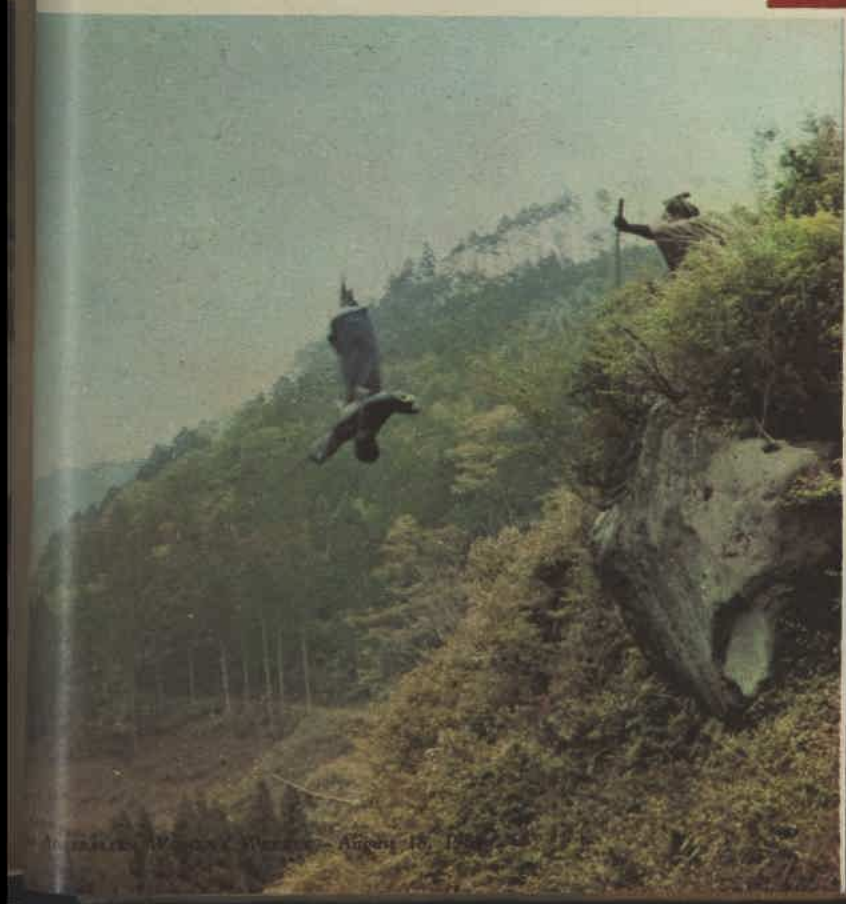
These feats are performed effortlessly, and others as well. Ninjas almost overcome on the ground often rise through the air and hang upside down by their knees from tree branches and carry on battle from there.

Every one of 73 provinces had its Society of Ninja. There are girl Ninja as well as men, and there have been occasions when I thought Shintaro would be overcome through chivalry or sex, but I was wrong.

In his magnificent kimonos, Shintaro, Master Swordsman, usually wins. He wears an elegant Royal Easter Show-type ponytail hairdo that he covers sometimes with a large straw hat something like a wastepaper basket. This seems to effect a complete disguise.

I find it very difficult to follow "The Samurai" stories step by step with the dialogue, but knowing the basic facts I find Shintaro and the Ninja a most entertaining and beautifully photographed experience. In the language of the junior TV set, "The Samurai" is "massive" TV.

—Nan Musgrove



LEFT: Ninja uses his power of levitation and rises away from danger, up, up. At right on hill, however, fate waits. Tourists should note that "Ninja is no more necessary and Ninjitsu has been terminated."

ABOVE: Shintaro, Master Swordsman (Koichi Ose), in his royal purple kimono, flashes his samurai sword. In action, the sword is held at the hilt in a two-handed grip. Shintaro adeptly lays about with it on the Shogun's business.

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NEW AT-HOME FASHIONS ARE ELEGANT FUN . . .

PARTICULARLY enticing at this time of year are the evening-at-home fashions. The cult started several seasons back.

Now all the famous couture houses are showing imaginative pants-suits and pyjamas, and skirts to ground and ankle worn with a separate top.

Dressing for a few, instead of a crowd, offers a special kind of challenge. After dark, the choice must be gay and pretty. Color is important; this season it can be plain or patterned, and match or clash. The main point is to find the colors to flatter your eyes and hair.

AT-HOME pants-suit (above) in technicolor chiffon in a large floral pattern has attached flying panels. The tiny bodice has a frill fringe. The effect is of bold color in which yellow dominates.

FLOATING printed organza (right) in a wonderful pattern of blue-green makes these wide-legged evening pyjamas by Paris couturier Jacques Griffe. There's a matching stole to offset the breeze.

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PARIS designer Andre Courreges created the fabulous at-home suit (left) and showed it in his spring collection. The suit is lavishly sequined and embroidered in the designer's favorite almond-pink.

EMERALD - GREEN - and - BLACK is a fresh new color twosome for stay-at-home fashions. Left above, a green brocade ankle-length skirt is teamed with a long-sleeved, black jersey top. The same skirt is worn at right with a green silk jersey top and massed jet beads for a most spectacular effect.

HIPSTER SKIRTS with drawstring waistbands are fresh news for dining at home. At far left, a banker-grey tweed skirt and black T-shirt top. Left, a printed jersey skirt worn with a high-necked sleeveless sweater top. Note the new look of the beaded handbag with long chain handle and of T - strapped, flat - heeled shoes.

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The true story of a rare and affectionate family pet

RUFUS the RHINO

● For a lover of animals it is a tremendous piece of good fortune to live inside an African game reserve. This wonderful free life in the wilds came about when I married. My husband, Dennis, was an assistant warden of the Tsavo National Park, in Kenya.

As told by JOAN VYVYAN to YUILLEEN KEARNEY
First of two instalments

THE bulk of this great park lies about 70 miles inland from the Indian Ocean coastline of East Africa, and about 150 miles from the capital city of Nairobi. The area is some 8000 square miles, making it one of the largest national parks in the world.

My husband's headquarters was at a place named Voi.

The day Rufus arrived started uneventfully. Then, during the morning, I heard a strange sound, a cross between a small bellow and the plaintive screech of an eagle.

It was almost continuous in its insistence and, by the echo from the rocks behind, I could hear it getting nearer and nearer. All day it went on, this little voice crying in the wilderness of the hills.

When an African appeared pedalling madly up the road, Dennis recognised our cook, Kiaria. He was so breathless and excited that at first it was difficult to make out what he was jabbering about. It turned out that he was trying to convince us that there was, outside his house, a half-grown rhino.

Kiaria's house is only 20 yards from ours and I waited with bated breath around a corner while Dennis crept up to a place where he could see through the small hedge, while at the same time keeping it between himself and the possibility of a charging rhino.

There was nothing to be seen, and my experience of the Africans' talent for exaggeration was helping to calm my racing heart when suddenly Dennis pointed to the ground and there it was — a rhino footprint in miniature and leading in the direction of the front-door step.

The door was ajar and there again was that unmistakable and haunting cry which I had heard all that day. We tiptoed in, Dennis in front for protection, and there he was, standing beside the cook's bed — *a tiny rhino.*

His littleness was so appealing, and he was so obviously hungry, that Dennis gathered him up in his muscular arms and carried him just like any baby the short way down to our house. It did not seem necessary for me to suggest that the warm kitchen was the place to take him, but the far bigger problem was obvious to us both and that was what to feed him on.

While I was having a good think, Dennis had fetched a tape measure and on measuring him found that he was only 18 inches at the shoulder; in fact, about the size of a terrier. We guessed that he weighed only about fifty pounds.

I racked my brains and remembered stories I had heard about people trying to rescue baby elephants and finding that even natural cow's milk was too rich, so I diluted milk in double its quantity of water and poured this into two beer bottles.

Having no teats in the house, nor indeed anything faintly resembling one big enough to fit the now urgently seeking mouth of the baby rhino, Dennis held his head, to which he didn't in the least object, while I poured very slowly so as not to choke him. Down it all went as if he had done this every day of his life.

As soon as he had drunk the lot, the little creature lay down on some sacks the cook had brought and went off fast asleep.

He seemed no more than one day old. What had happened to his mother? How far had he come?

The excitement in the house was intense, and although all the rest of that day we referred to him as the little rhino he was soon to be known as "Rufus."

WHEN evening arrived we had a consultation about him.

As it was by then obvious that our guest had to have warmth to replace the warmth he should be getting from his mother, my kitchen was the ideal place; also it was the only place where he would be safe at night from the lions and leopards.

Rufus was to know no other stable until he was six months old.

After a few days he got attached to his new home in the warm kitchen, but it was quite clear to both of us that he must have a daytime pen outside. After all, poor Kiaria, though now resigned to sharing our kitchen with a rhino baby, was entitled to a little peace in the day. The pen we built gave plenty of shade, but let in some sunshine, too.

On the fifth day, instead of prancing up and down his enclosure whenever it was near his feed time, Rufus just stood still. Normally he would know the time, and would run up and down the length of his pen making that strange little mooing noise which always reminded me of his first day with us, and only stop when the bottle was actually in his mouth.

Today he didn't even want it.

I called his name and made silly little encouraging noises, and then I saw that his nose was running. Do rhinos get colds? I asked myself. No, but most of these young wild things die in captivity, of pneumonia. I got him out of his pen and we slowly and very solemnly walked into the kitchen together.

I placed his sacks near the stove and Dennis rushed down to the town to fetch the local doctor, a clever Indian. He knew little about rhinos, but enough to give the verdict, "Pneumonia." My heart missed a beat. There was nothing to be done, he said, except to try an injection of penicillin.

This, I knew, could kill an animal as easily as cure him, and who on earth knew how much of the stuff to give a new-born rhino? The doctor selected the largest needle he had. As he jabbed it into the little backside, Rufus let out a shriek. I held him closer. The needle bent and turned like a safety-pin in too many layers of cloth.

Dennis found an even thicker needle, which was kept for the young elephants sometimes brought in for treatment. This time Rufus didn't cry out loudly; he was shivering with fever, and breathing heavily.

The doctor left, saying he would come next day. Dennis carried the poor little chap nearer the stove while I got a thick blanket. I looked down at the comic figure in all its helplessness.

He was such a perfect pigmy of a rhino, and his calf-shaped ears already had a tiny fringed trimming of black hair around the edges. His completely out-of-proportion little eyes also had quite a deep fringe of eyelashes, but he lay there with them closed. His feet were no bigger than my outspread palm, and the middle of his three toenails, the biggest one, was no more than the circumference of a coffee cup: all three were a creamy color.

His mouth was slightly open and I could see the small pointed top lip which acted rather like a tiny trunk and which, when well, he liked to curl around the edge of his bottle.

Rufus was at death's door for a whole week and then, quite suddenly, on the seventh day he showed signs of wanting to live. By then I think I was almost as exhausted as he was.

AT three weeks old our rhino was quite enchanting, very frisky, and a stickler for punctuality, especially as far as his feeding times were concerned. He would stump up and down in his pen at almost exactly the same time each day — not more than ten minutes or so out by the clock.

At six o'clock each evening his sacks would be put down in the kitchen, while he would wait impatiently for them to be arranged. Hardly had the last sack been laid when he would barge through the door and flop down on his couch, using the wall as a back rest.

It was quite uncanny how good he was about not moving off his sacks during all the time he inhabited the kitchen. The only time he got off them was almost exactly at eight o'clock each night, which was the time for his last feed. He would then move on to the cement floor to stamp his feet like a child, crying all the time until his food arrived.

Rufus not only had the run of the garden but of the house as well. It was not long before he decided on a new place to snooze during the heat of the day. This was on my veranda and as near to my chair as he could get his bulky little figure.

His favorite moment — apart from feeding hours — was when it was time for his daily brushing with my best hairbrush. He had no hair to brush but he enjoyed the sensation of being both tickled and scratched at the same time.

As soon as he saw the brush he would lie down, roll over, and shut his eyes in pure ecstasy. Even when my arm was too tired to go on, he would pretend not to notice that it was over for another day and remain in this ridiculous pose until I walked away. Then he would reluctantly get up and follow.

Perhaps this was the beginning of his best trick, one that used to amaze his many visitors and admirers. He would lie down immediately I told him to.

Every day, while we were still in bed, Rufus would come in to say "Good morning" to us. We would hear him first, knocking his solid head against the bedroom door

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He had the run of the garden, and the house as well

RUFUS is given a scrubbing by Joan Vyvyan and her sons, Brian and Tommy, with Gipsy the Cairn terrier an interested onlooker. AT LEFT: Joan's husband, Dennis, with the rhino soon after it joined the family.

until it gave way to his pressure. Then he would stump in and advance to our bed, where he would start rubbing his head up and down until he was patted.

The morning rite over, he would saunter out to his usual snoozing-place and lie down, using the step between the two rooms as a pillow. The fact that we had to step over this mound every time we went from the bedroom to the veranda meant nothing to Rufus.

Since he had now taken over the entire household and was completely accustomed to his regular routine, I decided that it would be safe to leave him for a few days while I went on safari to see something of the outside world.

He had had my undivided attention for over three months now and I knew I could trust an African in our employ, named Kulunda, to look after him well. I gave Kulunda strict instructions that he was not to leave Rufus night or day and was to sleep in the adjoining store-room.

Rufus was overjoyed when we came back from this safari. He greeted us with a long series of affectionate grunts and was much petted in return.

WHILE I was away I had found three baby mongooses and these I brought back with me. I put them and their box on the kitchen table out of the way of our two house cats, who were more than a little curious to know what I was doing.

The eyes of our new pets, although not yet open, were watering and I knew this was a sign that they would be able to see in a few days. This meant constructing another pen outside so that they could play in the sun. For safety, we built it with covered top and sides, hoping that Gipsy, our Cairn terrier, would not, in a fit of jealousy, dig her way in under the wire.

Within four days their eyes were open. They were enchanting, playing with each other and having games with their feeding-bottle. Even at this stage Dennis was able to identify them as the pigmy or dwarf mongoose. These, when fully grown, are only eight to nine inches long with an additional five inches or so of tail.

There are, of course, other species of mongoose, but they are all much bigger. I was glad mine were the miniature kind. They are much more appealing and are a rich burnt umber with brownish slate-colored tones.

As the mongooses were still only the size of a matchbox, it was rather like watching a miniature boxing match to see them standing on their hind legs sparring with each other. The female always won the match. Whenever a hawk swooped or a cat passed, they would all scuttle into the holes we had cut in the box, remaining there until the danger had passed.

Besides the usual housekeeping, my days were very busy, for now I was feeding one rhino and three mongooses every four hours. But the menagerie was so soon to be enlarged.

Later, a peculiar "cat" was brought into the house, and it made friends with the mongooses and the dog

We were having tea on the lawn in front of the house and had been joined as usual by Rufus (whose main object was to get as near as possible, pushing the table over in his efforts), Gipsy (who is always in on everything), and the two cats, when we noticed an African walking up the drive carrying something black in his hands.

"Oh, dear, here's another pet," said Dennis with emphasis. What was it? It looked more like a tiny black kitten than anything else, but its ears were far too long and its nose far too pointed for it to be even a cross between a wild and a domestic cat.

"Certainly cat family," said Dennis, but that was as far as we could get.

We put this new baby into a large tea-cup while the African told his story. He had noticed a large hawk diving again and again at a bush. When he went over to investigate the hawk flew off and he saw this tiny black furry object. No mother came to claim it nor was there anything else in sight, so he picked it up rather than let the hawk have it.

Then, I suppose, because of our reputation for keeping a small zoo on the premises, he thought our house the most suitable place to bring it to.

It was, we guessed, only about two weeks old. We called it Felix.

Felix slept most of the first day, and we were able to examine him more closely. In a bright light we saw that he had spots all over that were blacker than his black coat.

HE could be none other than a Melanic serval cat and, as such, a very rare animal, since the usual serval is cream with black spots all over.

When they are fully grown they measure eighteen inches at the shoulder, but as their main diet in the wilds is birds, I was already starting to have doubts as to whether we would ever be able to rear Felix.

However, when he was still feeding well and growing bigger after nearly two weeks, I felt that I had been over-pessimistic. After each meal he would get very playful. His favorite game was tapping a matchbox around the floor; when tired of this, he would roll on his back and wait for a screw of paper to be thrown for him to tear to pieces.

He surprised us by making friends with Gipsy, who was normally jealous of each new arrival and hated cats into the bargain. They would roll on top of each other while Gipsy allowed Felix to pull her tail.

As Felix was also on the best possible terms with the mongooses and was now about twice his original size, we decided to try him in the same egg-box with them at night. This was an instant success and they would all cuddle up together. Felix even washed them with his tongue.

This arrangement lasted until he had grown too big for the egg-box and chose one of the sitting-room chairs as his new sleeping place. Missing their hot-water bottle, the mongooses moved, too, and slept under his chair.

The last thing before we went off to bed, the boxing matches would start, the three mongooses all standing on their hind legs, clasping each other round the chest, and trying to pull each other down; it was more like wrestling than boxing.

One little male was always odd man out, and so, not to be outdone, he would race around biting the tails or legs of the contestants remaining in the ring. Felix would watch this for just so long and then take one flying leap across the room, landing in a heap on top of them all.

Tragedy is never far away in Africa and, of course, it struck the mongoose who was the odd man out. He was bitten either by a snake, the proverbial enemy of the mongoose, or by some poisonous spider and died almost immediately.

I named the remaining male and female, rather obviously, Punch and Judy. They got to know their names quickly and would come when called. Dennis's callous remark after the tragedy, "One less to feed," was soon forgotten in joy when a friend brought us yet another mongoose, who could only have been two weeks old when abandoned by his mother.

We named him Horace.

Although still tiny, Horace was determined to find out about the other animals on the premises. Rather like the mouse with the tiger, he decided to start with the smallest, the cats.

He began by merely lying down as near as he dared to Tom Thumb, the tabby, but with access to a quick-get-away route. As nothing untoward happened, he would then stretch out his front legs and wriggle a little closer. This performance was repeated several times until he succeeded in getting right on top of the cat and snuggling into his fur.

Tom Thumb, strangely enough, took not the slightest notice. Horace now decided there was no reason why the tabby shouldn't wash him, too.

He therefore started all over again and arrived at his goal right between Tom Thumb's paws. Finally, after a lot of encouraging "tick tick" noises from Horace, Tom Thumb would oblige and clean him as if he were a favorite kitten.

By this time Horace was so sure of himself that he decided to ride on Tom Thumb. It would be both fun and a lovely lazy way of getting around.

His third attempt achieved success. There he sat like a pigmy jockey, clutching Tom Thumb's fur with both front legs while, to our amusement, the cat strolled off with Horace swaying from side to side to the rhythm of his walk.

If the cat got tired and dared to sit down, Horace would bite him between the ears to make him get up and finish the course. If Tom Thumb did not immediately oblige, he would jump on to the other cat's back, and indeed he spent most of his spare time riding one or other of them.

Judy, the female mongoose, was the gentlest and perhaps the most affectionate, but all three took it for granted that anyone's pocket was made for them to climb into.

Horace would jump into the gardener's pocket while he was weeding and, by mutual agreement, stay there for hours; and when I was knitting or just sitting reading, if I had a convenient pocket, however small, in they would jump, jammed tight like sardines.

When Rufus lay down for his daily deticking, he would even permit them to lie on his neck, and he took it as part of his grooming when they got into his ears.

Felix was the only one of the menagerie

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RUFUS the RHINO

From page 21

for whom Horace showed the slightest respect. He would torment him unmercifully until Felix lost all patience and caught him between his paws and bit his tail. Then Horace realised that his position was hopeless and would put on his pathetic act by pushing out his tiny paws as if in defence and squeaking as if his last hour had come.

At this Felix would, of course, immediately release his grip and Horace would dart off grinning. He really was a complete cad.

RUFUS by now was six months old, very fit, and playful as a kitten. It was obvious to both of us that what he really needed was another rhino baby to play with and for company.

A substitute was produced one day in the form of two baby buffaloes. They were found abandoned on a nearby sisal estate.

The male was about a month old and the female only about a week.

It was a relief to me that they all got on so well, for I had long since realised that Rufus was now far too big for the kitchen. But we had not dared to move him up to an empty store, as alone he would have fretted his heart out. Now that there were the two baby buffaloes for companionship, they were all moved up there at night.

Rufus found it really hard to grow up, especially when he could see no reason why at 150 pounds he was less welcome than at 50 pounds.

As by now he had begun to nibble odd bushes in the garden, we put lucerne into the store at night for him. He liked this almost as much as he did my flowering "Pride of Barbados" and it also acted as a sop to his ego, since his baby companions were still only on milk.

Kulunda, our chief gardener, named the male buffalo Buster and the female Susannah (after a girlfriend of his). To our amazement, they responded to their names well within the first week.

Buster and Susannah would not only come running up to him when he called, but would listen while he talked to them during their daily brushing. During the heat of the day they would lie under a large shady tree while Kulunda gardened close by and sang African folksongs to them.

The afternoon feed, which took place at four o'clock each day, was quite a pantomime. As soon as Rufus caught sight of the bucket of milk being brought on to the front lawn he would start stamping his dumpy little legs in a sideways and ridiculously rumba-like movement, while at the same time emitting his plaintive cry.

When the meal was over, playtime would start as regularly as if I had rung a bell. Buster, chasing Susannah all over the garden and down over a three-foot wall, was joined by Rufus barging into the middle of the game.

In spite of his rotundity, he could spin round as if he were standing on a sixpence. No one, however, could look as absurd as Rufus when he overran himself and, with that extraordinarily odd distribution of weight, toppled over, after which he would get up very quickly, hoping no one had noticed.

The only times he threw all dignity to the winds were during the preparation of his bath. This at first took the form of a mud-wallow made inside his outdoor pen, but he went so mad with excitement that we had to move it down to the bottom of the garden.

The garden workers dug a large, round, shallow pit about one foot deep in the red earth. Kulunda brought the hose and sprayed in enough water to make it into a mud puddle and then the gardeners stamped the water into the earth with their feet.

When Rufus smelt the water and mud he would wait impatiently, throwing his head from side to side in an ecstasy of anticipation. Then the expectation would become too much for him to wait another minute, and he would rush into the centre of the chocolate liquid. This was his idea of heaven, and like a dog he turned round and round trying to get down into it as quickly as possible.

Once down, he would roll over on to his back. When one side was completely covered with a thick layer of mud he knew how to roll over just enough to cover the other side completely.

Whenever my two sons, Brian and Tommy, were with us for the holidays they loved helping Rufus to complete his mud-pack, smearing the mud with their hands all over the bare patches while he lay there, eyes closed, deliriously happy.

The hide of a rhino, although thick, is so sensitive that even the common housefly can annoy and the tsetse fly can sting through. If Rufus had a mother, she would at a very early stage have encouraged him to lie with her in some natural mud-wallow, and by copying her he would have learnt that the coating of mud kept off the insistent flies.

In between his mud-baths, he loved to give himself a dry dust-bath, rolling about in the red soil until he really was "Rufus the Red." This, too, is wonderful protection from the attentions of the flies and is the reason why elephants are often seen blowing dust all over themselves through their trunks.

Kulunda was the ideal keeper for the two buffaloes and Rufus. Although his favorite was undoubtedly Buster, he would play all sorts of games with Rufus, who, if he could not find Gipsy, Susannah, or Buster to chase, would walk around the garden looking for Kulunda.

When Kulunda was quietly weeding a flower-bed he would suddenly hear a snort from behind. This was a signal for a charge by Rufus, and to oblige him Kulunda would drop the fork and take to his heels. After a hot pursuit, in which he was visibly losing ground, he would leap into a small tree on the front lawn.

FELIX the serval cat being fed by Dennis and, at left, cuddled by Joan. This species of African wildcat has a body over 3ft. long and a small head. Felix was always gentle with his friends, keeping his savage claws retracted.

Rufus, having now treed him, would prance around the base snorting and puffing with victory. The amazing thing was that, with all his bulk and weight, Rufus was never known to be rough or aggressive.

He came regularly for an afternoon walk with us. It was not really a walk but was his version of one.

When we started down the drive and called him by name, he would race at full speed toward us and would pass us like an express train, as if we didn't exist, tail tucked between his legs, ears pinned back, in a crescendo of snorts and puffing until he reached the bottom.

He would turn like a racing car and rush back to the top, passing within inches of us, and then rush straight down the hill again.

When he reached the bottom for the second time, he would flop down in the red earth, making as much dust as possible in the process. The more dust there was flying about, the happier Rufus felt.

ONE day I noticed a small red spot on his forehead and was worried in case it was a sore. He rubbed the place in the soft earth, and soon we realised that it was the start of his horn. Rather like a child with a teething ring, it must have given him some satisfaction to massage it against the crumbling soil.

The second time in his life that I left him was when I went into Mombasa Hospital, where my daughter, Maureen, was born.

I was away only ten days, but it was much worse for Rufus than during my first safari, as then he had been very young. Now he had learnt to know and love me with a dependence that was not a little worrying when one thought of the future.

Rufus was only shut up for one hour in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. At both these times my baby daughter was put to sleep in her pram in the shade of a big tree. The rhino had twice been found not so much attacking the strange pram but with his nose underneath it bouncing it up and down in an effort to overturn it to see what was inside.

When this game was stopped Rufus would start a systematic search of the house for me. With his prehensile upper lip he could open any cupboard door that was not actually locked. I always knew when he had done the rounds, because all the cupboard doors were open.

If I fell asleep during my afternoon rest, I quite often woke to find Rufus sleeping peacefully on the mat by my bed.

One morning he was noticeably off color; his face was swollen and his eyes and nose were running. At first I thought it might be a sting from a bee or some insect, and then I got a sickening feeling that it might be pneumonia again.

When I felt inside his mouth, however, I found that the trouble was obviously due to teething. I had heard of baby rhinos dying during this period.

Rufus was quite ill for a few days. His toenails started cracking and they got so bad that he found difficulty in walking, but his discomfort was eased when Dennis trimmed off the jagged bits with a coarse file.

Had he been walking over stony ground in his natural habitat with his mother, his nails would have worn down quite naturally. Eventually the old nails dropped off each foot and he produced lovely new, shiny ones.

His teeth also came through, and we knew he had turned the corner when he started eating my best bougainvillea.

● *Condensed from "Rufus the Rhino," published by Collins, London; world copyright, 1965, Yuilleen Kearney and Joan Vyvyan.*

NEXT WEEK: More playmates for Gipsy.

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POSSESSED BY A DREAM

By VICTOR CANNING

The arrival of the letter was the prelude to a dramatic train of events . . . a short story

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

ACROSS the square at the foot of the steps to the church, an old woman stood begging. She wore a black dress and a black shawl over her hair and she shuffled a few paces to and fro, like some old crow, her right hand going out to the passers-by. Above her the baroque facade of the church was alive with the movement of pigeons. Bright, hard sunlight filled the square, and every time a car passed a small cloud of dust rose wearily for a few moments and then lazily subsided.

Some children in black overalls and carrying leather cases came round the corner of the church and ran to the fountain in the middle of the square. They drank from the iron spout and then splashed water at one another from the wide marble bowl. In the fierce Italian sunlight the water cascaded about them like diamonds.

Across the cafe table from Elizabeth Chalmers, Alan Fraser said, "So your father was at Guy's, too?"

She nodded absently, her attention not with him, and said, "Yes. He went to New Zealand soon after he qualified."

To herself, she thought, I can't tell him to go away, can't tell him that I don't want to talk about doctors or medicine, can't tell him that I wish he hadn't turned up here this afternoon. He's too nice and friendly for that.

She had planned this excursion from Venice as an escape from people, from him, from the crowded squares and streets of Venice, looking forward to wandering alone through this small country town, idling her time away in the churches and the great palazzo that lay hidden behind tall ornamented railings and a barrier of great cypresses to the right of the church.

Her eyes moved past him to a table at the far end of the cafe terrace. A girl was sitting there by herself. Her green, light summer coat was thrown across the chair opposite her, and on the table was a large Florentine bag decorated with fleur-de-lis and the Medici coat-of-arms. The sunlight glinted on her raven hair as she bent on the table, writing a postcard.

Elizabeth watched her as Alan talked on about his own days at Guy's. She and the girl were about the same age, she guessed, both dark . . . but the girl was on her own, quietly enjoying herself . . .

Suddenly Alan's voice came to her, breaking through her thoughts.

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and baby makes three

An amusing short story

By HARRIET FRANK, Jr.

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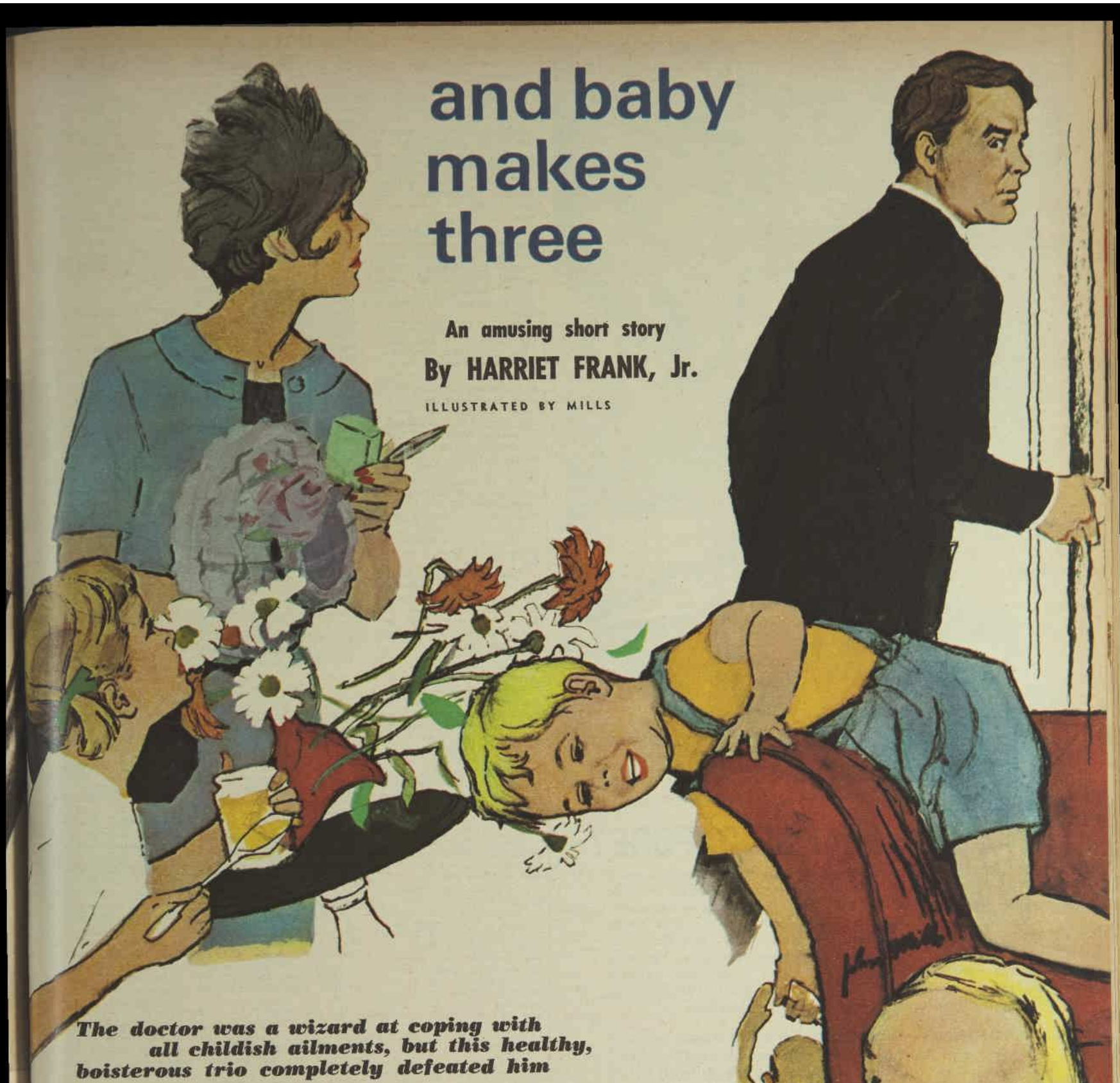

The doctor was a wizard at coping with all childish ailments, but this healthy, boisterous trio completely defeated him

SPRING. I used to think it was that lovely season when you ate the first delicate asparagus. When you decided you were going to diet till you didn't need a girdle any more. When you bought daffodils and remembered poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Now I know better. It is the season of the year when the phone in the pediatrician's surgery where you work rings once every four and a half minutes. You greet the season of crocus and love sonnets thusly: "Good morning, Mrs. Leslie. How are you? George Junior's nose is all stuffed up? He's sneezing constantly? I see. Fever? No? Well, that's good. You can't keep him in bed? He screams? Well, I expect the doctor any moment. He'll call you . . . Good morning. Dr. Peter Martin Cooper's surgery.

"Yes, Mrs. Jerome. Sandra Ann is what? Oh. Showing rebellion symptoms. She what? She painted the dining-room wall with your nail polish and put a can of tomato juice in the toilet bowl? Now she's holding her breath? I'll tell the doctor the moment he gets in . . .

"Mrs. Lokawski, how are you? You're fine, but Marvin is spitting on your new wall-to-wall carpet? I'm so sorry. No, but I expect him shortly . . . Mrs. Green? Yes, it's a lovely day. Michael bit his little brother? Well, I couldn't really say if it's brotherly rivalry or not. Doctor will tell you."

At that moment, the man venerated by three million American mothers walked in. Dr. Peter Martin Cooper, author of the best-seller "The Happy Baby," Harvard graduate, associate professor of psychiatry on the staff of New York Hospital, and as handsome as a film star. He exuded the air of sturdy common sense, geniality, and dedication that had made him a household word and my marital target from the day I'd first come to work for him.

And a fat lot of good it did me. Of no consequence was the pale-apricot lipstick I'd bought so hopefully on my first day off. Unheeded were the perfumes of Araby, which I'd gone without lunch for. As for the little bunch of violets pinned to my uniform, they were born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air.

The doctor glanced at me with clinical detachment, gave me a vague smile, and asked brightly, "Well, Miss Winton, what symptoms and complaints have we today?"

Somewhat waspishly, I gave him both barrels. "And that isn't all," I concluded. "The New Jersey Better Mothers' Association expects you to address them on Wednesday on Aggressiveness and Timidity in Three-Year-Olds. Also, your publisher wants, you to come to his authors' luncheon and autograph your books.

"The Health Centre called for revisions on your 'Help for Parents' pamphlet. They want to know if you are going all out for permissiveness or is it back to the woodshed. I also had a chat with your mother this morning. She wanted to know if you'd

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When you get off the beaten track there's a lot of laughs to be had by bargaining for what you purchase.

Who discovered SINGAPORE?

We did! The travel agent started it by explaining it wouldn't cost a penny more to stop-over in Singapore, on our way to Europe. On those terms who would miss the chance to go on a voyage of discovery! So we came to Singapore. The friendly, cosmopolitan people welcomed us to their fascinating country and we were set fair to uncover an array of spectacle and excitement that gave real meaning to the saying—'You see more of the Orient in Singapore. Take a glimpse at this magical island with us and you too will be taking the first steps towards discovering wonderful Singapore.

SHOPPING—like Aladdin's Caves! You name it—they've got it here, and at prices that make you feel like a king! Singapore is a duty-free port and that means you can buy the whole world's luxuries at prices that put the fun back into shopping. Cameras, transistor radios, rare fabrics, jewellery, and works of art from all over the Orient. All this, and you buy in the friendliest surroundings imaginable. When you get off the beaten track there's a lot of laughs to be had by bargaining for what you purchase. What could we do when we were offered a 2 band, 8 transistor portable for A£6! We bought it! And lots of similar bargains. Now we can't stop congratulating ourselves.

WEST AUSTRALIANS, do you know that it is almost as cheap to travel to Singapore as it is to visit Sydney. In about the same time that it takes to fly from Perth to Sydney you could be setting foot in the heart of the Orient—Singapore.

For lots of exciting information, consult your travel agent about your stop-over in Singapore or write to Singapore Government Tourist Information Service, 15 Grosvenor Street, SYDNEY, 343 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE or Industry House, CANBERRA.

Singapore

AND BABY MAKES THREE

Continued from page 27

been eating properly, if you'd met a nice girl yet, and had you had your hair cut in the past six weeks.

"I said no to everything. Except," I added tartly, "the girl. I wouldn't know about that."

He bent his there-there gaze on me and sat down on the edge of my desk. "Somebody's got spring fever around here," he said soothingly. "Come into my office. I'll give you a vitamin-B shot."

"I am not in need of medical attention," I said stiffly. "The next thing you know, you'll be wanting to burp me."

"A pat on the back never hurt anyone," he said, in the same kind voice he uses to make Sandra Ann Jerome take her cod-liver oil. "Look," he went on boyishly, "I've got to drive to Red Bank this afternoon to talk to the Child Guidance Group. You come along. There's going to be a great panel on Curiosity and Imagination in the Six-to-Eleven Bracket. I think you'll find it stimulating."

"What I would find stimulating—" I started to say, but I was cut off.

"Just give Mrs. Wallace a buzz, will you, Jennie? Ask her to try an after-breakfast toilet-training program for Jeffrey for at least a week, and tell her it's time for Melissa's polio immunisation."

I nodded, pouring myself a cup of coffee from the office percolator.

He shook his head in disapproval. "You're hitting that coffee-pot pretty hard these days. I'd like to see you have a real breakfast. Eggs. Wheat germ. Milk. Stuff that will stick to your ribs."

I gritted my teeth. "I am on a diet," I said, "a diet to make me thin and attractive. Willowy and desirable. I do not wish things to stick to my ribs."

The good doctor marched toward his office. "You get a little meat on your bones," he said, and was gone.

The phone rang again. I reached for it impatiently.

"Jennie? It's Susie, honey."

Susie is my younger sister. She is married and lives in Queens. She has three children and thinks my doctor is the American Medical Association's Oracle at Delphi. When she got married, Mother gave her a silver tea service and The Book, and she has been a disciple ever since.

"How is he?" she inquired reverently.

"Why, just fine. Serving humanity just like always. The goof."

"Oh, Jennie," she cried, "how can you be so cynical about that wonderful man? When I think how he helped me over Terry's measles. And the time Jacie cut herself on the lawnmower. And the way he diagnosed Larry's protein allergy."

"Darling," I said, straining for patience, "you've caught me right smack in the middle of the sinus season. What's on your mind?"

My sister was not to be deterred. "I wonder why he's never married. You ought to have him to your place for dinner one night. Jen, if he saw you cook and everything —"

"Are you starting that my-brother-in-law-the-doctor business again?"

"No, but it would be sort of like socialised medicine, having him in the family, wouldn't it?"

"He doesn't know I'm alive," I said. "Now, what did you call about, dear?"

"The kids. What else? Listen. Ted and I have a chance to go to Nags Head this weekend. I can't get my regular babysitter, and Ted's mother has her bridge club. If we brought them into town — Jen, I haven't been out of this house for six weeks. They're as good as gold. Of course, if you have plans —"

Mentally, I cancelled a dullish dinner date with a dentist in the building. "Love to have 'em, sweetie," I said.

"You're an angel. I'll bring everything. Training pants and stuff."

The faint odor of the violet on my lapel nagged at my senses. "Training pants?" I echoed weakly.

"They won't give you a bit of trouble. Jacie goes right to sleep with the pacifier. And if you don't give Larry anything to drink after dinner he'll stay dry. Just let Terry watch television till he's popeyed. That way he sleeps till six. Okay?"

"Till six. Keen," I said. "I'm looking forward to it."

AND I was, too. Despite my day-long exposure to frantic mothers, I still had broody-hen impulses of my own. I saw myself calm and serene, gloriously independent of Dr. Peter Martin Cooper's ubiquitous baby book, rearing a fine, happy family. I saw myself coping brilliantly with tonsils and adenoids, with mumps and sprains as if The Book had never been written. There was only one hitch. I wanted its author to father the kids.

With that in mind I changed out of my office white into a delphinium-blue silk suit. I clapped a frivolity of blossoms and veiling on top of my head. Then I walked into his office, trying to approximate Sophia Loren strolling down a sunlit Italian street.

His gaze washed past me like the Pacific's rolling waters. "You know," he remarked abstractedly, "we're getting a very high incidence of roseola lately."

"Days of wine and roseola," I muttered hopelessly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Never mind. You'd better change your jacket, doctor. Your lecture notes are in the top drawer, and I bought this hat just to impress you."

I knew he wasn't listening, and I was right. He bent intently over a sheaf of papers. "I don't want to sound too pedantic with the child-guidance people," he said. "I want to talk horse sense to them. Love is the important thing to stress. Everything else follows naturally."

"Oh, I'm for love every time," I said. "And, doctor, about my hat?"

He looked up sharply. "Your hat? Nothing wrong with that hat," he said. "Cute hat."

We drove through the tender green-and-gold day, toward Red Bank, New Jersey. We paused beside a schoolyard alive with children feeling the surge of a new season upon them.

A wide grin transformed the doctor's face. "Look at 'em," he said affectionately. "Taller, stronger, better teeth, bigger futures. We're helping that happen, Jennie. You and I."

"Not so's you'd notice it," I said to myself, but I moved an encouraging inch or two toward him.

"Yes, we're going to make beautiful babies," he said emphatically. I was about to ask whether by any chance he meant what I thought he meant when he clarified the point. "My new book, 'Parents Are People,' promises some stabilising solutions to family emotional problems. You were a big help with that, Jennie. And I'm going to see you get credit."

"Dare I hope for something personal, doctor," I said tartly, "like maybe an autograph?"

He blushed. "I've dedicated it to you. With thanks." I must have groaned audibly, because he looked at me with concern. "Headache?"

"Heartburn," I snapped, and moved back to my own side of the car.

Our arrival at the meeting made Caesar's triumphal entry into Rome pale into insignificance. A full-throated roar greeted us as we struggled past the clawing, babbling crowd to the rostrum. I looked out over the sea of faces hungrily turned to the man who knew all about Formula and Weaning, Rashes and Nervous Systems, Eating Habits and Vitamins, Duties and Disciplines. There he stood, gracious, gorgeous, and ungrabbed. The father of his country, the blasted hypocrite.

He was coming to the end of his talk. Women, who that very morning had screamed their heads off at their offspring, now sat cloaked in misty-eyed maternity as he made poetry out of Pediatrics.

"Bringing your children up to maturity as decent and responsible citizens and happy, integrated personalities is what makes parenthood, despite its anxieties and struggles, the great fulfilment it is. This is the source of life and its meaning. This is our contribution to mankind made manifest. No other achievement of the human race can count for so much."

"Beautiful," the woman next to me murmured, dabbing at her eyes.

"Words, words, words," I mumbled under my breath. I waited while he signed

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5791249

LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.*

Music of an Irish blessing

(In a recent issue a reader said she had received this blessing from a local when leaving Ireland after a holiday: "May you have food and raiment, and a pillow to rest your head. And may you live 40 years in heaven before the devil knows you are dead."

Below are some contributions from other readers.)

WHEN I read "Collector's" Irish blessing reminded me of a blessing my father told me he had been given by an Irishman in Cork. Dad had done him a kindness. The blessing was as follows: "God bless you, Mr. John. May every hair on your head turn to a moulded candle to light your soul to glory."

£1/1/- to "Interested" (name supplied), Coogee, N.S.W.

* * *

BEING only 12 years old at the time, I did not know my grandfather was dying when I was called to his bedside. He took my hand and said:

"May you live as long as you want to,
And never want as long as you live.
May you escape the terrors of hell,
And safe in God's heaven dwell."

The first part seems to be working out all right—can't say about the latter.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. M. Westland Westlund, Floreat Park, W.A.

* * *

THIS was said to me many years ago: "May every hair on your head be a candle to light you to glory." This is short and sweet, but who could wish for anything better in any language. I am now in my fifth year, and eyesight failing, so I hope I have the box number right.

£1/1/- to "Mopsy" (name supplied), Neerin, Vic.

* * *

ON his 21st birthday my son received the gift of a handknit fisherman's jersey in natural wool. It was given by a friend who was holidaying in Connemara on the west coast of Ireland. The beautiful and intricate knitted pattern, my son was told, meant "May your nets always be full." Only the Irish could think of such a charming and comprehensive blessing!

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Mayes, East Victoria Park, W.A.

* * *

THE Irish blessing reminded me of this verse on a different subject:

"Words, like eggs, must be handled with care,
For words spoken, like eggs, are hard to repair."

It is a verse to be remembered in times of anger.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Horton, Harstville Grove, N.S.W.

Afraid of front door?

WITH two small children I find it difficult to keep the whole house as I would like it, so concentrate on the front hall and lounge. But do visitors walk up the path to the nice shiny porch and knock on the front door? They walk round to the back, struggle to unlatch a gate (kept hard-to-open because of the children), stumble over toys until they reach the back door, where I usually greet them with a basketful of washing or a dustpan and broom. Is the answer to tidy the back and let the children play in the front?

£1/1/- to "Welcome Mat" (name supplied), Newton, S.A.

Should they stay and fight?

I HAVE met a number of migrants and admire their spunk in pulling up established roots. Yet I cannot always agree with their reasons for migrating. Most admit they came because of dissatisfaction with conditions in their native land. How can any country recover from economic doldrums or political evils if their citizens will not stay to fight for a better way of life? I am not particularly happy about some of Australia's policies and philosophies, but I would not think of living elsewhere because of this.

£1/1/- to Pat Grayson, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

First important words

BY the time she was 22 months my little girl could answer loudly, "Here I am, Mummy," which I believe to be the first words a child should learn. Always praise them when they answer. If they don't, search the most dangerous places first and keep calling, "Where are you, answer Mummy, please." Let them know you are concerned for their safety, and if punishing them for not answering make sure they understand that it is only for not answering that they are being punished.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Mansfield, Mansfield, Vic.

Five generations to century

MY son, aged two months, is the youngest of our family's five living generations. I am 20, baby's grandmother is 40, his great-grandmother is 60, and his great-great-grandmother is aged 80. There is exactly 20 years' difference between all five generations.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. B. Ryan, Valla, N.S.W.

Names for occupations

REFERRING to occupations fitting names, I have yet to find a better one than the headmistress of the girls' school in Leddington, Middlesex, England, attended by my daughter. Her name was Miss Inkpen. To prove it, I still have a book presented to my daughter Phyllis nearly 20 years ago and signed by Miss Inkpen.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Keene, Nambour, Qld.

So darn' provoking!

MY three-year-old sister sucks her thumb and my mother has tried dozens of remedies. One was to buy this very bitter-tasting liquid and paint my sister's fingers with it. However, she just licked it off and asked Mum if she could have it on her porridge!

£1/1/- to Miss S. Fitzsimmons, Concord, N.S.W.

What price cupboards!

WE have just left our old home and moved into a "modern" house. How I miss my walk-in pantry! Now, I have to stand on a chair or kneel on the floor to find things in the cupboards. And there is not a nook to store the pram, bikes, suitcases, etc. How do people face this problem?

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. White, Bendigo, Vic.

Warm words were good

WE had been going through a rough patch, and I forwarded an application for a lottery ticket to the Sydney Lottery Office, asking for the syndicate name of "Rain, Drs., Dentists, and Tax Bills." The warm-hearted, human person who filled in the ticket wrote on the back, "Good luck with this — sounds as if you need it." No, it didn't win even a fiver. But the words from that unknown person did me good.

£1/1/- to "Thankful" (name supplied), Bermagui South, N.S.W.

WINDS OF 'CHANGE

● When Sir Alec Douglas-Home resigned the leadership of the Conservative Party in Britain the stock market rose three points.

Were you ambitious once, and do you brood
On how you stuck halfway on life's steep ladder?
Do lost hopes haunt your grey days' foggy mood
And make your humdrum lot seem even sadder?
So you're not famous? Nothing much to show
For youthful optimistic expectations?
Cheer up, for goodness' sake. It's nice to know
You can't be blamed for market fluctuations.

— Dorothy Drain

Only when I laugh....

A READER wrote about the little girl whose list of complaints included "and my teeth are loose." This reminded me of the time when my own small daughter, feeling miserable, complained of an amazing number of aches and pains, concluding with "and when I laugh my elbows hurt."

£1/1/- to Mrs. O. W. Hosking, Boort, Vic.

Warm bedclothes

THESE nights I put my one and only luxury to work warming my bed. The luxury is my hair dryer. Leaving the hood off, I put the hose well down between those icy sheets and turn on the dryer. In a few minutes I have wonderfully warm bedclothes to slip into—with the dryer removed, of course.

£1/1/- to "Softy" (name supplied), North Narrabeen, N.S.W.

Stamp investment

FOR years I have collected first-day covers of every stamp issued for each of my three sons. These cost only a few shillings, but gain in value with time. When the boys turn 21 they will be given the covers to sell or keep and add to them, and maybe even hand them on to their own children.

£1/1/- to "Octopus" (name supplied), Doncaster, Vic.

Ice-cream for travellers

LONG before the introduction of tablets to prevent travel sickness I used to find temporary relief in eating an ice-cream. I can remember the resentment I felt when unsympathetic and strong-stomached people remarked scornfully, "You can't be too bad if you can eat an ice-cream." But good old ice-cream held me together for the remainder of many a journey. It didn't cure, but it certainly helped delay the inevitable.

£1/1/- to B. Thomas, Oatley, N.S.W.

Gum leaf relief

WHEN my husband has attacks of asthma he finds relief by breathing the scent of burning gum leaves, the narrow-leafed peppermint type. He half-dries them and burns some in his room on a metal tray before retiring.

£1/1/- to "Relief" (name supplied), Bundanoon, N.S.W.

● ***Ross Campbell has influenza. His column will appear again on this page next week.***

You're on your way

Nowhere to go but up. "Little girl" days are behind you. And now that you're on your way, lots of things that used to bother you are almost forgotten. Take monthly problems, for instance. Remember how cumbersome and bulky and uncomfortable the belt-pin-pad harness was? Aren't you glad you use Tampax!

Tampax is invisible, unfelt, in place. Tampax never betrays your secret. You can bathe wearing Tampax, swim wearing Tampax. You feel cool, clean, fresh . . . dainty! Odour can't form. No chafing or irritation is possible. In fact, you all but forget about differences in days of the month.

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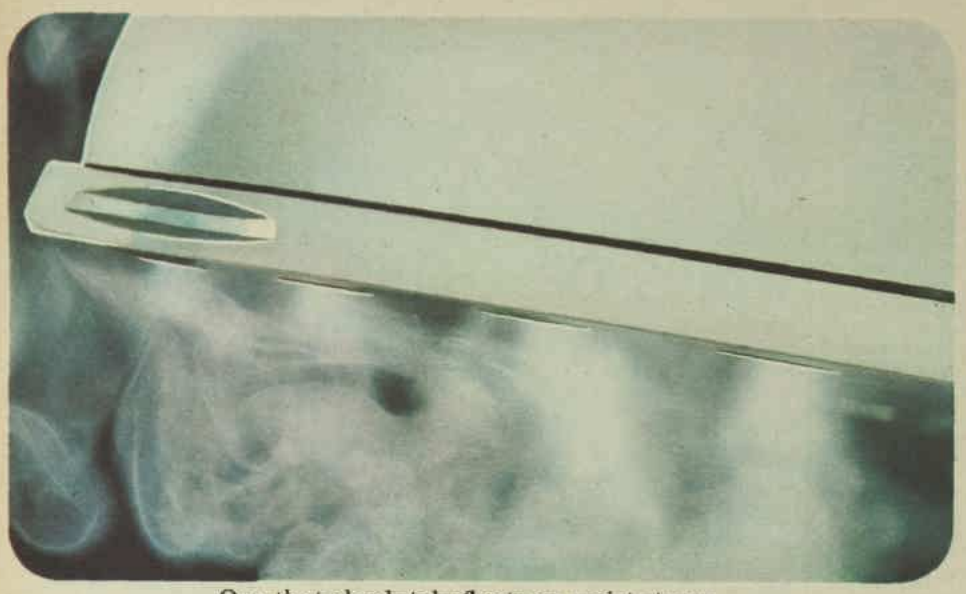
Oh, how I wish I had an easy steam iron to use -



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WHAT COULD ANYBODY SAY?

There must be a way to end the quarrel . . . a short story

By MONROE OPPENHEIMER

"Just take it easy, Jerry. This is my house you're in," Mr. Sanford reprovingly said to his son-in-law.

HE watched her face as she dialled the number. Looking through the glass wall of the telephone booth, he could tell she was excited, and impatient to tell her mother and father that their first grandchild was a certainty — less than seven months away.

The hamburger and coffee smells of the diner assaulted his senses. His mind leapfrogged ahead and he visualised Janet's animated facial expressions as she explained to her mother that they had received the report from the doctor just two hours ago.

Then they had rushed to the hospital for her blood test and medical-history session and advance room reservation. Any concrete step they could take, they had wanted to take immediately, lest any delay tempt the Fates to take away their victorious happiness.

But now Janet's impatient waiting expression did not change. She swung the door open and said to him, "Busy — can you imagine? At a time like this!"

"Wait a while," he said, "and try again."

She put the receiver back on the hook and let a deep sigh escape slowly. She turned to him and smiled.

"Do you want to go out there?" he asked.

"You mean tell them in person?"

He walked closer to the booth and looked down at her. "Rather do it that way?"

"Would you really mind?"

From the way she said it he realised it was what she had wanted to do in the first place.

"It'll be a nice drive," he said.

They walked out of the diner and across the street to the hospital parking lot. It was a cloudy day, almost cold, and it felt good to get inside the car.

She put her hand on his arm as he pulled out of the parking space. "Thanks, Jerry," she said.

"Sure," he answered. Then he smiled. "We'll charge all the tolls and the gas to the household money. We can't consider this regular recreation."

"Easy enough," Janet said. "I just won't buy that cashmere sweater."

"What cashmere sweater?"

"Oh, I was thinking about one."

They reached the expressway and joined a long line of cars. It took twenty minutes to reach the city and fifteen more to get to the entrance of the Lincoln Tunnel. When they came out of the tunnel and drove away from the toll booths Janet leaned back and breathed deeply.

"Ahhhh . . . New Jersey. Now, this is living! Just inhale!"

"Close your window. Those chemical odors are coming up soon."

"You're terrible! A tree or a blade of grass absolutely terrifies you. Do you suppose you have concrete in your blood stream? Why are you smiling like that?"

"You reminded me of a joke. A very old joke. As a matter of fact, the worst joke I've ever heard."

"Tell me — come on."

"You asked for it! But I guess it's appropriate — your being with child, as they say. Ask me where I was born."

"Where were you born?"

"In the hospital."

She narrowed her eyes. "Is that the joke?"

"No. Ask me why."

"Why were you born in the hospital?"

"Well — I wanted to be near my mother."

She put her hands to her head and slowly slid down in the seat. "No, no, no. Please, heaven, let the baby have my sense of humor!"

"I warned you," he said.

As they got closer to their destination they talked less and less. Then there was only silence. It was as if each of them were retreating from the other and they slowly became more apart, more alone.

Then Jerry said, "How long will you be inside?"

Janet looked at her watch. "Let's make it forty-five minutes. You can pick me up at five."

"At five. But be out of there by then — okay? I don't like to blow the horn."

"I'll be there," she said quietly.

They were driving through a residential area now. He turned a corner and let the car coast to a stop in front of a two-storey colonial house with a deep green lawn in front.

Janet opened the door and turned to him. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Maybe I'll bowl a game."

"Okay. See you at five."

He drove off before the house door opened and headed for the bowling alley, but without enthusiasm. As he approached a diner he turned the wheel suddenly and drove into the parking lot. Inside the diner he unbuttoned his coat and ordered peach pie and coffee.

He stirred the coffee slowly. He looked at his watch — only five minutes had gone by. There was still forty minutes to kill.

"Goodbye, mister," he muttered. "Goodbye for ever."

The girl behind the counter lifted her head. "You say something?"

"What? Oh, no. No, nothing."

He drank the coffee slowly. How long ago was it? Four months . . . one third of a year. And since that time he had parked outside the house and watched Janet go in alone and then he had wasted time somewhere — bowling or driving around or window-shopping. Or waiting, just waiting.

"Another coffee, please," he said to the girl. He lighted a cigarette.

It had been some fight . . .

It had started when dessert was served. They had just finished dinner and Janet's mother was coming into the dining-room with hot coffee and pie. He had always felt a little uncomfortable having a meal in that beautiful, museum-like room; it was so much better when they ate informally in the large kitchen. But Mr. Sanford enjoyed his evening meals in the dining-room, and there they sat.

"Very good, Mum," Jerry said. "You can open a restaurant any time."

Mrs. Sanford smiled at him. She was tall and she had a thin face, with a smile that made it warm and pretty.

Janet said: "I just don't understand. When I try, it always sticks to the pan."

There was an interruption from the other end of the table. "Maybe pretty soon we'll have to open up a restaurant. The way some people want to run a business, we could all be broke next week."

Jerry felt his stomach tighten. "If you mean me, why do you say 'some people'?" he asked. "Why not just use my name?"

"As long as you know whom I mean."

"Oh, Norman, let's not have a business argument now." Mrs. Sanford stopped cutting the pie and stared at her husband.

"That cheque from Providence bounced today," he said to her, as if that would explain everything.

"I told you," Jerry said. "We'll get our money. He even offered to wire us a third of it before the fifteenth."

"Is that what they teach you in college? To settle for thirty-three cents on the dollar?"

"That would be thirty-three and a third," Janet said and smiled at Jerry.

"Look, Dad," Jerry said, "he told me he would make the whole thing

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A short short story

By JANET MARION

When you read this...

Joyce experienced a premonition of danger as the man drew nearer to the house

SOON he will come through the clump of trees on the ridge and for a moment his tall, lean body will be silhouetted against the evening sky. That is why I am writing this on the table by the window of my cottage, so that I can see when he is coming. I must finish writing before he arrives.

He will come down across the slope of the hill stealthily, and through my binoculars I will be able to study his face. Perhaps I shall read there something of his intentions before he drops out of sight at the foot of the hill and turns to the path leading to my front door.

Charles Mallick!

He is well known. Perhaps you have seen pictures of him in newspapers and magazines. You would read that he is a financial wizard, a young and handsome one, and that he is widely acclaimed and respected, honest and law-abiding.

Actually, Charles Mallick is a thief and ought to be in prison. At the beginning of his dazzling financial career he stole thousands of pounds from his employers. Without this money he could never have become the rich man he is today.

"Sheer luck," he says, describing the way he got away with it, but then I remind him that but for the lies I told on his behalf in the witness box Charles would have served at least ten years and for ever afterward he would have been a man branded with a criminal record.

Instead of which he is now one of the richest men in Australia and is welcome wherever he goes.

His hair is beginning to turn grey at the temples now, but when I first knew him it was jet-black. The only characteristic that remains unchanged in him is his quiet, almost frightening determination that nobody shall ever stand between his career, love-life, and self-gratification.

Not that he is vindictive. If he were I should not be living here in this cosy bungalow. For, in spite of his wealthy friends and position in life, Charles isn't too proud to remember a woman who was once very close to him during his rapid rise to riches.

Once a month for two years now he has come over the hill to visit me and talk over old times and to bring me a sum of money that enables me to live in comparative comfort. As Charles pointed out from the first, a monthly cheque would not do for it would make others aware of our connection.

For I am the only person now living who knows Charles's secret. On these visits of his we relive the old events and he always pretends to enjoy my reminiscences.

"Do you realise, Joyce," he once said, "that a few words from you could wreck my whole life?"

I said nothing. He hurriedly changed the subject.

But today I am apprehensive, for lately his visits have not been the pleasant reunions they used to be. For one thing, Charles lost a lot of money a few months ago, and began hinting that he might have to discontinue his monthly payments.

When I told him I couldn't possibly live without the money he looked at me in a way that really frightened me, but, noting that I was scared, he passed it over and began discussing something else.

It was Charles who had insisted that I live somewhere near him. Not too near, though. Just near enough for him to keep a watchful eye on me. And he made me promise to live quietly, not make any friends or make myself conspicuous in any way.

I suppose some women would not have stood for that, but because I still love Charles I jumped at the chance of living close to him.

So Charles bought this place for me. It is quite isolated. The only people I see regularly are the deliverymen and the postman. I have a private arrangement with the postman. If I have any letters to mail I leave them in my box down at the bottom of my drive. He always looks in there as he goes by.

Now I can see that Charles has paused on the ridge and is looking down toward my house. What is he thinking of? His face is grim and his hands are clenched. Even through the binoculars I can sense their strength.

Charles always had powerful hands and wrists. Once, in the old days when we had a quarrel, he took me by the throat. His face became blurred and for a terrified moment I thought . . .

He is starting to come down the hill now. A dreadful fascination makes me want to keep him in view through the binoculars all the time. But I mustn't do that. I must finish this and place it inside an envelope.

The envelope is already here. I have addressed it to the police. It seems almost childishly foolish, acting like this — meeting trouble more than halfway.

Charles is almost at the bottom of the hill now. I have only three or four minutes. I shall wait until he is out of sight and then I shall run down the drive and place the envelope containing this account in my mailbox, where the postman will find it tomorrow.

Then I shall run back and sit here in the window pretending to read a book. I shall hear Charles's footsteps and shall look up and see him coming up the path.

Perhaps, after all, everything will turn out all right. Perhaps we shall have our usual little chat and Charles will tell me he intends to continue giving me my monthly allowance. If so, I shall collect the envelope from the mailbox after he has gone and no harm will be done.

But if you have just read this you will know that I am dead.

You will know that I have been strangled by — heaven forgive him — my husband's powerful hands.

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L'ORÉAL OF PARIS OFFERS YOU

A WORLD OF HAIR BEAUTY

HEADLINES ON HAIR BEAUTY

by Anne Bryant, Hair Beauty Consultant.

Women today are lucky!
With so many beauty aids available it's actually fun not to be naturally beautiful. We can change bustlines and hiplines, eyelines and liplines — but what good is all this if our hair is a mess?
Hair glowing with health and rich in colour is a woman's most important beauty asset. Is yours?

New colour? Or true colour?
Don't like your hair colour? — Then change it!
Drab, faded hair dulling your looks? — Commit hair colour forgery for fabulous effects . . . or for colour so natural you can't believe it's not!
Grey hair making you look older than you feel? — Hide it or highlight it for fresh, youthful beauty.
Whatever your hair colouring whim, it can be achieved in the privacy of your own home — easily and economically — with L'Oreal of Paris hair colourings.
Choose from 'TINTETTE' permanent tint; 'COLORAL' wash-away rinse; 'COLOR-GLO' and 'COLOR-MATCH' semi-permanent colourings — or 'FAIR AND COOLER' blonding creme . . . all are magic-making aids to new hair colour beauty.

Hair out of condition?
Our hair has many enemies. Wind, sun, smog and indoor heating, for example. But there's help at hand!
Problem hair responds to 'KIRONE-R' and 'VITALISER' as a man responds to flattery! If your hair is dry and brittle — or lacklustre, limp and lazy — try them.

Any other problems?
If *you* have a hair-care problem, have a chat to the L'Oreal consultant at your favourite chemist or department store. Or, if you prefer, you can write to me personally for individual advice and guidance on the L'Oreal of Paris products which will do most for your hair — and you.

Anne Bryant

Nicholas Marigny
Hair Beauty Advisory Service
699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria

Look for the L'Oreal consultant in your favourite pharmacy or department store.

On the following pages you will discover what the world's most glamorous women already know . . .
that L'Oreal of Paris have a hair beauty product to suit your *every* need!

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A WORLD OF HAIR BEAUTY

WHY NOT A HAIR COLOURING FOR YOU?

Are you afraid of a harsh, "dyed" look — worried about what people might say? Perhaps you don't know how to go about it or are doubtful about the result?

Forget all these fears — with L'Oreal hair colourings you can go about it very easily and be assured of the right result — the kind of hair beauty you've always wished for.

Colour is versatile

If you don't wish to make a permanent colour change, you can add exciting colour highlights to your natural hair shade with 'COLORAL' *temporary rinse*. 'COLORAL' washes out at the very first shampoo, so you can choose and change as often as you like from the wonderful range of fashion shades.

Or use wonderful 'COLOR-GLO', *semi-permanent rinse*, which lasts through several shampoos, adding gleaming colour highlights to your hair.

For complete and lasting results use 'TINTETTE' *permanent tint*. 'TINTETTE' banishes grey hair, restores natural colour to drab or faded hair or can be used to make a complete colour change.

Colour to complement

Never will a L'Oreal hair colouring look harsh or unflattering.

Colours are true-to-natural in subtle or dramatic shades to complement every skin colouring and personality.

Condition with colour

Every L'Oreal hair colouring contains its own rich hair-conditioner, which nourishes and beautifies the hair.

Colour with confidence

No need to worry when you use L'Oreal. Just follow the simple directions and enter the doorway to a new, enchanted world of hair beauty.

On these pages you will find details of all the exciting L'Oreal of Paris hair colourings made in Australia for Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd. . . . 'COLOR-GLO', 'TINTETTE', 'COLOR-MATCH', 'FAIR AND COOLER', 'COLORAL'.

They've all been scientifically formulated to achieve perfect results.

Lather away tell-tale grey with

'COLOR-MATCH'

If stray grey hairs are beginning to appear . . . too few to dye and too many to pull out . . . you can *lather* them away with natural-as-natural 'COLOR-MATCH'.

'COLOR-MATCH' subtly blends in stray grey hairs without changing your natural hair colour.

'COLOR-MATCH' is safe, quick and easy to use. Just lather it in, leave for 15 minutes, then rinse away.

'COLOR-MATCH' lasts for several weeks — gradually fading with never a hint of obvious regrowth lines. 'COLOR-MATCH' is not affected by permanent waving and will not rub off on pillows or hats.

Banish those tell-tale grey hairs *now* with 'COLOR-MATCH'! No one will guess what's happened — they'll only notice how much younger and prettier you look!

There are six wonderful shades:
Natural Blonde • Chestnut Brown
• Dark Brown • Natural Brown
• Dark Chestnut Brown • Darkest Brown.

'COLOR-MATCH' costs only 9/6 (95c).

For vibrant young shades, glowing natural tones and glamorous greys

'COLOR-GLO'

SEMI-PERMANENT HAIR COLOURING

Highlight your hair colour!

Let 'COLOR-GLO' find the *hidden* beauty in your hair and accent it with rich, warm highlights. 'COLOR-GLO' is not a dye. It does not *change* the colour of your hair but *adds* to it. Adds a gleaming jewel-like veil of colour through which your own hair shines . . . bringing your hair and your personality magically alive! Result? True-to-natural colour! Choose from Titian Gold, Black Cherry, Deep Auburn, Honey Brown, Molten Gold, Dark Brown Sherry, Amber Brown Sherry, Brown Sherry.

Be glad you're grey!

Whether you're a little grey or all grey, it's so easy to give your hair subtle new colour and beauty — with 'COLOR-GLO'. Choose from Frosty Silver, Frosty Sapphire or Dove Grey . . . all will give your hair shimmering silvery highlights, your appearance such a lift. You'll be so glad you're grey!

'COLOR-GLO' is easy to use

No complications with 'COLOR-GLO' — just foam it in like a shampoo. 'COLOR-GLO' contains its own setting lotion and nourishing hair conditioner, making your hair soft, shining and wonderfully manageable. Colour lasts through several shampoos.

Only 7/10 (78c).

Nicholas marigny

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FROM L'ORÉAL OF PARIS

Be beautifully blonde with

'FAIR AND COOLER'

BLONDING CREME

'FAIR AND COOLER' is the fastest, coolest way to lighten drab hair to beautiful blonde. It is a wonderfully gentle blonding creme that does not harm or sting the scalp. 'FAIR AND COOLER' is easy to use — it contains its own setting lotion and conditioner to make hair soft, glossy and manageable. Be the blonde you've always dreamed of being — with 'FAIR AND COOLER'!

Price 9/11 (99c).

Once you're a blonde add delicate tonings with

'COLORAL'

TEMPORARY COLOUR RINSE

You can be a bewitching beige . . . a golden girl . . . or change and choose from such pretty pastels as Pearly Rose, Platinum, Silver or Soft Lilac, with 'COLORAL' temporary rinse.

'COLORAL' for natural hair, too

There are so many wonderful ways to use 'COLORAL'. It can add exciting highlights, give ashen tones to blondes or brunettes, banish yellow tinges from grey or white hair, add glowing colour to drab hair.

'COLORAL' — the true temporary colour rinse which vanishes at the first shampoo.

Price 10/- ($1).

Dandruff your problem? Oily or dry?

Now for the first time, 2 separate treatments . . . one for each problem!

'TRAITAL 3' *for dry*
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Developed by the famous L'Oreal Laboratories, the 'TRAITAL' formulations bring instant relief to dandruff conditions. The rich medicated lather penetrates the scalp, loosens dandruff and floats it away—leaving your scalp tingling, clean and healthy.

'TRAITAL 3' and 'TRAITAL 4' are priced at only 12/6 ($1.25) each.

For a complete and lasting colour change . . .

'TINTETTE'

PERMANENT HAIR COLOURING

Grey Hair? Banish grey and bring it back to your original, youthful hair colour with 'TINTETTE'. Or lighten it a shade or two. Or give yourself a complete and exciting colour change. All are possible with 'TINTETTE'.

'TINTETTE' is a *permanent* hair colouring — with a built-in colour control which means you can't go lighter or darker than the colour you choose. And what wonderful colours they are!

Dull Hair? 'TINTETTE' gives superb new colour and life to dull or faded hair, too. Transform dull, drab hair to shining new beauty. Give yourself a vital new look and personality — with 'TINTETTE'!

Twelve beautiful, true-to-natural shades: Jet Black, Darkest Brown, Dark Brown Auburn, Dark Brown, Mid Brown, Brown, Light Chestnut, Light Golden Brown, Light Brown, Blonde, Golden Blonde, Light Blonde.

Only 12/6 ($1.25).

The Right Shampoo for You!

'LATHER-ONCE'

For normal to oily hair. A wonderful soapless shampoo so rich in cleansing qualities you need only lather once for squeak-clean results. L'Oreal 'LATHER-ONCE' contains no harmful ingredients to drain hair of its natural life and highlights — leaves it soft and shining, silky clean.

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'CAIRE'

For normal to dry hair. A luxurious, beautifying shampoo with unique enriching and nourishing qualities . . . gives your hair the swinging, bouncing, shining beauty you've always wanted! 'CAIRE' is ideal for tinted or bleached hair — does wonders for dry and brittle hair . . . so pamper your hair — with 'CAIRE'! Only 7/6 (75 c).

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'ELNETT'

— THE HOLDING HAIR SPRAY

with the subtle French perfume

'ELNETT' keeps hair controlled, yet still soft and *touchable* . . . holds it firmly for hours, brushes out in seconds. 'ELNETT' has no harsh drying lacquers, no sticky "build-up" — your hair stays clean, shining and healthy. You'll love the economy of 'ELNETT', too. Its fine mist spray lasts so much longer.

Only 15/6 ($1.55).

Nourish damaged hair to shining health with

'KIRONE-R'

Is your hair dry, brittle, unmanageable? Or dull and limp — without vitality?

Then use L'Oreal of Paris 'KIRONE-R'. This rich, nutritive hair beauty treatment *feeds* your damaged hair, restores body and bounce . . . leaves it silky soft and so very manageable!

All you do is apply 'KIRONE-R' to your hair immediately after a shampoo — then set it. Result? Your hair looks lovelier, healthier — lustrous and shining. Try a 60-second treatment of 'KIRONE-R' today — you'll love it. And so will your hair.

Price 3/6 (35c); 9/6 (95c).

OTHER L'OREAL HAIR HEALTH AIDS

'HAIR VITALISER'

Restores and preserves healthy hair lustre and radiance. Regular after-shampoo use will condition your hair and help to keep it free of dandruff.

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'TRILL' contains VITACOL — a special ingredient which restores the natural oils to the hair, smoothing away roughness and dryness. 'TRILL' used once or twice a week will keep your hair shining and beautiful.

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PERMANENT TINT FOR EYELASHES AND EYEBROWS

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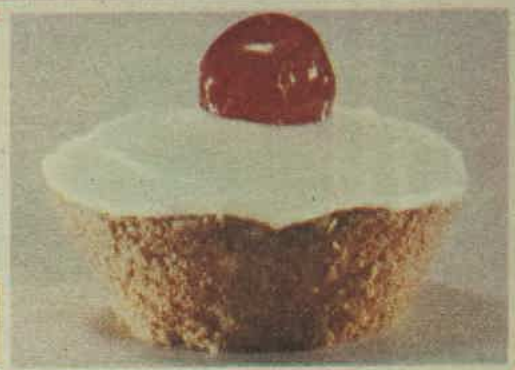

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Omelets

FRENCH
SPANISH
CHINESE
SOUFFLE

• Omelets are quickly made and versatile in use. Serve them for breakfast, lunch, or supper — and, with a savory filling, for dinner

SMALL dessert omelets, filled with fruit or a colorful jam (strawberry or apricot are good), can be flamed with rum, brandy, or liqueur to make a delicious ending to a meal.

The secret of a good omelet is speed — mix it quickly, cook it quickly, serve it at once.

THE OMELET PAN: Omelet pans come in various sizes; on the size of pan depends the number of eggs that can be used for each individual omelet to achieve best results. The number of eggs to be used can be determined as follows:

6in. pan—allow 2 to 3 eggs per omelet.
7in. pan—allow 3 to 4 eggs per omelet.
8in. or 9in. pan—allow 5 to 6 eggs per omelet.

For each person, allow 2 to 3 eggs per omelet; 6-egg omelet will serve 3. Omelets larger than 6-egg size are awkward to handle; it is better to make smaller omelets for individual servings.

MAIN OMELET TYPES: There are 3 basic types of omelet—the French omelet, the Spanish omelet, and the Souffle (or puffy) omelet. The popular Chinese omelet is a variation of French omelet. Recipes for all types are given in this feature.

French Omelet

The true French omelet is made with eggs only, seasoned with salt and pepper. However, some cooks like to add a teaspoon of water, milk, or cream for each egg used. Of these ingredients, water gives a light omelet; milk or cream gives more creamy texture.

BASIC RECIPE

Two eggs, salt, pepper, butter (just enough butter, when melted, to cover base of pan).

Break eggs into bowl, add salt and pepper. Beat eggs vigorously with fork (about 30 seconds for 3-egg omelet) or until yolks and whites are blended just enough to follow fork a little as it is lifted from bowl.

CREAM CHEESE fills the omelet above, which is garnished with chopped shallots. It makes an easy and nourishing lunch for two.

Put pan on to heat. When pan is hot, add butter. Butter should sizzle and foam almost immediately, but should not be allowed to brown. (If it does brown, tip from pan, wipe pan clean and start again.)

Tip and roll pan so butter flows over base and part way up sides. Pour in eggs, all at once; they should begin to set round edges almost immediately. Stir briskly with fork or spatula a second or two.

Now, from this point on, there are several ways to make an omelet. You might like to experiment to see which works best for you.

COOKING METHODS

1. Slide or shake pan rapidly back and forth over heat, keeping omelet in motion and free from bottom of pan to avoid sticking. As soon as bottom of omelet begins to set, slip thin-bladed spatula well under edges, let uncooked egg flow into contact with centre of pan. This lifting, with frequent shaking, causes rippled surface and irregular edges, characteristic of a good omelet.

2. With fork or spatula, draw mixture from sides to centre of pan, so allowing uncooked egg to run immediately to fill space left vacant. Repeat until egg mixture does not run easily.

Omelet is cooked when egg no longer runs freely, but top still looks liquid and creamy. If filling is to be added, do so now.

Then, holding handle of omelet pan with left hand, use spatula in right hand to guide omelet as right side is folded over centre.

With warm plate ready under pan, and with a quick flick of the wrist, turn pan upside down. This will give omelet another fold and leave it neatly in centre of plate. Have small pat of butter ready on point of knife or fork and move it quickly across top of hot omelet to give a golden shine.

VARIATIONS

Many savory additions can be made to the basic omelet mixture, but make sure they are finely chopped.

Omelet aux fines herbes: Add to egg mixture some finely chopped herbs—equal parts of parsley, tarragon, and chives are good.

Bacon: Add some lean bacon, which has been grilled and finely chopped or crumbled; stir in also a teaspoon or so of finely chopped chives.

Mushroom: Saute some chopped or finely sliced mushrooms in a little butter until soft; if desired, stir in a little dry sherry, let simmer very gently. This is also a delightful omelet filling.

Cheese: Stir in to egg mixture some finely grated cheese. Cheese can also be sprinkled on the finished omelet, which is then put under griller a few seconds until cheese is glazed.

FILLINGS

If you're going to serve a filled omelet, remember:

- Have fillings ready before starting omelet; cooked fillings should be hot.
- Cut ingredients into fairly small pieces.
- Allow about ¼ dessertspoon of filling per egg. Extra filling can be spooned over omelet or beside it.

Below are some savory fillings:

Cream Cheese: Beat 4oz. packaged cream cheese until light and smooth; mix in 1 tablespoon chopped chives or green shallot tops. Spoon mixture on to half of omelet, sprinkle with additional chives or shallots, slip to edge of pan, fold in half. Nice with grilled bacon and tomato halves.

Avocado: Add a little curry powder to beaten egg mixture. Make omelet in usual way. On half of omelet, spoon some small cubes of peeled avocado, fold over, and serve.

Country Style Onion: Slice 1 or 2 onions thinly, separate rings and cook, covered, in little butter with 1 or 2 tablespoons of stock added, until tender; stir frequently. Drain, place in centre of omelet, fold.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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OMELETS . . . *continued from previous page*

The omelet pan

WHEN using a new pan for omelets, the egg mixture is inclined to stick to pan. To prevent this, "season" pan by pouring into it about ¼in. of salad oil; heat until oil smokes slightly. Remove from heat, allow oil to cool in pan, then drain and wipe pan clean.

Wipe pan clean with dry cloth or paper towel each time after using; do not wash it. If any egg should still cling, sprinkle pan with salt and rub clean; do not use steel wool or scouring powder to clean omelet pan.

It is best to keep a special pan for omelets. If you have a pan which has already been used for other cookery, and you would now like to keep it for omelets only, just give it the oil treatment, as above.

HERE'S another way to serve a filled omelet. Slide completed omelet on to warm plate. Cut through omelet at top, making gash about 2in. Spoon filling into this, with extra filling spooned across omelet. This is particularly attractive when there is a colorful filling, such as tomato; dust lightly with finely chopped parsley.

SOUFFLE OMELET

Because egg-whites are beaten separately and folded into yolks, this type of omelet puffs up like a souffle during cooking. To set mixture lightly at top, omelet is finished under hot griller or in hot oven a few minutes. This makes a much more substantial omelet, using same number of eggs, than the lighter French type.

It can be varied, or filled, in same way as French omelet.

BASIC RECIPE

Two eggs, 1 dessertspoon cold water, salt and pepper, ½oz. butter.

Separate eggs; beat yolks with water, salt and pepper until thick and creamy. Beat egg-whites until they form peaks; fold whites into yolks.

Pour into heated pan, in which butter has been melted and swirled around. Spread mixture evenly, cook over medium heat until omelet puffs up and under-part is lightly golden. (Lift up omelet to watch this, and if it begins to stick add a little more butter.) Place under very hot griller or in hot oven 1 to 2 minutes or until top begins to turn golden. Fold in half, turn on to heated serving plate.

SPANISH OMELET

The Spanish version of the omelet is served flat, unlike French or souffle types, which are rolled or folded.

It is cooked like a pancake; when underside is golden, it is turned or tossed, and other side cooked. Ingredients are basically the same as for French omelet, but additional savory ingredients are added.

BASIC RECIPE

Three eggs, 3 teaspoons milk or water, salt and pepper, little crushed garlic, about 1 tablespoon each finely chopped ham, skinned, chopped tomato, chopped shallots, 1 dessertspoon each chopped olives and parsley, butter for cooking.

Saute garlic, ham, tomato, shallots, and olives in hot butter a few minutes until softened; add parsley. Beat eggs with milk, salt and pepper, pour into pan over other ingredients. Stir briskly a second or two. When underside of omelet is lightly golden, toss or turn over, cook until second side is golden. Serve flat.

CHINESE OMELETS

These popular omelets can be made in smaller, individual servings; serve smaller omelets flat.

CHINESE PRAWN OMELET

In hot oil saute a few sliced mushrooms, add 2oz. shelled prawns (sliced chicken or crabmeat can be used) and, if desired, about 1oz. bamboo shoots. Make up 3-egg omelet mixture, stir in ¼ cup chopped shallots. Pour egg mixture into pan over other ingredients. Cook and fold in usual way.

Serve with sauce made by combining 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon cornflour, and ½ cup water; stir over low heat until boiling, let simmer few minutes.

FOO YUNG

In this second version of the Chinese omelet, ingredients are all combined and cooked together.

Saute a few small whole mushrooms (slice them if they are large) and some chopped shallots in butter until tender. Beat together 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, salt and pepper. Fold in drained mushrooms, shallots, and 2oz. shelled prawns. Spoon into heated, buttered pan a little at a time to make small pancakes 3in. in diameter. Cook until almost set, turn and cook other side.

Serve with sauce, as above, spooned over.

DESSERT OMELETS

These can be versions of the French or souffle omelet. Make individual 2-egg omelets in 6in. pan, or make 6-egg omelet in 8in. or 9in. pan to serve 3.

Omit salt and pepper from recipe. A little sugar can be beaten in with the eggs; as sugar browns during cooking, this will give you a slightly darker-topped omelet. Don't add too much sugar—it may cause omelet to stick.

Sliced, sweetened strawberries, brandied peaches, or apricot jam flavored with a little rum are all good fillings. Use the jam rather sparingly; the heat of the omelet will cause it to melt and run from centre of omelet, detracting from the attractive appearance.

Here's a delicious dessert omelet for special occasions:

RUM OMELET

Six eggs, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, pinch salt, 1 to 1½ tablespoons rum, extra icing sugar, extra rum.

Beat eggs with sugar and salt, beat in rum. Make omelet in usual way and fold. Turn on to hot plate, sprinkle liberally with extra icing sugar. Pour over a small glass of warmed rum and ignite. Baste omelet with flaming rum until sugar is browned. (Or flame omelet in pan, and baste.)

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TWO ECONOMY RECIPES WIN PRIZES

● Two economical recipes — one for a fruit loaf and the other for chutney — win cash prizes this week in our regular cookery contest.

LEVEL spoon measurements are used in the recipes.

ECONOMICAL FRUIT LOAF

Four ounces currants, 4oz. sultanas, 2oz. mixed peel, 2oz. glace cherries, 4oz. brown sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 cup hot tea.

Soak fruits and sugar in hot tea and allow to stand 2 hours. Add beaten egg, then sifted flour. Pour into greased 9½in. x 4½in. loaf tin, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Sneddon, 4 Caroline St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

ECONOMICAL CHUTNEY

Three pounds jam melon, 4 large apples, 4 large onions, 1lb. dates, 1½lb. brown sugar, 1 pint vinegar, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon salt, few cloves, pinch allspice, nutmeg, and whole ginger.

Tie all spices in piece of muslin. Put jam melon, apples, onions, and dates through a mincer. Place in saucepan with remaining ingredients and spices; boil rapidly 2 hours. Remove spice bag. Bottle and seal when cold.

Note: If chokoes or green tomatoes are in season they can be substituted for jam melon.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Harriott, R.M. Box 61, via Wauchope, N.S.W.

FRUIT LOAF has economy ingredients.

Household hints

● Readers win a prize of £1/1/- for each of these useful hints for mothers and housewives.

IF the inside of a silver teapot is badly stained, it can be cleaned by dipping a piece of steel wool in vinegar, then in salt, and rubbing teapot inside with this. Rinse well and air teapot before use. — Mrs. K. Holloway, Elizabeth St., Imbil, Qld.

★ ★ ★

An easy way to use up briquette fragments is to shovel them into brown paper bags and fasten top. When fuel is required, just place the bags on the fire.—Mrs. P. Warner, 16 Glendowan Rd., Mt. Waverley, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Do not waste lemon or orange peel. Grate it into airtight jar, sprinkle generously with sugar, keep in refrigerator, and use in puddings or cakes. — Mrs. P. Finimore, 18 Park Ave., East Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

For mothers of little boys: When making pants or shorts for them, turn up 1in. hem at waistband, stitch along centre to make casings for two lengths of ⅝in. elastic. This looks neater than a single wide elastic, keeps firmer, and will not roll over.—Mrs. J. Rabl, 44 Duncan St., Murtoa, Vic.

★ ★ ★

If your iron is sticky with starch, rub it over a towel which has been sprinkled with talcum powder.—Mrs. Anne Wall, Florence St., Pittsworth, Qld.

★ ★ ★

When baby first starts on solids and eats only a small quantity, preparing the tiny meal can be time-consuming. I cook enough vegetable for a week, sieve it, put it into an ice-cube tray, and freeze it. Then each day I have only to take out one or two cubes and heat them.—Mrs. S. Goold, 29 Waverley St., Largs, S.A.

★ ★ ★

For a delicious flavor, add a few drops of lemon essence to an ordinary boiled custard.—Mrs. Mack Young, 54 Hanley Lane, Gundagai, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

If you have no steamer, use a billycan to steam a pudding; the lid fits tightly over greased paper. Cook in usual way in boiling water in lidded saucepan. The billycan handle is convenient for lifting it out when pudding is cooked.—Mrs. J. Harlow, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A wooden coathanger covered with aluminium foil is a good substitute for a plastic hanger to dry a drip-dry or woollen garment. Any stains from the wood won't mark the garment.—Mrs. C. Lee, 156 West Beach Rd., Marleston, S.A.

★ ★ ★

Prevent stains from oil bottles on your pantry shelf by lining the shelf with a sheet of plate glass, old marble washstand-top, or discarded mirror.—Mrs. L. Noonan, 7 Donald St., Prahran, Vic.

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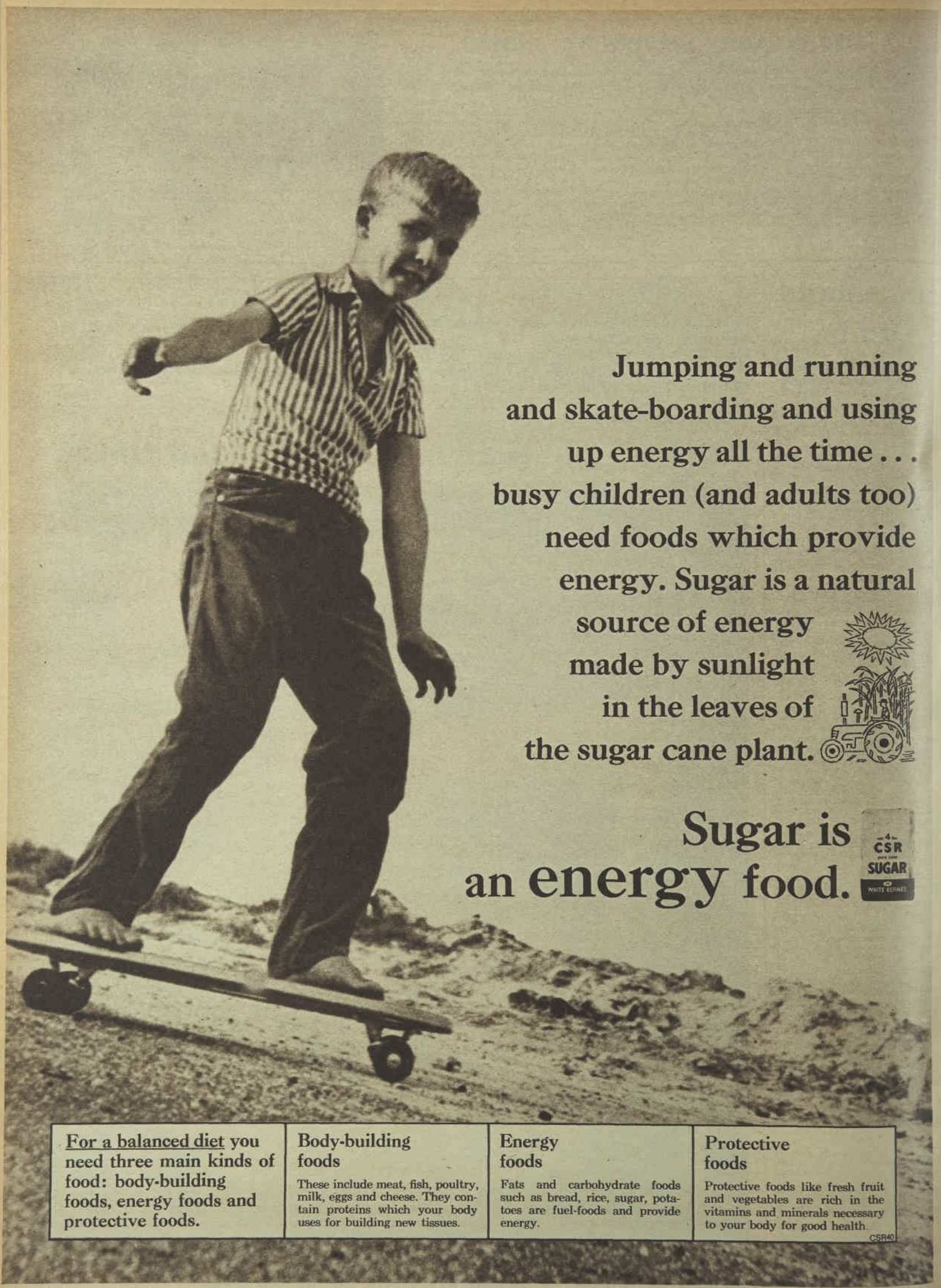

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CYCLAMENS' WINTER BEAUTY

By R. H. ANDERSON

● One of the most delightful ways of lessening the austerity of winter is to bring a pot of flowering cyclamens into the home.

THE pure beauty of the flowers, ranging in color from white to pink, salmon, crimson, lilac, purple, or mauve, is enhanced by attractive heart-shaped foliage often marbled or variegated.

They are generous in their flowering period.

There are about 20 species of cyclamen found naturally in regions around the Mediterranean and extending to Central Europe. The one commonly grown is **Cyclamen persicum,** a native of countries extending from Greece to Syria, and the lovely colors and shapes have all originated from careful selection and breeding within the single species without the aid of hybridisation with other species.

Your new potted plant will no doubt delight you, but, to save disappointment in its subsequent growth, correct care is necessary.

Most plants show from five to eight blooms, but if you look down below the foliage you will see many little buds developing which give promise of further pleasures to come.

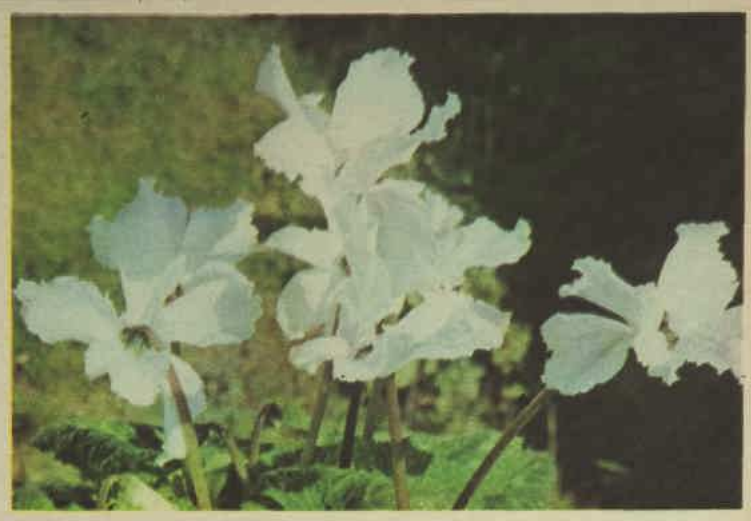
The pot requires a warm, sheltered, well-lit position such as a glassed-in veranda or window-sill, *not* exposed to midday or afternoon sun. If it is inside the house be careful to avoid draughts, or the too-dry conditions of heated rooms.

Keep the soil moist, but don't overdo the watering, which could be every second day, or more regularly when the plant seems dry. A terracotta pot needs more water than a plastic pot.

Water from top of plant.

Make a mixture with a liquid fertiliser (such as Aquasol or Thrive) of a level teaspoon to a quart of water. Give plant a cupful only of this once a fortnight.

Most growers prefer to raise the plants from seed, but there is no reason why you should not get another year's flowers. These may be smaller, but are usually freely produced.



"White Ruffled."

"Pearl of Zehlendorf."

● Pictures taken at the Kretz Bros. Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Most disappointments in retaining potted plants of the previous season arise from not recognising that the plants have become exhausted through confinement in the one pot. When new growth appears on the crowns, usually about February, the plants should be taken out and repotted.

As much as possible of the old potting mixture should be removed without unduly disturbing the roots, and the plants set in a fresh medium. Always keep the crown of the tubers above soil level, preferably with half of the tuber showing.

It is usually claimed that cyclamens are best treated as annuals, with seed grown every year — the variously colored forms come true from seed. Although the plants are not difficult to grow, a bush-house, cold frame, or glass-house is really needed for best results, and most home gardeners don't have such facilities.

Probably the most serious pest is the cyclamen mite, a tiny insect which attacks the foliage, buds, and flowers. The leaves become twisted and distorted, spots and streaks appear on the flowers, and the buds are malformed.

Control by spraying with .05 percent Kelthane (one fluid ounce of a 30 percent Kelthane emulsion to 3¾ gallons of water).

Red spiders, thrips, and aphids may also damage the plants.

Cyclamens may sometimes be attacked by root and crown rot. This is not common, but to avoid such trouble sterilise the soil and containers before sowing or planting.

Formalin (one part commercial formalin diluted with 50 parts water) makes a satisfactory sterilising solution. This should be applied to the soil about two weeks before using.

Apart from the usual cyclamens grown, there are several delightful species which are occasionally cultivated and which are very suitable for cool, semi-shaded positions in the garden.

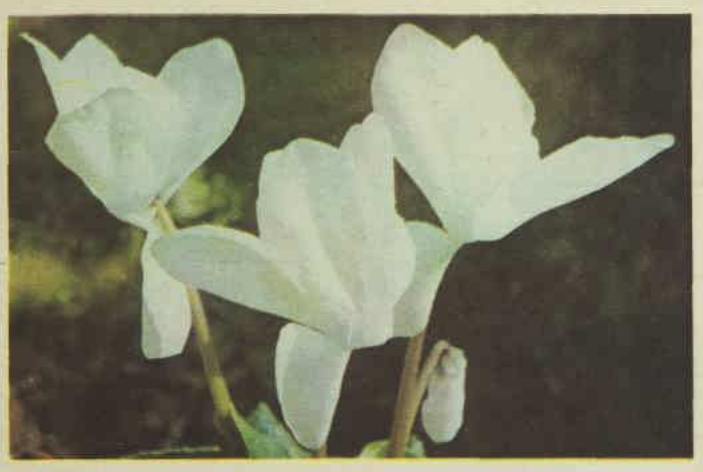
They produce masses of lovely little flowers and attractive foliage, and once established will spread by seeding.

Cyclamen neapolitanum is one of the most attractive and commonly grown species. It has leaves marbled with silver and rose-pink flowers in autumn.

Cyclamen coum is a lovely species with dark green leaves and rosy magenta flowers in winter and spring. A white-flowering form is also available.

Cyclamen europaeum has carmine rose or almost crimson flowers which, unlike most cyclamens, are delightfully sweet scented.

"Rose of Marienthal."



ABOVE: "Mont Blanc." *BELOW: "Bonfire."*

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Continued from page 28

AND BABY MAKES THREE

copies of his book. Finally, when I saw one suburban matron trying to snatch his pocket handkerchief as a souvenir, I intervened. I grabbed his arm and pushed my way through the crowd.

The late-spring day had turned into a hot, summerlike afternoon; spring burgeoning into summer is, after all, the fulfilment of a promise, and with any luck all medical men should lose their reserve and start to blossom.

And for the next two and one half hours, I certainly had reason to hope. As we got into the car, he turned to me with a smile—well, it was closer to a smile than a grimace—and said, "Whew, I'm boiling after that stuffy auditorium. Look, Bayhead Beach isn't far. How about a quick swim?"

I started to reply enthusiastically, when I remembered we hadn't exactly set forth with Bayhead in mind and weren't very well equipped. I said, "Do you usually go swimming in the raw?"

"No. But I keep a pair of trunks in the car. Haven't anything for you, though, so guess we'll have to skip it."

"Wait." My mind was turning numb, but not that numb. "Point Pleasant is on the way. I'll just stop in town and pick up a suit." This was no time to quibble about a little white lie, so I added, "I need a new one."

The ocean was lovely. Dr. Peter Martin Cooper in trunks was even more devastating, and, what's more, he swam like a fish. I thought that seeing me in the brief and, I hoped, beguiling two-piece number I'd picked up at Point Pleasant would mellow him; but when he wasn't diving through the surf he'd sit on the sand and stare at the ocean instead of me.

As the sun crept downward and the night turned soft, he helped me off the sand. Briefly he squeezed my shoulder, and as I moved in hopefully he dropped his arm and said, "Guess it's time we started back."

I RECALLED hopelessly the promise I'd made Sue. "We'd better go," I said dolefully. "I'm babysitting for my sister's kids for the weekend."

"I didn't know you had nieces and nephews."

"Well, I have," I said, "and a mother and father. And two damask tablecloths and sixteen sheets and a set of china and great expectations."

His brow furrowed slightly. "You aren't getting married, are you?"

"No," I sighed, "I just have a trousseau complex. It's a female disorder. Men are not susceptible."

"I'm not sure I follow all that."

"More's the pity. Well, thanks for the afternoon in kiddyland."

He saw me to the door of my apartment. We paused at the threshold as a cacophony of sound beat out at us. As I fumbled for my key, Sue opened the door. Her hat was askew, her face bright red. I realised that the din we heard was originating from my TV set turned up at top volume. It competed with the hi-fi going full blast. There were also the whir of my electric orange-juicer and the nervous growl of a disturbed garbage disposal.

"If there's a button to press or a dial to turn, those kids will find it," Sue said. She took note of Doctor Cooper and smiled. "Thank heaven it's you. I mean, if anybody understands what kids can get into — Well, honey, now you're here, I'll just run. Ted's waiting in the car. Doctor — " she turned to him — "I know every word of your book. My kids have been brought up on it."

She grasped his hand. "I couldn't have done it without you, believe me." Then she was gone.

As we stood transfixed, Jacie emerged from the kitchen. She was eating marmalade out of a jar with a soup spoon, a look of beatific happiness on her face. She was followed by her brother Larry, who was slowly and with the utmost concentration cutting his hair with my manicure scissors. Terry could be viewed howling in front of the television set.

The good doctor looked at the children and then at me. The only visible signs of panic were the total absence of color in his face and the way he groped blindly for the door. "Surgery," he mumbled. "See you at the surgery." With that, he bolted down the hall and out of sight.

Then I laughed, while Jacie looked at me in bewilderment.

"Why, he's chicken," I said aloud, in astonishment.

I closed the door. "All right, troops," I said. "Achtung!"

Three cherubic little faces turned toward me with all the impassivity of the Manchurian Candidate.

"Let's all come into the bathroom for a nice wash and climb into our night-nights," I begged bravely.

Terry inched closer to the television set and anchored himself to it, clutching it like a suffragette clinging to a fence. "Cartoon," he whimpered, "cartoon."

"He always eats in front of the television," Jacie volunteered. "Otherwise, he won't eat."

"All of his meals?" I asked, in a rising tone.

"He doesn't like the table," Jacie explained, as if I weren't quite bright. "Leave him there, why don't you?"

"Because he's four and I'm twenty-three," I said, "and in the power struggle, that's suppose to give me an edge."

I stood in the middle of the room and noted with dismay that my hands were shaking. I wavered for a moment between an appeasement policy and massive retaliation. Then I went to the set and clicked it off. An ominous silence fell, like that lull before the shooting in a Western movie.

"First a bath, then a nice supper, and then if everyone behaves we can see television again." It was a sane approach; it was firm; it was a total bust. No one stirred. "Well, Jennie," I said aloud, "millions swear by it. I think you're going to have to go by The Book." I went to my shelves and took down a copy of Dr. Peter Martin Cooper's panacea, "The Happy Baby." "D for Discipline," I muttered frantically, turning the pages. "Ah, here we are."

"Try for a reasonable approach. Children grasp logic related to authority in an astonishing degree." All right. He didn't have all those medical degrees for nothing.

"Hey, kids," I said brightly, "I want to tell you something." They turned their bland gazes upon me. "If you stay all messy and hot and sticky, you won't feel nearly as nice as you would after a good bath. Logical, huh?"

They stared me down coldly.

"All right, Dr. Know-Everything Cooper," I said, grabbing The Book again, "what other bright ideas have you got?"

"Be imaginative about routine. It doesn't hurt to sugar-coat the pill." A smashing idea. I'd go along with that any day.

"Okay, pussycats," I said brightly, "Auntie Jen has a wonderful idea." Three sets of eyes narrowed with mistrust. "Let's all pretend that Auntie Jen's bathtub is the Queen Mary. We're going on a ship in the ocean, with waves and everything."

Terry turned on me as if I were Captain Bligh. "Phooey," he said, and led the mutineers out of the room.

I made a move to grab him by the scruff of the neck and then stopped in horror. Violence? I wasn't going to be driven to violence. I flipped the pages of The Book. "Self-Control in Parents." That's hitting the old nail on the head. Self-control is what we want.

"Self-control in the parent is vital. Signs of anger only force the child to hold the line in an argument. Find a way to let the child out of the predicament gracefully."

"I surrender," I called out cheerfully. "No baths. No hand washing. No tooth brushing. Mud and mire are the order of the day."

They came straight back. One thing about kids. They love a good loser . . .

Four hours later — unwashed, unfed, and unrepentant — they slumped around the television set, watching the late, late show through half-lidded eyes. I lay on the couch, an ice pack to my forehead, losing ground to a fierce headache and a desire to be alone on a desert island.

Two long days stretched ahead of me. Oh, if I could only get my hands on that great big omnipotent baby doctor now. That tower of gelatine. That craven coward. No wonder he was so impersonal. He knew what happened when you fell in love and got married and had babies. Was there anything in that book of his about wanting to shoot yourself in the head at the end of a day with the little ones? Furiously I flipped the pages.

"Do not think for one moment that I am not aware of the strain of child rearing on the parent. It is a task beset by difficulties and frustrations. It is the wonderful willingness of the adult to assume that burden which is so heartening to the pediatrician."

"Oh, yeah, Dad," I said angrily, "and where are you now? Lolling across the table from some languorous dame? Playing poker with the boys? Twisting the night away?"

"Shhh," said Jacie irritably. "We can't hear our program." They raised the volume to a deafening pitch.

As I groaned and staggered to my feet I heard a quiet, authoritative voice behind me.

"All right, small fry, that will be enough of that. Turn that infernal machine off. Right now. No jazzing around. Hop to it!"

I looked up and there stood the Great Healer. He was peeling out of his coat, but his gaze was fixed commandingly on the unholy trio.

"Now, I know you little monkeys think you have the jump on us because you've laid out your Auntie Jen, but you've got me to deal with now and I run a tight ship. Yes sir, when old Doctor Cooper comes aboard, it's shape up or else!" He snapped his fingers. "Okay. Boys first," he said crisply. "Into the bathroom. Wash hands and teeth and out here for inspection. Chop, chop. Missie—" he turned to Jacie — "you skip along into the bedroom and get the beds turned down, like a good girl."

Mouths aslack, they rose to do as they were told. They walked by him in awed silence.

"Nice bunch of kids," he said, throwing his hat on top of his coat and digging for his pipe. "Give you a little trouble, did they?"

I advanced on him hotly. "You — you — theoretician! You ran out on me! Who invited you back, anyway?" I was closer to tears than I wanted to be.

"I'll explain about that later," he said. "Let's get the youngsters bedded down first."

I don't know what he said or did; but fifteen minutes later, they'd all had milk and crackers and were tucked in for the night.

HE came out and sat down beside me. "Little girl looks a lot like you. Cute little monkey. Like to have a dozen like her."

"Why not two dozen?" I said caustically. "They're small."

"Hey. What're you so riled up about?"

"You're a fraud," I said flatly, "a fraud and a phony. A rabbit. No. Not a rabbit. Rabbits breed other rabbits. They get in there and pitch. But not you. I saw you tonight. One whiff of domesticity and you were off with your tail between your legs. Well, I've loved you silently and from afar, but no more. First you bolt, and then you come back here and make a grandstand play. The big, stern father image."

"If you're talking about that last little caper with the kiddies, I'll come clean. It's the first time in my life I've got up enough nerve to wade in and take them on. I'm scared of kids — scared silly. One glimpse of 'em in action, and I'm shot down in flames. I never would have come back tonight except that I wanted to help you."

"Me," I snorted. "What have I got to do with it?"

"Everything, Jen. I'm crazy about you." He reached for my hand. I tried to elude him, but he grasped it in his and forced me to sit down beside him. "Jen," he began, "I'm a man. Almost all men are afraid of kids. I think that's why the stronger sex have 'em. That's why marriage is such a great idea. It pits two people against their offspring, and from what I can see, it takes at least two people to handle the job.

"Take tonight, for example. I found, for the first time, I could handle the little tyrants in the flesh. Why? Because you were there, warm and sweet and wise, in case they ambushed me. Now, if you'll promise to be there from here on in, gladly will I contribute to the population explosion.

"Say the word, darling, and we'll overcrowd the schools, increase the housing shortage, and groom the boy for the Presidency in nineteen ninety-nine."

"A woman will be President by then," I said, and kissed him.

(c) 1963 by Harriet Frank Jr.

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***Have no anxiety, but in everything make your requests known to God in prayer and petition with thanksgiving.***
—Philippians 4:6.

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Sue Murray

Home Economist of the Australian Dried Fruits Association.

Bread Pudding

with sun-rich, sun-dried fruits

Here, from the kitchens of Sue Murray, is a traditional favourite, a real old-style Bread Pudding, rich with the goodness of sun-dried fruits. Like all good, old-fashioned recipes, it's easy to prepare.

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED:

1 lb. loaf of stale bread
4 oz. beef suet
8 oz. Mixed Fruit
4 oz. soft brown sugar
2 oz. chopped, mixed peel
2 teaspoons of mixed spice
2 eggs
1 baking dish (about 11 inches x 9 inches)

Note. All cup measurements are the standard 8 oz. measuring cup, and all spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

STEP 1. Bread the break into small pieces and soak them in cold water for at least half an hour.

STEP 2. Grease the baking dish lightly with a little butter and put it to one side.

STEP 3. Finely shred the beef suet.

STEP 4. Strain the bread and squeeze it as dry as possible.

STEP 5. Put the bread into a basin and beat out any lumps with a fork.

STEP 6. Add the Mixed Fruit, brown sugar, shredded beef suet, mixed peel and mixed spice to the mixture.

STEP 7. Mix them all well together.

STEP 8. Beat the eggs lightly and stir them into the mixture.

STEP 9. Put the mixture into the prepared baking dish.

STEP 10. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1½ hours or until nicely browned.

STEP 11. When the pudding is baked, sprinkle the top with white sugar and serve it hot or cold cut into slices.

Australian Sun-dried Fruits make the dish

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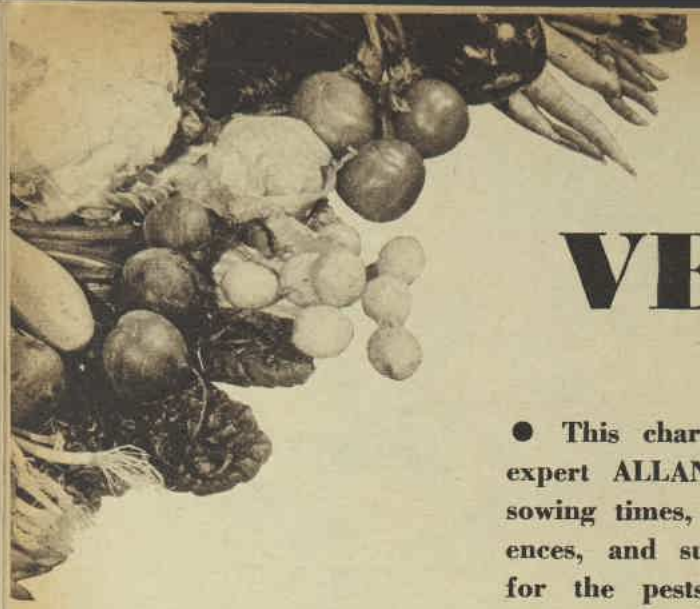

Easy-reference chart makes

VEGETABLES FOR

● **This chart, prepared by gardening expert ALLAN SEALE, gives vegetable sowing times, soil or cultivation preferences, and suggested control measures for the pests and diseases that may sometimes be encountered.**

These sowing times apply for most parts of Australia, the only variation being for tropical and semi-tropical areas, where beans, capsicums, cucumbers, eggplants, marrows, and tomatoes may be sown throughout the year.

	WHEN TO SOW	PREFERENCES	WATCH FOR	CONTROL MEASURES
BROAD BEANS	March to July	Add lime and complete fertiliser before sowing.	Leaf Spot. Black Aphis.	Bordeaux or complete fungicide. Lindane or complete pest killer.
FRENCH BEANS	Sept. to Feb. (Tropic areas, all seasons)	Use complete fertiliser before sowing, ⅓ cup per yard of row.	Red Spider. Bean Fly (warm areas only).	Complete pest killer. Sulphur if beans are formed. Spray with DDT from emergence.
BEETROOTS	Aug. to March	Use ¼ cup complete fertiliser to sq. yd., mixed through soil.	Not usually affected.	
BEET, SILVER (also see Spinach)	August to Nov. and Feb. to March	As above; then, when established, fortnightly feeding with liquid manure.	Leaf Spot.	Spray Bordeaux or complete fungicide; remove badly affected leaves.
BROCCOLI	Dec. to Feb.	Lime and complete fertiliser before planting. Liquid food fortnightly when established.	Cabbage Moth. Club Root.	Cabbage Dust, Pyrethrum, or Derris close to harvest. Lime soil freely.
CABBAGES	July to March	As above.	As above.	
CAULIFLOWERS	Nov. to Jan.	As above.	As above.	
CAPSICUMS	Spring (after frosts)	Add rotted manure or compost and complete fertiliser before planting. Liquid manure at first flowering.	Leaf Spot.	Spray with Bordeaux.
CARROTS	Aug. to March	Mix complete fertiliser through soil to depth of 8in.	Carrot Virus. Aphis or Carrot Maggot.	Plant resistant varieties — Topweight or Western Red. Spray Pyrethrum or Derris.
CELERY	Sept. to Dec.	Liberal dressing of compost and complete fertiliser, liquid manure, and regular watering when established.	Leaf Spot.	Bordeaux spray or complete fungicide.
CRESS	All year	May be grown in boxes or pots and fed with liquid manure.	Not usually affected.	
CUCUMBERS	Aug. to Dec.	Use a little lime and complete fertiliser before sowing.	Mildew. Pumpkin Beetle.	Spray Copper Oxychloride or Bordeaux. Bordeaux, Malathion, or Derris.
EGGPLANTS	Spring (after frosts)	As Capsicum.	Blight; Leaf or Stem Spot.	Spray with Bordeaux.
KOHL RABI	Jan. to April	Well-limed soil with complete fertiliser added (¼ cup to sq. yd.).		
LEEKS	Spring and autumn	Lime and complete fertiliser.	Not usually affected.	

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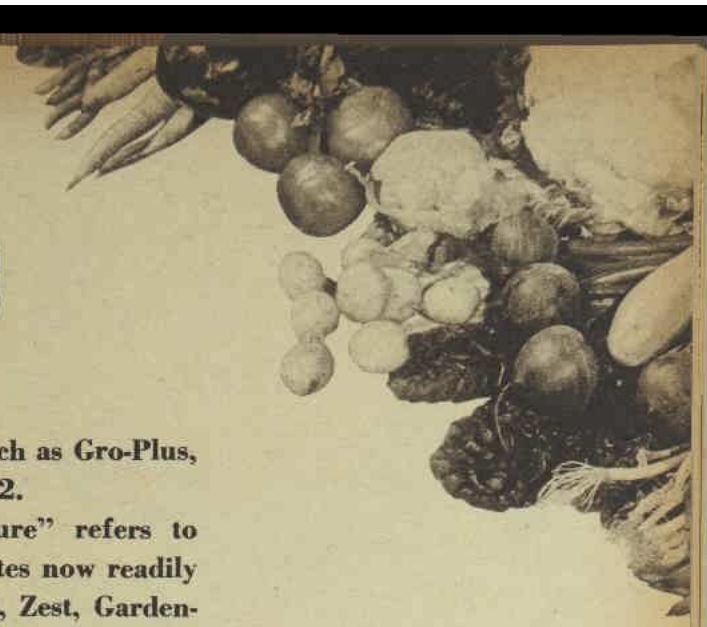
a year-round sowing guide



ALL SEASONS

Lime, where mentioned, may be agricultural lime, "garden" carbonate of lime, or ground limestone.

The term "complete fertiliser" refers to a balanced plant food containing nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash such as Gro-Plus, Sussex, No. 5, No. 12, No. 2.

The term "liquid manure" refers to balanced soluble concentrates now readily available (Thrive, Aquasol, Zest, Garden-Gold, etc).

	WHEN TO SOW	PREFERENCES	WATCH FOR	CONTROL MEASURES
LETTUCES	Varieties for all seasons	Lime, rotted manure or compost, liquid manure at regular intervals. In hot weather sow direct and thin out.	Aphis. Snails and Slugs.	Complete pest killer or Pyrethrum close to harvest. Snail baits.
MARROWS	August. to Dec.	Light sprinkling of complete fertiliser and, if available, surface mulch of compost.	Mildew. Pumpkin Beetle.	Spray Bordeaux or Copper Oxychloride. Malathion, Lindane, or Derris.
ONIONS	April to July	Respond well to lime and complete fertiliser.	Thrips. Downy Mildew (shrivels tips).	Spray DDT. Spray Zineb.
PARSNIPS	August to Feb.	Dig soil deeply several weeks before sowing, incorporating compost or manure and complete fertiliser.	Not usually affected.	
PEAS	Autumn to spring (late winter and spring in cold areas)	Liberal dressing of lime and complete fertiliser.	Leaf Spot.	Use Bordeaux or All-Purpose Dust.
POTATOES	July to Aug. (later in frosty areas), also Feb. if good seed is available	Avoid lime, but give liberal dressing of complete fertiliser before planting. Hill plants as growth progresses.	Blight which shrivels foliage. Potato Moth (attacks foliage; later, tubers).	Spray Zineb or All-Purpose Spray during wet conditions. Spray or dust DDT or Lindane.
PUMPKINS	August to Dec.	As Marrows.	As Marrows.	
RADISHES	All seasons	Prefer well-fertilised soils and respond to liquid manure.	Not usually affected.	
SPINACH	March to June	Often confused with varieties of Silver Beet. True Spinach must be grown quickly, with frequent liquid manure; only suitable for cool weather.	Not usually affected.	
SQUASH	August to Dec.	As Marrows.		
SWEET CORN	Sept. to Jan.	Cobs set best if planted in blocks rather than rows. Use complete fertiliser before sowing.	Corn Ear Weevil.	Dust with DDT when cobs form.
TOMATOES	Sept. to Jan.	Enrich soil with complete fertiliser and use compost or rotted manure as a surface mulch. Avoid deep cultivation.		
TURNIPS	Autumn and early spring	Respond well to lime and complete fertiliser. Roots are sweet when quickly grown.	Grey Aphids.	Spray Lindane, Malathion, or complete fertiliser.
SWEDE TURNIPS	Dec. to March	As above.		

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Only New Kotex* feminine napkins are accident-proof!

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*Registered Trade Mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

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WHAT COULD ANYBODY SAY?

Continued from page 31

good in less than a month. Their collections are very bad right now. I think he means it."

"I don't like it," Mr. Sanford said. He got up from the table.

"Dad—why don't we go into the den and talk it over?"

Mr. Sanford ignored that. "Do you know how many cheques I've had bounce on me in twenty-three years in this business?"

"No, sir."

"I don't understand your methods of operation. All these new customers you bring in. I keep telling you, a lot of them are too shaky. They never know if they can pay their telephone bill from month to month. You go off on a trip and come back with a lot of business, but what good is it? At least our established accounts pay their bills."

Jerry stood up. He was trying to keep his temper under control and to talk slowly, evenly.

"First of all, out of all the new accounts I've brought in — maybe twenty — we've had serious payment troubles with just two. For the sake of argument, which you seem to be interested in, let's say we never get another dime from either one of them. I think we will, but let's say we don't. Wouldn't you say that the profits we've made from the other eighteen would more than make up for those two?"

"So what? Don't you understand? I don't like dealing with crooks. I never have, and I don't want to start now."

"Crooks? Do you really believe that?"

"Maybe I didn't go all the way through school——"

"Oh, Dad — just for once, let's leave my education out of it."

"Please, please," Mrs. Sanford said. "Norman, Jerry. Talk it over at the office."

"Well," Mr. Sanford said, "the truth is, sometimes I just get fed up. All that money I spent for the special advertising — I think it was wasted."

"I didn't force you to do it. You thought it was a good idea at the time."

"Well, I don't know. I've been thinking about it all night. All right, we'll finish talking about this tomorrow. But let's do things a little more my way for once."

Jerry walked closer to him. "Of course. It's your business — do it your way. Look, let's be honest. It just hasn't worked out. We've both tried, but it hasn't worked out. I'll look for something else."

"Oh, now, Jerry," Mrs. Sanford said.

"You're quitting?" Mr. Sanford looked genuinely surprised. "I don't want you to quit. But if I offer constructive criticism——"

Then it happened. Later Jerry was to remember the phrase "Something snapped." Without knowing why, he let go in a low, hard voice.

"Forget it! You don't have to say anything else. You've done all the talking — now listen. I'm quitting. I give you back your business and your old-line customers who buy half of what they should just to tie up the franchise in their town. You can have them.

"I'm sorry you don't like my business methods. But since part of the money I earn comes to me in commissions I've been interested in doing more business, in expanding. OK. You're not interested in expanding. You want to stand still. I'm not angry about our not seeing things the same way.

"What really hurts is having you think that I need you so much that I have to take these insults from you—in front of my wife. And one other thing — stop knocking education. I'm sick and tired of being expected to apologise because I went to college!"

"Just take it easy, Jerry. This is my house you're in. You talk to me with some respect, regardless of our business differences. You're my son-in-law!"

JANET came to Jerry and took his arm, but it was too late.

"No. I'm through. With the job and you." He waved his arm. "This is your house? OK, so help me, I'll never set foot in here again." He shook his head. "We don't have to see or talk to each other again. That'll be fine with me."

He walked away and then turned back to Mrs. Sanford. "I'm sorry, Mum. I'm sorry." He turned to Janet. "I'll wait for you in the car." And then to Mr. Sanford: "Goodbye, mister. Goodbye forever." And then he walked out.

It was a terrible week after that. He cleaned his things out of the office at a time when he knew Mr. Sanford wouldn't be there. After a few days he got a cheque from the office with his back pay and a terse letter explaining that the extra three weeks' salary was a combination of vacation owed and severance pay.

To page 50

Mrs. H. WIFE

"You are late for tea!"

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

300

No. 300.—SHIFT

Smart shift can be worn with or without a belt and is available cut out to make in white/red/black, red/green/black, and blue/green/black tartan corduroy. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/11/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

No. 301.—LAUNDRY BAG

Practical laundry bag is available cut out to embroider on green, blue, or lilac cesarine. Price is 13/6 plus 1/- postage and dispatch.

302

No. 302.—GIRL'S SLIP

Pretty slip for a little girl is available cut out to make in pink or white plisse. Lace edging supplied. Sizes 4 and 6 years, £1/5/6; 8 and 10 years, £1/7/6. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.

• *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Advertisement

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

In a Warner's Riddle you show only your pretty shape. Not how you get it.

Don't let Riddle's pretty wispiness fool you. See that paisley? It's bonded Lycra set, not sewn, into the fabric by a secret Warner's process. Smoothes you, moulds and holds you. Yet there's never a seam or panel to show through clingy dresses, or shorts, or stretch pants. M'mmm, clever. White, S.M.L. Girdle, 89/6; medium leg pantie, 99/6; long leg pantie (seen here), 119/6. The Riddle

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. . . yes, *you* Because you're so thoughtful. You know that some days I feel like *pink*. Want to paint my lips and fingertips pink. Tomorrow, I could be in one of my peach moods. Or pearl. Or coral or caramel or tangerine or scarlet or maybe next-to-no-colour at all. And you, Max Factor, you doll, have them all.

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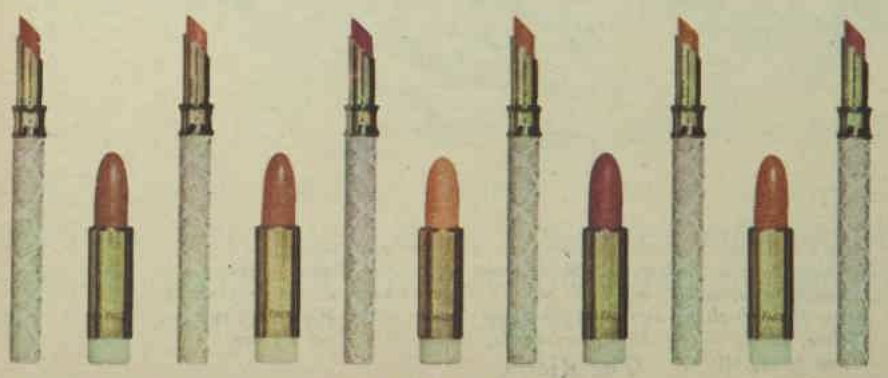

EXCLUSIVE TO MAX FACTOR . . . NEW FINE LINE LIPSTICK (HI-FI, TOO!)
Fine Line . . . Max Factor's unique, slant tip lipstick shapes, outlines and colours, all in one In 12 exquisite high-fashion shades . . . and a divinely elegant case yet it costs no more than a refill. **Prefer a conventional-shape lipstick?** Hi-Fi's for you . . . with over 40 (yes 40!) different, delicious colours to choose from . . . 10/-

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It's what you've always wanted . . . a handy, smaller-size nail polish. *Inside* is the totally-imported American formula that made Max Factor nail polish famous across six Continents. Choose from 12 devastating new shades, colour-toned to Max Factor lipsticks. All this, and a new smaller price, too . . . 6/11 incl. tax

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The far south-west

Picture by Vincent Serventy, Wembley Downs, W.A.

● *At the westernmost tip of the south-west of Australia are the twin capes Naturaliste and Leeuwin. Between these two lies a varied and interesting area. Dairying and timber are the main industries, with tourism running them a close third. Here are some of the world's finest caves. Naturalists are keen to see the whole area declared a national park on the English pattern, where all developments of roads, farms, and buildings will be under control so that this wonderland of coast, caves, flowers, and trees will be preserved in its full beauty. The yellow flowers in the picture are wedge-leaf wattle.*

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

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Mrs. Antony Fletcher lunching at Cafe Edouard with friends.
Mrs. Fletcher chose a textured linen suit, offset by a floral breton.
The suit is from the elegant Spring collection of Dominex.

dominex

Continued from page 47

WHAT COULD ANYBODY SAY?

At first he was tempted to send that portion of it back, but second thoughts about their budget led him to decide to keep it.

After three weeks and a few false alarms he found another job where he thought he might be able to make a future for himself. He started at less pay than he had been earning and it was difficult getting into a new routine, but he wanted to make good on his own and he worked hard. After passing what his new employer liked to call the probationary period, he received a small raise in salary, and his pride in being accepted meant more to him than the small amount of money.

Meanwhile, a childish and irritating, but necessary, procedure was established so that Janet could see her parents. Once a week he drove her out to New Jersey, and when they reached the Sanford house she would go in alone. He usually drove around or waited for her in the car. Sometimes when he picked her up she was carrying packages, things her mother had given her. He would get out to open the door for her, feeling like an enemy soldier walking through a minefield.

EVERY two or three weeks Janet would mention that her folks were coming to visit her at the apartment. He would go to a movie or visit his family, and when he got back the Sanfords would be gone.

When he talked about the situation with Janet she was always understanding and patient and loyal, and he loved her even more for it. While they both felt the whole thing was ridiculous, silly—even stupid—and would eventually be solved in a more adult fashion, neither of them knew quite how or when.

Then Janet had been referred to Dr. Nils. And after three years of marriage, two doctors, and eight books she had become pregnant. Since Janet had no brothers or sisters, Jerry knew it would make the Sanfords almost as happy as he and Janet were. At that moment he had regretted the impasse more than ever; he wanted to share their happiness when they heard the good news. And yet he knew he couldn't. Worse still, he didn't know when he ever could.

Now he sat in the car, watching the front door. When it opened, he saw both Janet and her mother coming down the front walk, headed for the car. He hadn't seen Mrs. Sanford since the argument. Quickly he got out of the car and walked around it to meet them.

"Hi, Jerry," Mrs. Sanford said. "How have you been?"

"Fine. OK, Mum. You look well."

"Yes," she said. And she smiled at him. "You've both given us good reason to be happy."

Then she came close to him and put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the cheek. "Congratulations," she said.

"Thanks," he said. "I guess Dad was happy, too?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"He's demanding a grandson," Janet said.

"And he'll take what he gets," Mrs. Sanford said. She looked at Janet and then back to Jerry. "I don't believe you ever did get your coffee and pie, Jerry. Would you come in and have some now?"

"Did Dad ask for me?"

"The invitation is from both of us."

"But mostly you?"

"Jerry," Janet said, "I don't think Dad would throw you out. He didn't really ask, but we think it's what he wants."

"Maybe some other time. I just don't think this is the right time."

Mrs. Sanford said, "All right. I understand. Some other time." She turned to Janet. "Now, take it easy. You have to rest. I'll call you."

They got into the car and drove away.

"Mum is going to look for my old bassinet," Janet said. "It's in the attic. She wants to fix it up and let us use it."

They drove on. A few minutes later Jerry started to say something and he looked at Janet, but then he didn't speak. Instead he pulled over to the kerb.

"What's the matter?" Janet asked.

"Exactly what I was going to ask. You're crying."

"No, I'm not."

"All right. You're not crying. But there are tears coming out of your eyes, so please don't peel onions in my car."

"Oh, I'm crying a little. So what?"

"Well, for one thing it's ruining your make-up. For another, I can't drive while you are crying. It's upsetting. What's the matter?"

"Oh, Jerry!"

She turned to him and her head fell on his chest. She was sobbing.

"Janet, please. What is it?"

"Nothing. Nothing." She took the handkerchief he offered and started wiping her eyes. "Don't worry," she said. "It's just another sign of pregnancy. Perfectly natural."

"I thought you just ate pickles and ice-cream."

"No, you cry, too. It's in the booklet."

"Are you all right now?"

"Yes."

He looked at her. "I guess it's been pretty rough on you, too," he said. "Anyway, you couldn't have handled it better as far as I'm concerned."

He started the motor, pulled out slowly, and turned the car around.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"We're going back," he said. "The coffee I had in the diner was awful."

They stood together in front of the door. He rang the bell. There were footsteps and then the door opened.

"We're back, Mum," Jerry said. "Can we both come in?"

Mrs. Sanford swung the door open and stepped to one side.

They walked into the living-room. "Where's Dad?" Jerry asked.

Before he could get an answer they heard a voice from upstairs. "Who is it?"

"It's the children," Mrs. Sanford said. "Jerry and Janet. They're both here."

THERE was silence. They all stood still and waited. Then the voice said, "Good! Good!"

Mrs. Sanford called up: "How about having some coffee with us, Norman? Will you come down?"

"In a minute. I'll be down in a minute."

"Excuse me," Jerry said to them. "If you think it's OK, I'll go up and see Dad alone. Maybe it would be better if we spoke together alone for a few minutes."

"Yes," Mrs. Sanford said. "That would be a good idea. Janet and I will get everything ready. And, Jerry . . ."

"Yes?"

"It's good to have you home. Please come often."

He looked at Janet. "Are you going to start crying again?"

"No. Oh, maybe I am—I don't know. Anyway, I'm glad we came back."

"Well, I kept thinking," he said. "How would I explain it to our kid? I mean, me staying in the car like that, or driving around somewhere, just waiting—every time we came to visit his grandparents. What could I say that would make any real sense? What could anybody say?"

He walked to the stairs. "It will be all right," he said to Mrs. Sanford. "We'll talk for a few minutes and then we'll both come down."

He started up the stairs, but he stopped when Mrs. Sanford called him. "Oh, Jerry—I wanted to tell you. Those people in Providence paid their bill. Every penny!"

He turned and continued walking upstairs.

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MEATY HUMOR!

"Now that was four steaks you wanted?"

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Complexion steaming will clear and freshen the complexion, smooth away crow's-feet and expression lines, and put more life into your skin. With a towel over your head, steam the face over a basin of hot water to which has been added a teaspoon of lemon freshener or lemon juice. Before steaming anoint the skin with oil of Ulan so that as the hot water clears the pores the oil will penetrate and nourish. Pat dry tone with lemon Delph freshener and smooth in a film of the Ulan oil.

. . . Margaret Merril

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Father's Day Gifts for Good Grooming!

How pleased Dad will be when you give him 12 Gauge on his day of the year. The 12 Gauge range is an explosive new line in gifts for men. 12 Gauge—the smooth, swift shape of a shotgun cartridge charged with the cool, clean power that a man likes.

And the aroma?—crisply subtle . . . very masculine. Men of calibre throughout the world use 12 Gauge aids to good grooming—and men of calibre fly Pan Am (world's most experienced airline).

12 Gauge is obtainable from your own family chemist.

If you want a Father's Day gift that will give Dad a "lift" . . . head for the wide range of "specially thoughtful" 12 GAUGE gift combinations at your local Pharmacy. Select from either twin or triple cartridge "clips" in gift boxes with a "he-man" theme. Prices range from 16/2 ($1.62) to 27/9 ($2.78) for twin combinations and from 33/2 ($3.32) to 37/3 ($3.72) for triple gift combinations.

Cool as a crisp morning breeze. That's the invigorating action of 12 GAUGE After Shave Lotion. And the expensive, imported 12 GAUGE aroma lingers . . . subtly, unobtrusively. 12/9 ($1.28).

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Dads who use an electric razor, need a pre-shave lotion! A gift of 12 GAUGE Pre-Electric Shave Lotion will earn his lasting gratitude. Shaving is faster, "drag-free." 12 GAUGE Pre-Electric . . . in an exciting cartridge shape. 15/- ($1.50).

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Readers give ways they have tested

HOW TO MAKE

MANY a housewife sighs as she scrubs the kitchen floor. "You know, I loved art at school. My teacher said I should make a career of it."

She means that instead she took up shorthand and typing, married, and at the moment sees ahead long years of dishwashing enlivened by the occasional chance of cooking jam for the Cub fete.

But is this necessarily so? With the promise that more people will live longer, isn't it sound common sense to develop that dormant talent for personal satisfaction and monetary reward?

No woman likes to think she will be widowed or left to carry the financial burden for the family if a husband becomes ill. A paying hobby, which can be turned into a full-time money-spinner if necessary, is a wonderful insurance policy. Also an absorbing occupation allows little time for worry, yet is free from nervous pressures.

The automatic washer, electric polisher, easy-care clothes have cut down the working day of the housewife, but increased the cost of equipping and running a home. That hour or two a day saved from drudgery can be used to make pin money by developing your talent.

Be paid for doing what you like? Sounds too good to be true? Some examples:

ART: A mother-of-five took first prize year by year in the annual "Easter Bonnet" competition for an original and attractive hat held at a local school.

Her decorative talent stimulated, she arranged dried flowers in vases and took them to the owner of a gift shop, who gave her an order and introduced her to a traveller. With a neighbor as partner, the artistic mother today does as much business as she wants — and enjoys it!

Restore antiques

A friend discovered she liked coloring photographs. After several weeks of training with a professional colorist, she made an arrangement with a photographic studio. They post to her photographs to be colored. She fits in a couple of hours a day coloring while her toddler sleeps.

Another woman designs and makes coffee-table tops from tiny tiles. Yet another paints tiles with inscriptions such as "Mandy sleeps here," plus a picture, and sells them for 12/6 each through local baby shops.

A mother and daughter specialise at home in the repair and restoration of antiques for a shop.

SEWING: A look around gift shops gave a woman an idea. She was a wonderful sewer but not artistic. She asked an "arty" friend to design some felt toys, gonks, and string-holders for her to copy. The combination of the two talents produced a useful spare-time income.

No sewing machine? A woman who hates having nothing to do with her hands sews nursery motifs to garments for so much per dozen.

KNITTING: A woman who advertised her willingness to knit baby-wear, on the free notice board in two chain stores, is kept comfortably occupied with orders.

MUSIC: A pianist plays each week for a children's ballet class. A middle-aged soprano, a member of a choir at a popular church, sings solos at weddings for £3/3/-.

ANIMAL CARE AND BREEDING: A man knew that after he retired the care of a semi-invalid would keep him close to home. A tropical-fish enthusiast, he turned a large back room and veranda into a showroom and began selling fish and fish food, aquariums, and equipment.

An Englishwoman, arriving here with her husband and children, at first felt strange, "out of it." Her husband bought her a Siamese cat for company.

She took it to cat shows, and, since common interest is the basis of much fellowship, became friendly with other cat fanciers. In a few years she had acquired some fine trophies, lots of friends, and some handy pin money by breeding from her two cats twice a year.

No one I talked with claimed to have made any profit from poultry-raising.

A talk with the local vet could lead to the development of a profitable hobby boarding birds, cats, and dogs for holidaying owners.

GARDENING: Apart from the savings from home-grown vegetables, the laden lemon tree and passion vine, it is possible to make direct money from this hobby.

A one-time neighbor propagated and sold magnificent azaleas. A pensioner couple whose house fronted a busy street had a wonderful display of white chrysanthemums each Mother's Day. So many people asked if they could buy a bunch each year, the couple put up a sign and do a brisk trade.

Every second Christmas a man allows the florist to lop his Christmas bushes. The £5 per tree he receives makes a welcome addition to his family's Christmas.

WRITING: Development of one talent can lead to the discovery of another. A garden enthusiast took her green thumbs and calloused fingers to the typewriter to compile monthly "Garden Notes" for the local newspaper.

These were received so enthusiastically that she bought a selection of "How to Write" books, and now writes short stories with mixed success but much joy.

Age is no barrier to talent development. I was told of a woman, widowed at 79, who took a course in short-story writing with a correspondence school. When last heard of she had sold five stories to a national magazine.

ENTERING COMPETITIONS: Her family needed a new car, but a woman, home with young children, felt she could do little to help.

But then a slogan, "Save More Lives to the Gallon," which she had sent into a safety-first contest, won her a brand-new car. Luck? Only partly. Years of writing 25 words on "Why I Like Veggo," and filling in the last line of doggerel eulogising a certain product had trained her to express herself effectively.

With the confidence gained from her car win the woman entered her name for several TV quiz and "give-away" shows. Over the next two years she, the two older children, and her husband took out prizes valued at more than £1000 from these shows and enjoyed their experiences immensely.

You would like to develop a talent, but don't need pin money? One sprightly old lady who loves driving lifted the lid from her garbage tin to find a litter of kittens dumped inside. Every Thursday since then she has driven miles collecting unwanted kittens for delivery to the RSPCA.

"My dear," she said, "this work is worth while for the cats' sakes, but I'm the one who's found new friends. I've taken a fresh interest in living."

An ex-radio actress drives to the city from an outer suburb once, sometimes twice a week, to spend hours reading to a blind girl studying for the matriculation exam. "I'm gaining far more from this experience than I'm giving," she says.

If you say, "I'd love to do something about my art (or music, or writing, or love of nature), but I just haven't the confidence . . ."

Training and experience may be the answer here. Today for about £2 a term (in N.S.W.) it is possible to take any number of courses at evening colleges run at many schools by the Education Department. Yoga, shorthand, dressmaking, art, flower arranging, and cake decorating are a few in a long list.

Long-established and reputable correspondence schools have many courses at modest fees. One pamphlet advertises Interior Decorating, £14; Showcard and Ticket-writing, £36; Short Story Writing, £43. A small deposit and low monthly payments cover the cost of the courses.

Tax problems? A wife may earn up to £65 before her husband loses a tax reduction, but he must mention her earnings in his return.

You may be tempted to say, "All this is hard work for a few ha'pence!"

True. I don't know a way to make money easily. The point I make is this: There is one quality which makes hard work enjoyable — interest.

How much of the dreariness and boredom of life comes from lack of mental occupation! Do something you like wholeheartedly and the rewards in satisfaction and perhaps cash may surprise you.

— *Alva Ray*

● Many women think wistfully about ideas for making pin money by doing some extra work at home — to ease a restricted budget, to buy a few small luxuries, or just as a profitable interest when family demands aren't so heavy. In the mail recently were these letters from readers telling of women who have shared the dream and translated it into reality. We publish them as a guide to others, with their promise of what can be done and the pitfalls to be guarded against . . .

FAMILY AFFAIRS

'Grandma' works at sweets kiosk

TO get a job or not. You are not so young, the family is more or less off your hands, and you certainly would like a change from the four walls, to say nothing of the little bit of extra money.

How would it be working for a boss after all these — surely it couldn't be more than 20 — years? Is that question bothering you? Well, perhaps you'll be interested in my experience.

After 23 years of marriage and six children, the youngest (many years behind the other five) started off for school, so I took the plunge and applied for work as assistant at a sweets kiosk for a Test cricket series.

That was more than five years ago. Since then I have served on kiosks at cricket, football, golf, races, tennis, swimming, school sports, athletics, etc., and loved every minute of it. In fact, it doesn't seem like work in the strict sense of the word, as we are always dealing with the public when they are in a holiday mood and, therefore, very pleasant.

Indeed, I can say that I enjoy dealing with the public. Perhaps five days a week in a big store it may pall, but on a part-time basis at sporting events it is interesting and enjoyable.

In five years I haven't met more than two or three "snags." To work at the football finals and be caught up in that atmosphere I consider a privilege.

The "girls" — aged from 24 or so to grandmothers like myself — are a splendid lot to work with, and I feel many of them are firm friends. We are interested in one another's affairs and take a pride in our work, making our kiosk look attractive and giving good service.

It's a very good firm to work for, considerate, and the money is good. The work is casual, but Mr. S. considers the circumstances of each worker.

For instance, a lot of nightwork is available, but I am not able to do that, so I am called on only for day jobs.

On the other hand, some young mothers with toddlers are able only to do nightwork, when father is home to take over, so everything works out well.

Of course, if you register as being available for daywork you are expected to be available and to be depended upon at fairly short notice, but if you have made arrangements for a particular day, somebody else usually will fill in for you.

I feel I have the best of both worlds. I am not working regularly, but get enough to buy quite a few extras and to forget the meals and chores for a while. Don't wait until the family are all off your hands — in my case I feel that day will be like the proverbial tomorrow and never come.

Also, at home I'm "Mum" and "Grandma" (in fact, I sometimes feel part of the furniture), but at the kiosk I am "one of the girls." I immediately drop ten years.

At the end of the year Mr. S., in collaboration with another kiosk proprietor (the hot-dog stall, to you), puts on a grand break-up night for us, and that's a night when I really wish I could drop not ten but thirty years.

I am looking forward to working for some time yet, though I guess one of these days I'll be like the old soldier and simply fade away. In the meantime, see you at the football!

— *Kathleen L.*

Cooking an income

IN these days of spiralling living costs there are few women who haven't racked their brains for a way to supplement their family's income and at the same time fill their place in the home.

An American married to an Australian engineer and living in Sydney, I've talked to an increasing number of Australian women faced with the same perplexing problem that has so long troubled American housewives.

You may be interested in one approach that could work as well here as in the U.S.

At the time, this problem weighed on me desperately. I was a widow with a four-year-old child, working as a secretary for a Northern Californian lumber mill. Somehow the babysitter seemed to be ending up with the larger half of the pay-check.

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MONEY AT HOME

One says: There's no easy way, but interest makes hard work enjoyable

each week and a source of extra money was fast becoming a necessity.

Four evenings a week were filled, too, with night classes at the local junior college, where I was working for a teaching credential.

Teaching, ultimately, I felt, would give me a good salary and an opportunity to keep Terri's school hours and vacations. But this was in the future.

Any heavy work for that extra income was out of the question. A severe bout with arthritis ruled that out.

And, of course, additional outside employment was not practical. My daughter and I had little enough time together.

Then one day it occurred to me how everyone enjoyed my cooking, especially those out-of-the-ordinary things I loved to fix. Why not turn it into a profit?

No capital or any equipment besides what was already in the kitchen would be needed. No special talent or knowledge would be required except what I already possessed.

All cooking could be done in my own time and in my own home. Most assignments would fall on weekends, when I was usually free.

"Foods Galore," a catering service which specialised in everything from cocktail parties to "dining-out-at-home" dinners, was born that day.

In that lumber town of 11,000, not used to being catered for, my new service caught on fast.

Housewives found it was nice to eat in the quiet of their own dining-rooms occasionally without a prologue of shopping and pan-stirring. Hostesses and clubs not only found entertaining with "Foods Galore" easier, but the hors-d'oeuvre tastier.

Everyone was happy, especially Terri, because Mum was at home.

Specific price list

I decided the best way to advertise was through a specific price list of the foods I would prepare and the services I would offer. I mimeographed this, distributed copies among friends and sent some with explanatory letters to prominent citizens, local businesses, and civic groups.

One of my first assignments was preparing 800 canapes for the opening of a petrol station. It took nearly all night, but the commission and the delight of the new owners were more than encouraging.

Orders gradually began coming in for wedding receptions, baby showers, office and club gatherings. Slowly, too, I was building up a clientele of busy career women and young homemakers with babysitter problems who wanted a complete dinner delivered to their homes once a week or month.

One of my prime promotion schemes was to try to convince men that there was no nicer way to say "Happy Birthday" or "Happy Anniversary" to the cooks they married than to surprise them with a lovely dinner at home.

During holidays, the specialities both for clients' entertaining and for gift-giving were fruit cake, fudge, and an assortment of special desserts like steamed persimmon pudding and caramel pecan pie.

Most of the recipes I had developed since my marriage, but some, like the fruit cake, dated to my grandmother's cookbook.

One of the most popular aspects of the new catering business proved to be the mailing service. With so many people away at college or in the armed forces, busy mothers and wives were delighted to have someone regularly make and mail those home-made cookies expected of them.

With my remarriage and move to Australia, "Foods Galore" has become a thing of the past. Now, with the completion of my training, I am teaching young children and find it completely satisfactory.

But I think the success of what originally was nothing more than a rather wild idea, born of necessity, and based on an honest assessment of what talents I might possibly turn into cash, should prove to other women that it's not necessary to ponder the choice between home and career.

Both can be successfully combined in your own home. The reward, both financially and in sense of purpose and creativity, can be enormous.

—The writer has supplied her name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.

Bed and breakfast

WE were feeling the pinch. Our income had not risen along with the cost of living. New clothes had become an extravagance, the house needed repainting, and our usual holidays were "out."

We were sunk in retirement blues. Then a distant friend wired us to book accommodation for a client and his family who planned to stay in our town overnight.

We were astonished when this proved impossible. We had believed that the motels, hotels, and guest-houses which abound here could more than cope with any demands that might be made, but "Sorry," we were told, "this is a holiday weekend, we were booked out weeks ago."

Rather than disappoint, we put up the travellers and *that* was the beginning of "Operation Bed and Breakfast."

First we contacted some of the larger guest-houses. The proprietors, after inspecting our house, readily promised to send us part of their overflow. This surplus applies to Easter, all school holidays, and all long weekends.

Ours is the usual three-bedroom house, plus a large louvred sleep-out. We moved into the latter, kept the main bedroom as a double, the others as twins — six people.

Bed and breakfast means just that, but it also means a *good* breakfast and really comfortable beds.

That first year saw a good deal of contrivance: we were wary of biting into dwindling capital, but we did put back every penny of profits until we had a new inner-spring mattress, new blankets, pillows, and bedspreads and enough linen for each bed.

Breakfast is no problem. We provide tomato or orange juice, porridge or a cereal, and a choice of eggs and bacon, grilled chops, sausages, crumbed cutlets, or eggs in any form. Toast with marmalade or honey, coffee or tea complete a very good meal.

In addition to the stove, an electric fry-pan is a great help, so is a pop-up toaster and a jug.

There is no waste. We shop daily and use the surplus food ourselves.

We charge the *ruling* guest-house rate, which in our case (there being no overhead such as wages, etc.) carries an astonishing margin of profit.

The work entailed—five hours to cook, wash up, change beds, vac. the rooms, and wash and iron linen.

Too tiring? We oldsters might find it so if it were a year-long job, but the long intervals between holidays are the answer.

We enjoy our guests. The tourist is a pleasant person. So far we have not had anyone who would not be welcome again. Now, after five years, people return again and again.

—The writer has supplied her name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.

But she failed at every attempt

RAPIDLY rising costs, plus growing appetites, and a husband on a fixed retainer had left our family rather desperate for money.

The care of an invalid made work outside the home impossible but the advice on how to make an income at home looked excellent. However, I've given up now. Here are some of my dismaying experiences.

The first suggestion we saw was — type at home for offices, etc. Well, that sounded good. I could type. I had plenty of time.

The only problem then was where to obtain the typing. Advertise, of course, seemed the solution. However, three weeks of advertising brought nothing but an account from the local newspaper for the ad., which only placed us further in the red.

Never mind, the employment agency was free. Summoning my courage, I called at the office and stated my desire for work. Perhaps the young man who interviewed me was hard of hearing, for he replied, "I beg your pardon, madam?"

Timidly I tried again, explaining that I required work I could do at home, but he wasn't hard of hearing; his remark had been meant as a rebuke for having the audacity to make such a request.

Having recovered from that rebuff, other ideas began to occur. Perhaps baby-sitting or cooking meals for young working women would be all right; it was really worth a try. I have come to the conclusion that mothers-in-law are not half as bad as they are made out to be or else this town has all the good ones. Many inquiries brought the same answers, "Oh, Jim's mum cooks us a hot dinner every night," or "Never have babysitter trouble. Ken's mother adores the kids; will mind them any time."

What else do they say in the articles?

Sew at home, large firms often give out work to be done at home. While wondering whom to get in touch with for such work, an ad. in the local newspaper offered just such employment.

A letter quickly dashed off to the advertiser brought by almost return mail a request for £1, which was to be a registration fee.

It was a risk. Would I get anything for the pound? However, with the thought nothing ventured, nothing gained uppermost in my mind, I sent the money. Here I must confess I did not tell my husband. He is continually sounding off about "con men" who would take people down for their last sixpence.

Several weeks later the same newspaper reported that more than 400 women who had sent a pound to some such advertisement had heard nothing more.

Upon police inquiry the man was not there; even the address was a blank block of land. I listened with a heavy heart as hubby read the report to me, thinking thank goodness I didn't tell him.

Pound returned

However, a week later my pound was returned with a polite little note stating that no further workers were required. They trusted that I had not been greatly inconvenienced or disappointed.

During the week another advertisement appeared: "Wanted — women to assemble jewellery."

Once again I gave it a try. The reply this time was a request for £30 for materials, tools, books, etc., and a guarantee that work would be supplied.

That letter went into the fire.

As the weeks went by and the penny-pinching became almost more than I could take, all sorts of weird ideas came and went.

Dressmaking, pot-plants, even hair-cutting were worthy ideas, all disregarded for various reasons.

Perhaps there was something we could sell. We needed the bath. Our beds were more or less a necessity. Still thinking along that line came the idea that we had two spare rooms, nicely furnished. Boarders could be the answer.

After a great deal of hilarious discussion on the subject we decided that women boarders would be best.

Once again we advertised, this time with success. A young woman called, quiet, neat, and friendly. She looked the room over and decided she liked it and came to stay. She fitted in so well and at last our problem was solved.

We were discussing taking in another young woman to make things a little more profitable, when hubby, returning unexpectedly from a country trip, caught our young boarder's (gentleman?) friend climbing in the window at eleven o'clock one night. He left the premises in rather a hurry and she, very subdued, followed next day.

Still determined to find a workable solution to this money problem, I must have drifted off to sleep, for I was writing an advertisement, worded as follows: "For sale. One husband. Kind. Intelligent. Lovable. Quite reliable. Slightly worn on top. Will sell or exchange for same of better means. Contact . . ."

I was suddenly awakened by my "slightly worn darling" shaking me, and I heard myself crying and saying over and over, "I won't sell you, I won't."

Now whenever a large account comes along, when we need something we can't afford, or one of the hundred unexpected expenses pops up, the strain is always eased by my darling, who with a grin will say, "Never mind, love, you can always sell me."

Money. Who needs it? Yes, we still do, but perhaps around the corner there will appear another scheme, and once again in dreams all our bills will be paid. But until then — who knows? Perhaps I could sell this.

—The writer has supplied her name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.

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This kind of full-of-cream goodness comes only with Nestlé's SUNSHINE full cream powdered milk

HOW TO MAKE SAVOURY ONION SCONE RING

Take a little bacon and onion . . . make a Scone Ring the Sunshine DRY-MIX way . . . and *there's* a sight to warm the heart on a cold, wintry day.

1 large onion, sliced, 1 rasher lean bacon (chopped), 2 8 oz. cups S.R. flour, 3 lev. tbsp. Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk (1 oz.), salt, 2 oz. butter, ¾ cup water, celery salt (optional).

METHOD: Sauté onion rings and bacon in 1 oz. butter. Sift dry ingredients. Rub in butter. Add water to make a soft dough. Pat out on floured board. Cut with 2" cutter. Place the scones in well-greased 8" ring tin, each scone overlapping by half. Sprinkle with a dash of celery salt. Top with onions and bacon. Bake in a hot oven for approx. 20 minutes and serve hot, smothered with butter.

What's that mean? Because Sunshine Milk is homogenized, it means that every spoonful or every cupful you use has perfectly balanced cream-and-milk content . . . an assurance ordinary milk can't give. And whatever the season, the cream content you need never varies!

Why the can? You take Sunshine FRESH from the air-tight can! Whenever you use pasteurized, homogenized Sunshine Powdered Milk, you know it's as fresh as the day it was sealed in the hygienic damp-proof can. It's another reason Sunshine is far and away Australia's most popular powdered milk. Always have a can in your kitchen . . . because Sunshine's always fresh.

There's full-of-cream goodness in NESTLÉ'S MILKS

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AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● One of Diana's firmest beliefs is that life is a bed of roses for only children. I think at least ten thousand times I must have heard her say, "Oh, how I wish I'd been an only child!"

"WHY this time?" I asked when she said it for the ten thousand and first time.

"Because if I were an only child I wouldn't have all those beady little eyes watching everything I did, and those great big listening ears straining to hear everything I said when I bring someone home."

I know exactly what she means. "Bringing someone home" is not all joy for the young (unless they're enormously sure of themselves) even in households where they're encouraged to do it.

The fact of the matter is that bringing someone home for the first time is always a bit of a strain for the bringer, if for "someone" you read "someone of the opposite sex." People of the same sex are not "someone" — they're just friends.

Bringing home some lad that you don't yet know awfully well but you like well enough to want to invite is rather like suddenly finding yourself on stage with a part you haven't had time to learn properly and a cast you've never rehearsed with.

Are you going to remember your lines? Are the other members of the cast going to give you the right cues and be in the right places at the right moments?

The agonies of having your family "on stage"

THIS is all bad enough when the rest of the cast consists of old hams like Mum and Dad, with years of experience behind them, who think they know all about technique and are likely to be highly critical of young players making their debut.

It becomes a whole lot worse when the cast also includes an older sister who just might quite unintentionally upstage you by being a little more poised and grown up ("someone" just might find this rather attractive, or perhaps rather daunting) and a repellent little brother who never can grasp that the play is serious and is likely to improvise slapstick scenes which amuse him and nobody else.

The trouble for the poor old leading lady is that she wants everyone to like everyone else. She wants the visitor to approve of her family, she wants her family to approve of the visitor, she wants everybody to have a whale of a good time, and she hasn't much idea how this is to be engineered.

She can cope with her family on its own and she can cope with her visitor on his own, but bring the two together for the first time and she finds it very difficult to be herself—for the good reason that the "herself" her family knows is probably a very different one from the "herself" that's in evidence when she's in a group of young things her own age.

Stage fright attacks the junior male lead

THE other juvenile lead, the "someone" making his first appearance on the family stage, is often none too dependable, either. If he's nice and unaffected and still in his teens, he's bound to be a little bit on edge.

This shyness takes one of two forms — he may be silent and say practically nothing and therefore appear dull or he may show off to cover his shyness, talk far too much, and seem a bore.

Katherine (perhaps because she's older or perhaps because of a different temperament) tends to stage-manage these things rather better than Di does.

Di plans them well ahead, worries about them in advance, asks searching questions about what I'm likely to be doing, wearing, and cooking, and antagonises Mike (a grave error!) by suggesting that he might like to get lost for the afternoon or the evening.

When the cake tins are empty . . .

KATHERINE tends to spring her visitors on us without much warning, usually when the household is in some major state of confusion with Hugh painting a ceiling or Mike and his noisy friends confined to the house by wet weather, and when the cake tins are empty and I haven't given a thought to what the family's going to eat.

This is a much better arrangement. Anyone who can take us in that condition is obviously our sort of person, and is not going to expect red carpet treatment if he makes a second visit.

I wonder what the situation will be when Mike is old enough to bring "someone" home. One thing is certain, he won't get as bad a time from his sisters as they have had to bear from him.

If Mike has nothing better to do he is likely to watch the girls' visitors in fascinated silence, as though they're specimens of some rare and hitherto unencountered species; or he engages them in long technical cricket discussions, showing ill-concealed contempt for their views.

Or he innocently mentions other boys-friends, or personal tricks of theirs they regard for family conversation only.

And after the visitors have gone he's extremely generous with his opinions (adverse) of their appearance, their conversation, their hair, their clothes, their mannerisms, and the grim possibility that they might end up as members of the family and his brothers-in-law.

Another of the hazards of having young visitors, I find, is that the visits are likely to go on for ever and ever.

Mike's friends I can cope with. They're still young enough for me to be able to say with a clear conscience "It's time for you to go home now," knowing that their parents can and do say the same thing to Mike when they've had enough of him.

But you can't say that to young adults, and there's usually an extra hour at the end when they're dying to go (but don't like to for fear we'll think they're in a hurry to get away) and we're dying for them to go (but daren't show it for fear of hurting their feelings, or Kay's or Di's).

The good old days when there were formally correct times for guests to remain before taking their leave after a meal must have made things much easier for hosts and hostesses.

Pretty young mother Mrs. Marcia Frazer of Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W., is brimming with vitality, enjoys every moment of her busy life. Read about her All-Bran energy plan here!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more:

"Now it's fun keeping up with the children!"

A Full Life. Meet Marcia Frazer, a vital young housewife who fits about 25 hours' gay living into every day. Besides looking after her two small children, Mrs. Frazer loves to play tennis and swim, and despite her crowded day looks forward to entertaining in her lovely home. What is the source of all her energy? Marcia says it's her All-Bran† breakfast plan.

Her Energy Plan. "Now that I eat All-Bran, nothing seems to tire me. I *always* have plenty of energy", says Marcia. Yet 5 years ago she was feeling tired and listless, everything seemed to be too much trouble. "A friend suggested I try All-Bran," she recalls, "and in a week I felt absolutely wonderful . . . it was unbelievable! Naturally I've kept on eating All-Bran, and have felt marvellously fit ever since. Just half a cup of crisp All-Bran each morning with some stewed fruit, or sprinkled over another Kellogg's cereal, that's my energy plan!"

How All-Bran for Breakfast helps You! All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's the safe natural way to maintain regularity. A crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital "bulk" your system must have to function properly.

When you enjoy All-Bran for breakfast you're helping to make sure of a balanced diet, helping yourself to new energy and vitality. Try it for yourself —prove how All-Bran can help you (like Marcia), enjoy life *more*.

ALL-BRAN by Kellogg's*

by far the nicest way to stay regular

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POSSESSED BY A DREAM

"Are you all right?" he said.

She looked at him then, directly, seeing the square, sun-browned face, the crisp brown hair, the silk scarf tied neatly at the throat of his blue shirt, the slim, masculine body . . . everything about him neat, compact, and orderly.

"Yes, I'm all right," she said.

"Then I must be boring you. You haven't listened to a word I've said, and your eyes have been all over the place."

"I'm sorry."

He grinned. "You don't have to be. It's the shop talk, isn't it? Unforgivable . . . you didn't come all the way to Italy to listen to the kind of thing you must get all the time at home."

She smiled. "Well . . . I've been secretary to my father for five years. And doctors do tend to have one-track minds."

Alan laughed. "Fair enough. The next time I begin to talk shop—just kick me. And the next time I follow you when you want to be alone, just say firmly, 'Go home!' "

"Oh, please . . ."

He laughed. "But you'll have to say it very firmly. Am I forgiven?"

"Of course."

"Then I'll take you to dinner at the Lido tonight, and we'll dance and, maybe, have a midnight swim. Agreed?"

"Agreed." She smiled at him. Every night since they had met at the hotel four days ago he had taken her out. Over his head she saw the girl at the far table stick a stamp on her postcard and then stand up. She moved out into the sunlight of the square and crossed to a small letter-box set in the wall on the opposite side. Elizabeth watched her drop the card into the box and then begin to move back toward the cafe.

She was nearly back on the pavement below the cafe terrace when a car came fast around the corner from her right. The girl hesitated, moved forward, and then back. There was a shrill scream of the car's brakes and tyres biting at the road surface, and then a cry of pain and the girl was sprawled in the road as the car hit her.

Elizabeth sat shocked by the unexpectedness of the accident. Miraculously, the square suddenly was alive with people. From the crowd around the car a voice shouted urgently, "Dottore! Dottore!"

It was then that Elizabeth realised that Alan was no longer with her. She saw his broad blue-shirted back and the movement of his arms as he forced himself into the crowd.

She got up and went quickly across to the car. When she got there, Alan and the driver of the car were already lifting the girl into the car. The contrast between the two men was no surprise to her. The driver, talking away, explaining, shocked and excited, and Alan calm, moving with a professional competence that reminded her of her own father.

When the girl was in the car, he turned, saw her over the heads of the crowd, and called, "There's a hospital down the road. Don't wait for me. Broken leg, I think."

He was in the car alongside the driver, and the driver and the vehicle moved off.

She went back to the cafe and, passing the girl's table, saw the green coat and Florentine bag. For a moment she hesitated. A waiter came up to her and said something, but her Italian was too limited to allow her to understand. He picked up the coat and bag and handed them to her. Elizabeth took them. Alan would know which hospital the girl would be in. He could let her have them later.

She went back to her table and ordered coffee. She sat waiting for Alan, curiously now, hoping he would come, but an hour went by and in the end she decided to return to Venice by herself.

Carrying the coat and bag, she went out of the square and to the bridge over the river where the bus from Venice had set her down. There was a timetable on a post by the bridge. She saw that the next bus to the Piazzale Roma, where the autostrada into Venice stopped, was not due for half an hour.

From the Piazzale Roma she would get a vaporetto down the Grand Canal to her hotel, which was near the Piazza San Marco. She sat on a bench under a tree, the green coat over her knees and Florentine bag in her lap, and waited for the bus. It was cool and pleasant in the shade. She sat there, thinking about Alan Fraser.

She liked him, liked him very much. At any other time, in any other city, she felt that she could let her feeling for him go beyond liking. This was her second trip back to England. The first had been when she was twelve, with her father and mother, and they had gone by sea all the way to Southampton.

But this trip, on her own, the reward of five years' hard work for her father in his growing practice, had been looked upon as something special.

SHE knew little of Europe, and it was Italy which attracted her specially. The romantic associations with Byron and Shelley that sprang from her reading and love of poetry, and her passion for opera, so little satisfied in New Zealand, had drawn her strongly to it.

From the moment she had stepped off the boat at Naples she had been immersed in a dream world from which she had no desire to be parted. Alan Fraser represented the known, the familiar.

But Naples and the San Carlo opera were enchantments . . . Florence and the Uffizi Galleries with the splendid "Birth of Venus," by Botticelli . . . Milan with opera again and the great marble confection of the Cathedral . . .

All these filled out and prolonged the dream which had come to its perfection in Venice with the gilded horses of San Marco dominating the piazza, the dark, narrow canals and the hoarse cries of the gondoliers . . . She had wanted, greedily perhaps, but understandably, nothing to intrude on the dream, nothing to remind her of her ordinary world.

A quiet voice close to her said, "Are you waiting for the bus, signorina?"

She looked up. A man of about thirty was standing in front of her. He was tall, dark hair brushed smoothly back from a high forehead and dressed in a brown silk suit. His face was long, thin, intelligent, and there was a humorous movement to his mouth which made an otherwise serious face suddenly friendly.

Behind him, at the road edge where it had drawn up so silently that she had not heard it, was a large cream-colored Rolls-Royce. A chauffeur in a chocolate-colored uniform sat at the wheel. In the back Elizabeth glimpsed a portly white-haired man who was smiling through the window at her with a pair of the brightest blue eyes she had ever seen.

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ALL OVER THE WORLD ...SO MUCH MORE TO ENJOY

Wherever you go, whatever you do, wherever life is fresh, vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the cigarette with the international flavor—a wide new world of taste. For that deep down enjoyment of rich, choice tobaccos—plus the miracle filter—light up a Stuyvesant, you'll be so glad you did. Peter Stuyvesant, the international passport to smoking pleasure.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Questions about Staffordshire ware, a willow pattern plate, and a sculpture are answered by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

● *Salt-glaze jug*

ON her first birthday in 1849, my grandmother was given a jug (left). Can you give us some idea of its age? — Mrs. R. T. Clay, Donnybrook, W.A.

This Staffordshire salt-glaze jug, with britannia-metal lid, bears the registration mark assigned by the "Registration of Designs" office, London. The lozenge with code letters belongs to the first cycle used between 1842 and 1867. The design was registered in November (represented by K), 1849 (represented by S). Obviously the jug was new when it was presented to your grandmother in 1849.

THIS jug has been in my mother's family for many years. It is six inches in height, cream (or yellowed with age), and has a raised pattern, in blue, of grapevine and bunches of grapes round the neck, bunches of flowers on the sides. On the base, in raised blue, is a draped shield held up by two winged figures, and the engraved number 75. Could you tell me something of its age and origin? — Mrs. A. T. Beak, Birkdale, Qld.

Your porcelain jug was made in England. It is Staffordshire ware and dates about 1870.

● *Porcelain jug*

I READ an article about a particular willow pattern plate design involving a secret sign. Recently I have come across a plate with the symbol neatly incorporated into the bridge design. Does this plate have any antique or monetary value? — Mrs. G. P. Berry, Rockhampton, Qld.

Numerous variations of the willow pattern have occurred since its inception in 1782. The secret sign is not unusual. I don't think your plate would be worth more than two or three guineas.

● *Sudanese Bull*

CAN you give me the date of my Sudanese bull? It is three and a half inches by three and a quarter inches in size.—Mrs. E. Lloyd Jones, Potts Point, N.S.W.

Your Sudanese bull is late 19th or nearly 20th century, about 1885 to 1900.

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POSSESSED BY A DREAM

"Yes, I am," she said.

"For Venice?"

"Yes."

"Then my employer, Signore Collins" — he made a gesture of his head toward the old white-haired man in the car—"has requested me to ask if you would like a lift."

For a few moments, while she hesitated, he stared straight at her, and then suddenly he winked. It was so unexpected and done with such good humor that Elizabeth had to smile. She knew all about the gallantry of Italian men. It was as instinctive with them as breathing.

"I was brought up," she said, "never to accept lifts from strangers." She was not sure herself whether she was saying it seriously or not.

The man laughed gently, and went on, "Signore Collins, between ourselves, signorina, is wealthy and eccentric and he loves giving people lifts. You would give him much pleasure by accepting. And, let us face it, it will be much more comfortable than a bus."

His English was very good, but there was a slight accent that showed that it was not his native tongue.

For a moment Elizabeth hesitated. Then, as she did so, the old man in the back of the car opened the window and called out in a voice which had a comforting trace of Scots accent, "Come along, young lady. Too hot today for a stuffy bus. And I'm not going to eat you. Tell her, Giorgio, that I'm not going to eat her!"

"You hear?" Giorgio made a gesture toward the car.

Elizabeth smiled. "I'm very grateful." She stood up and Giorgio took her arm and led her to the car. She was installed in the back with Signore Collins, Giorgio got in alongside the chauffeur, and the Rolls slid off without a sound.

The first words the old man said to her with a twinkle of his blue eyes were, "A word of advice, young lady. Never accept lifts from strangers. You never know what sort of a pickle you may get yourself into. Aye, but then I suppose most young things these days want to get into some sort of pickle. Did myself when I was young.

"Ran away from school when I was thirteen. Made my first hundred pounds by the time I was fifteen, and a millionaire at twenty-five. Making money is no fun. Just hard work and common sense. Let's have a look at ye now."

He ran his eyes over her, smiling, and nodded approvingly.

"Dark hair, blue eyes like my own, and a figure that you'll keep and never be ashamed of. Good. Not unlike my own daughter was. And what are you doing in Italy, sitting all by your wee self at the roadside? What would you be now? Twenty-eightish?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Which question do you want answered first?"

"I'm seventy-two."

"Twenty-seven."

"It's a good age. Flightiness over. Common sense rising. But give yourself another two years before you marry. Girls marry too young these days. What does your father do?"

"He's a doctor in New Zealand. Christchurch. I'm over here on holiday. On my way to stay with friends in England."

"Alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Enormously."

There was no stopping him. As soon as she had answered one question he asked another. And, when it wasn't a question he asked, he was telling her about himself, about his wife and daughter, both now dead, whom he had obviously adored. He talked about his business — Collins Steamship Company—on which he still kept a firm grip, and then, surprisingly, gave her a long appreciation of the Italian cinquecento school of painting, shaking his head over some of the things she had missed in Florence.

BEFORE they got to the Piazzale Roma, Elizabeth felt she had known him for a long time, and she liked him very much, and knew that he liked her. Somewhere, not stressed, but apparent to her, was the conviction that since the deaths of his wife and daughter there had been a loneliness in him, a desire for company, a desire for something or somebody to take their place.

She was not allowed to take a vaporetto down the Grand Canal. Signore Collins had his own launch waiting and she travelled in it as far as the Piazza San Marco.

Here Giorgio jumped ashore and reached down a hand for her. As she stood on the quayside, Giorgio still held her hand and, looking straight into her eyes, he smiled and said in a very low voice, "You have done very well, signorina. Very well. Signore Collins likes you very much, too. And when he likes people — it is a good thing for them, because he can be very generous."

For a moment his eyes were holding hers, unwavering, and then came his wink, and with it he raised her hand slightly and kissed it. Then, before she could say or do anything, he had jumped back into the boat.

The old man gave a farewell wave of his stick at her and then the launch moved swiftly away. Elizabeth stood looking after it, slightly puzzled. Giorgio's manner was charming, open, and frank, and his gallantry in no way overdone . . . and yet she had a strong feeling that he was sharing some joke with her, some secret understanding, some satisfying and amusing awareness of complicity which should have been as rewarding to her as it was to him. Or was she just imagining it, building too much on his manner?

She walked back to her hotel, thinking about Giorgio and Signore Collins. At the hotel desk she asked one of the clerks, who spoke English, if he knew a Signore Collins, who lived—as he told her—on one of the islands in the lagoon.

"But, yes, signorina. Signore Collins—everyone knows him. He is a very good man and wealthy. Mamma mia — how wealthy! When he come here to dinner, the waiters they fight to serve him. Such tips — they make the eyes pop. That is good, eh? To have tips that make the eyes pop."

"And you know his secretary, Giorgio, I think he's called?"

"Si, si, signorina." The man grinned. "He come here, too, with Signore Collins sometimes. This Signore Giorgio, he has eyes always for the pretty girls . . . like all Italian men, only more so."

Elizabeth went up to her room, carrying a strange impression of the times when Signore Collins and Giorgio dined in the hotel . . . the waiters' eyes popping at the tips, and Giorgio's popping at the women. She started to giggle at the thought and went on giggling even while she was under the shower.

Early that evening Alan took her to a restaurant on the Lido to diné. He had been kept a long time at the hospital with the injured girl. She had broken her left leg and was suffering from slight concussion. Alan had made friends with one of the hospital doctors and was going out to see the girl in a couple of days' time.

"When you do," said Elizabeth, "you can take her coat and bag." She explained how the waiter at the cafe had handed them to her. She then went on to tell him about the lift back to Venice which she had been given by Signore Collins.

"If he weren't seventy-two I should be jealous."

"He's a sweetie. I really liked him very much. You'd like him, too. Though I don't think you'd care for Giorgio — he's very smooth."

"I'm absolutely certain I wouldn't from what you say. He sounds much too pleased with himself."

"Oh, I don't know. I found him rather amusing and also rather intriguing."

"Intriguing?"

"Yes. It's difficult to explain . . . but everything he said and did . . . well, it was as though he expected me to be with him, to understand what was going on in his mind. You'd have thought that he'd known me a long time and that I'd been expecting . . ." She frowned momentarily, letting her words trail away.

"Expecting what?"

"I don't know. That's the funny part. I don't know. Isn't it odd?"

Alan smiled. "It could be a touch of the sun from sitting too long in the square. Anyway, we're not here to talk about Giorgio or Signore Collins. This is a time for celebration."

"Celebration?"

"Yes." He looked at his wristwatch. "In exactly forty minutes it will be four days since I first met you. That calls for a celebration."

Elizabeth laughed. "And how often are these celebrations going to come?"

Alan grinned. "As far as I'm concerned — every four days from now on till the end of time."

"I think," said Elizabeth, "that you — and I — need a drink."

After dinner they walked along the sands to the far end of the Lido.

Elizabeth said, "It's all so beautiful, so exactly as I imagined it would be. How often is it, do you think, that the thing you've looked forward to, dreamed about, turns out to be all you've pictured?"

"Not often," said Alan. "Though sometimes it can turn out to be more than you expected, more beautiful and more enchanting."

She looked at him, surprised at his words, and she saw that he was watching her and, quite suddenly, she realised that ever since they had left the hotel he had been part of the dream world which she inhabited, no longer a stranger, no longer obtruding echoes of the other and known world from which she had escaped.

He put his hand gently on her arms, and she knew that he was going to kiss her. Because now it was all part of this new enchanting world there was no desire in her to escape from him. Somehow he had sensed her mood.

She knew that when he kissed her the kiss would be as gentle as the touch of his

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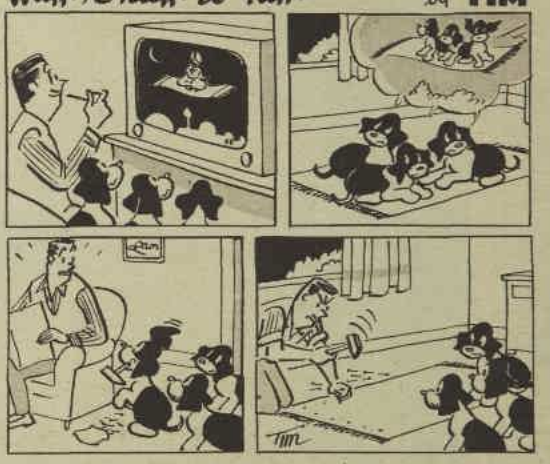
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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POSSESSED BY A DREAM

Continued from page 58

hands on her bare arms, and when he did it was exactly like that, a moment of softness and then gone. They walked back along the seashore without words, but with his hand holding hers lightly.

At the hotel reception desk, when she asked for the key of her room, the clerk handed it to her and also an envelope which was resting in the pigeonhole with it. Seeing the look of surprise on her face, the clerk said, "It was delivered this evening, signorina. While you were out."

With Alan at her side she opened it and read it. Without a word she handed it to him. He read it and frowned.

"But you don't want to do this, do you?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

She wandered across the lobby and out on to a small terrace that overlooked the Grand Canal. The letter was an invitation from Signore Collins to spend two or three days as his guest at his villa on one of the islands in the lagoon. His launch would call for her at noon next day unless she telephoned to say that she could not come. The letter had been written in a spidery but rather elegant hand — by Signore Collins himself, she guessed.

However, a postscript had been added in a different hand, and it read: "Do come. You know you won't regret it. G." Reading it, she had immediately got the impression that Giorgio had been standing in front of her, suddenly winking, marking the secret understanding between them, his eyes smiling, dark, alive with that amusement which he seemed certain that she shared with him.

AND the curious thing was that this unspoken camaraderie was now intriguing her, becoming a challenge which she felt she had to meet.

From beside her, Alan said, "But you can't. You know nothing about these people."

"Oh, but I do. Signore Collins is known and respected in Venice. Why shouldn't I go? Just think — a wonderful villa, full of paintings and sculptures. It'll be a change from hotels. And, anyway, he's an old man and very lonely. Why shouldn't I go for two or three days? I'm grown up, you know, and I can look after myself." She turned to him smiling.

He faced her, frowning. "I'm not worried about Signore Collins. I don't like this Giorgio chap who adds postscripts to letters. You've already said yourself that there's something odd about him."

"Not odd. Intriguing. Challenging almost."

"And you can't resist that?"

"Do I have to? I'm on holiday. When I first came to Italy I knew it was promising me something special . . . excitement, the romance of the unexpected."

"Come off it, Elizabeth—you're talking like a schoolgirl."

"Am I?" She had resentment in her voice. Probably, she admitted to herself, because he was right. But what was wrong with having still the quick, romantic response to life that urged one instinctively to welcome a challenge rather than to avoid it?

And, anyway, she told herself, Alan's attitude was so completely predictable. He was in love with her, she knew that. And maybe she was some way in love with him — and he knew that. So at once, like a man, he was beginning to assume rights, seeing himself now with a duty to look after her.

"Yes, you are," he said, and then went on quickly, "Don't think I don't understand you. I know exactly how you feel at the moment. I know what this time means to you in Italy. I came from a small village in the Highlands and I used to dream about medical school and London in the same way.

"But, Elizabeth, there are some kinds of challenges that you can follow too far. Dreams that you can trust too much until they become nightmares. I have a strong feeling about this. I don't know why, but I do."

Stiffly, she said, "Aren't you making a ridiculous fuss about a simple straightforward invitation?"

"No." His voice was stubborn. "I ask you, please, not to accept."

"What you'd like to do is to forbid me, isn't it?"

For a moment he was silent and she saw the tight, stubborn thrust of his lower lip. Then he said, "Yes. And if you want it straight from the shoulder, whether I have the right or not, I do forbid you."

"It's my mum's fortieth birthday — and now this!"

At that moment, he passed right out of the dream, took up his old place of someone from the familiar world which she had determined should have nothing to do with this holiday. For heaven's sake, they'd only known each other a few days and here he was acting as though they were engaged or something.

Angrily, she said, "Fortunately you can't forbid me. And I'm going."

"Elizabeth . . . please."

"I said, I am going."

"And I've an instinct that you're going into trouble. I've a damned good mind to come out there . . ."

"I don't wish you to. You're being absolutely ridiculous."

"And you're being crazy. And as stubborn as a mule."

"Whatever I'm being, it is no concern of yours. Goodnight."

She turned and walked away from him, into the hotel and across the lobby to the lifts. The lift boy opened the gates for her. Inside, she turned. Alan was standing just by the entrance from the terrace. He looked across at her, and she knew that she had to make only the simplest gesture and he would

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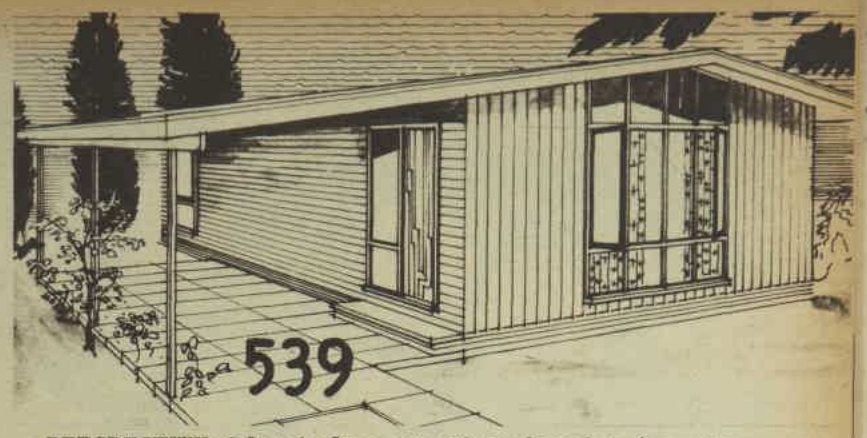
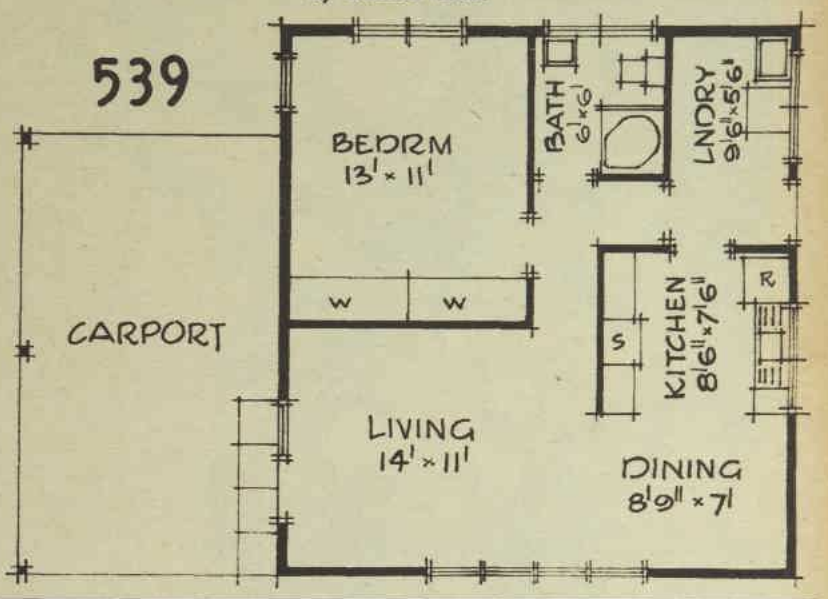
This design could be an attractive alternative to a home unit for a retired couple, or as a young marrieds' first home. With simple extensions it could be developed, when required, into a family-sized house.

The dining area can be closed off for a second bedroom if the house is used as a holiday home.



PERSPECTIVE (above) shows extension of roof to form carport or patio.
FLOOR PLAN (below) shows how compact layout makes most of limited area.



HOW FAR DO YOU HAVE TO MAKE A POUND STRETCH ?

Big income earners and small income earners alike plan for their families' future security. The more a single £1 means to you the more carefully you must plan to be sure you and your family are getting maximum benefit for the money you spend. How much would your family need to live the way you want them to live? How can such an income be provided for them?

An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP will provide the answer to these vitally important questions.

4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

1. Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
2. Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
3. Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
4. If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

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Continued from page 60

POSSESSED BY A DREAM

...ome across to her, that the whole stupid quarrel would dissolve.

But she looked at him, her face unmoving, anger forbidding any gesture from her. He turned and she saw him walk toward the entrance of the American bar.

. . . . . .

It was Giorgio who called for her. The chauffeur was with him and carried her case to the launch. The chauffeur, who was a small, dark-skinned, Saturn man, was called Ranz, and Elizabeth learned later that he was a German. He was a curious man. When he took her case he looked full at her, a long, searching look as though some question were in the back of his mind which had to be decided there and then.

Then he turned away from her and for the rest of the trip avoided looking at her. Elizabeth had the feeling that the question, whatever it was, had been answered and dismissed for ever from his mind. And dismissed from her mind, too, was all thought of Alan's opposition to this trip, which she had considered in bed for a long time before going to sleep. When she stepped into the launch she stepped back into the dream which she had known this country would offer her.

They went down the Bacino di San Marco and out into the wide, sun-filled stretches of the lagoon with the low silhouettes of the islands shimmering in the noon mirage.

Giorgio was a charming companion, pointing out the various islands and places of interest, and telling her about Signore Collins, to whom he seemed very attached. The old man, for health reasons, seldom went back to England. He had a heart condition and had to live in a warm climate and take things easy. He had this villa near Nice, another in the South of France, and spent most of the winters in Florida. Giorgio and Ranz went everywhere with him.

"He has taken a fancy to you," said Giorgio, "because you remind him so much of his daughter Eleanor. You are very much like her. She died when she was twenty-five, and—though he shows it little to strangers — he has been broken-hearted ever since."

He paused and looked hard at her. Ahead at the wheel, Ranz kept his eyes on the tunnel, and a gull came swimming down out of the sky. Slowly Giorgio smiled, and then he winked.

"You know," he went on, "I like you. Always you listen, you ask few questions, but your whole manner suggests so clearly that you are ready for what life will offer. That is good, that is the way to be. When we arrive at the villa Mrs. Ranz will explain things to you."

"What things?" Momentarily Elizabeth was right out of her depths.

"What things?" Giorgio laughed, and then said, "All the things you should know. But do not let us talk about them now. Look, over there, the island of San Francisco del Deserto. See, the wonderful reflection of the cypresses in the water. How good it would be to be a painter and paint that on canvas . . ."

For a moment Elizabeth was tempted to ask more questions about the things which Mrs. Ranz — whom she guessed must be the chauffeur's wife — had to explain to her, but Giorgio went chattering on and she decided to contain her curiosity until she met Mrs. Ranz. And, even so, she could not dispress the impression that somewhere, somehow, two different lines of thought and understanding were confusedly mixed up between her and this Giorgio.

The Villa Contarino was on a small island not far from the favorite tourist island of Torcello. A small, reed-fringed channel led into the heart of the island to wide marble landing steps where Elizabeth saw that another launch was moored. Beyond the steps an avenue of bleached limes led to a low, two-storeyed villa with a pillared terrace along its front.

Before it was a great gravelled sweep set with small, box-hedged flower beds grouped in an elaborate design around a fountain. In the centre of the fountain was a figure of Bacchus surrounded by nymphs, water soaring high from a bowl which Bacchus held aloft.

Ranz carried her case up to her room, which was on the second floor at the far end of the house, its windows overlooking another garden with a glimpse beyond of a swimming-pool. He left her without a word.

The room took Elizabeth's breath away. The walls were lined with blue leather, worked with a design of silver stars. The bed had a great canopy of blue and gold silk, sweeping down from a canopy at its head, and the furniture was Florentine, massive, shining, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

In the bathroom the bath was of Carrera marble and set at floor level and almost big enough to swim in. The taps were silver and shaped like dolphins, and the towels were the biggest Elizabeth had ever seen in her life.

As she went back into the bedroom, the door opened and a woman came in. She was short, middle-aged, wearing a black dress with a cameo brooch pinned to the high neck. Her hair was dark and swept tightly back to a bun. Her face was square, almost masculine, and the moment she saw Elizabeth a quick frown moved across her forehead and then was gone.

In careful but slow English, the German accent heavy in it, she said, "Welcome, signorina. I am Mrs. Ranz—Signore Collins's housekeeper. If there is anything you want, please let me know. May I help you unpack?"

"No, thank you. I can manage."

Why, thought Elizabeth, had the woman frowned on seeing her, as though—or was this mere fancy—she had been expecting to see someone else? Emboldened suddenly by her curiosity, Elizabeth went on, "You seemed a little surprised to see me?"

Unexpectedly, the woman smiled, and it softened her face, giving a swift hint of the girl she had once been.

She said evenly, "I beg your pardon, signorina. Yes, I was surprised. You see . . . you are very like Signore Collins's daughter, Eleanor. For a moment I thought . . . You understand?"

"Yes, of course. Is that one of the reasons he has invited me here?"

MRS. RANZ nodded. "He loved her so much. He is old . . . and your being here will give him much pleasure."

"And the things which Giorgio said you would explain to me?"

The woman hesitated, looked lost for a moment, and then with a little shrug of her shoulders said, "Giorgio is devoted to Signore Collins. Always he must protect him, have everything right for him. But some things he cannot say. He wishes me to say them.

"You must not mind if Signore Collins talks much of his daughter . . . if he makes a fuss of you. It would be a great kindness to him if you do not become overburdened by this."

"I'm sure I shan't."

"Also . . . if he should ask you to do certain things . . . Perhaps, for instance, wear some favorite scarf that belonged to his daughter, or some ring or brooch. So much you are like her, he may have these fancies. Giorgio wishes me to tell you this so that you will not be embarrassed."

"I understand."

"You are very kind, signorina . . . very kind."

With a little inclination of her head, she was gone and Elizabeth was left standing there, wondering at the delicacy of Giorgio, who could not tell her this himself. Still . . . if that was all there was to it . . .

She walked to the bed and a little red morocco leather box on the bedside table caught her eye. Beside it rested a small envelope addressed to her.

Inside the envelope was a note from Signore Collins which read — To welcome you to Villa Contarino. Please wear it at lunch today.

She opened the little leather box. Lying on the velvet lining was a thin gold ring with a single sapphire set in it. She picked it out and slipped it on her finger. It fitted perfectly, and then, as she looked at it, she realised that it was not new, and she knew to whom it had once belonged.

The generosity and sentiment behind the gift touched her deeply, and the dream into which she had walked wrapped itself more closely around her.

She had lunch alone with Signore Collins in a small loggia at the back of the villa, and she found him as easy to get on with as she had done at their first meeting. She noticed that he ate and drank very little, but he kept her glass full of the most delicious ice-cold chianti and urged her to take a second helping of the superb scampi in cream sauce, and then, after lunch, he took her round the house.

It was then that the dream enveloped Elizabeth completely. Almost before she entered a room she knew what she was going to find in it. She abandoned herself to it completely. For five years she had worked hard for her father, rewarding work in a growing practice, work, too, that had had its sorrows and hardships, demanding compassion for the grief and pain of others. But now — she was free, entirely herself, answerable to nothing but the demands of a romantic dream.

In one of the rooms Signore Collins stopped before a sixteenth-century Dutch painting of the Madonna, not a young Madonna but a woman of forty.

"This," he said, "is my favorite. It is such a splendid face. Not the pretty face of most Madonnas. This is a woman, and yet more than a woman. Maybe I like it so much because somewhere it reminds me of my mother. Don't get me wrong, girl, though. I'm not a gaga old man, filling up with piety as the years stretch out.

"I was a wild young man at times, and I've done things in my life I regret . . . still, who hasn't? The great thing is to know and understand people — and, as the years mount up, to learn to forgive others and yourself. But above all to understand . . . to feel what people are." He stepped back and looked at her shrewdly. "You know what you are, don't ye?"

"I'm not sure."

"Then I'll tell you. You've spent all your life in New Zealand. You've felt cooped

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Fashion FROCKS

● ***Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.***

"SASKIA." — This smart button-through shift is available in pink, brown, turquoise, and white pure wool frocking.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/5/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/9/6. Postage and dispatch 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given on page 47. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Aug. 11

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Love and romance are happily accented, and although finances receive a lucky assist at the beginning, miscalculation could lead to loss. A good week — yet with a sting in its tail.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Tues.

★ More than usual chance for a windfall if tickets are bought 11th-12th. Marriage, betrothal — any form of mutual help—receive felicitous focus, but romance could get a setback, 17th.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ The week should get off to a jet start — scope for expansion, lucky breaks in love and romance —then it tends to halt, with a beware for marriage and partnership.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ It's like a sugar-coated pill— a lot of sweet mouthfuls, then a bitter bit at the end. Relations with the opposite sex should be fortunate, but be wary of mishaps, 16th-18th.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ You're in the middle of your progress cycle and the week begins on a happy note. But get all your can done before the adverse patch, 17th-19th when finances are pressured.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ If you have important contracts or documents to pen, get them done before the weekend. The stars favor clear and quick thinking which you will need, 17th—more so if born Sept. 9-11.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

★ Discounting a bit of confusion, life should go with zip and zing and doors of opportunity fly open. Decide to act before the weekend, because there's a cold snap in the Zodiac.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Rate 15th-18th as adverse—a chill wind could have Cupid shivering. But there's no reason why you can't enjoy a fruitful week when loved ones and friends could brighten the home.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Your ruling star gives you the green light until 14th. An assist in status, a boost career-wise, is shown before a bad patch advises caution in romance and wariness in general.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Get ready for weird and underground activities, 16th-18th, and make the most of an otherwise pleasant week. More Capricornians than usual should be lottery winners.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Marriage problems can be easily solved — all to do with love and romance prospers under smiling stars. Snag is that from 15th-18th the star barometer falls and there could be squalls.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, navy, gold. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ You'll only have a certain diffidence to blame if you don't cash in on the breaks which are yours until 15th-18th (which is adverse). Until then, Venus is in a generous mood

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Wiltshire

STEAK and GRILL KNIVES feature

HAND GROUND SCALLOPED SERRATIONS

Pick up a Wiltshire grill knife and look closely at the cutting edge. You'll notice the serrations are miniatures of the scalloped edges on bread or slicing knives. These fine scalloped serrations, hand taper-ground by Australian craftsmen, give you a smooth, continuous cutting action — won't tear meat as imitations do.

Wiltshire grill knives are available with large or small scalloped serrations and with a wide variety of handles. They can be purchased individually, in attractive gift packs of 2, 4 or 6, or in sets with matching grill forks. Prices from as low as 55/- for a set of 6.

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RIVETS

Continued from page 63

away there. Aye, no doubt you've worked hard for your father, been a good honest girl — but you've longed for the big world outside. You've dreamed of it, painted it in colors from your own palette. And why shouldn't you? It's all at your feet now. I can read the enjoyment of it all in your eyes.

"But you should remember one thing, lassie. One important thing. The world is no bigger than the length of a step you can take no matter where you are. Nobody's cooped away anywhere. The world is inside you.

"But I doubt you'll believe that in your present mood. And no more would I if some old fuddy-duddy like me had said the same to the young man I was at your age."

When the tour was over, Elizabeth rested for a while in her room and then went down to the swimming-pool.

As she passed through a corridor to the back of the house she heard voices coming from behind a green baize door. Suddenly she heard Mrs. Ranz's voice, high and angry, almost shouting in Italian,' and the low and equally angry response of her husband.

She was about to pass on when she heard the voice of Giorgio, too. He was not angry. He was talking firmly, masterfully. Elizabeth moved on. None of the talk was intelligible to her, but she wondered what kitchen crisis had arisen to make Mrs. Ranz so angry.

Later, while she was in the pool, Giorgio appeared. He sat down in a deckchair and raised a hand in greeting. All the time she was swimming she was aware of his eyes on her. When she came out to sunbathe he began to talk to her of trivialities and she could see that he was in a different mood from any she had known before.

He seemed to be brooding, turning something over in his mind, and instinctively she connected this with the quarrel she had overheard in the kitchen.

She said, "Is anything wrong?"

"Wrong?" He raised an eyebrow and for a moment a faint smile flickered over his mouth.

"You seem to have something on your mind."

He winked at her then, changing his mood with the swiftness of a cloud shadow passing, and he said lightly, "It is nothing. Always in life there are decisions to make which other people do not like. And always there is poor Giorgio to smooth things out, to make things good again." He looked directly at her and said, "You heard us quarrelling in the kitchen just now, no?"

"Yes—but I don't speak Italian." Elizabeth smiled. "What were you doing — arguing over the menu for dinner?"

Giorgio chuckled. "Yes, we argue — over what shall be done. And as always I am right." Then, unexpectedly, he said, "You are not rich, no?"

Elizabeth laughed. "Rich? No. I am just a country doctor's daughter."

Giorgio nodded. "You would like to be rich — to have many good things?"

"I suppose so."

"Maybe that will happen. Yes, maybe I have a feeling. If you are wise."

"Now you're being a fortune-teller."

"Fortune? What is fortune? I tell you — something you make. Not something you just dream about. But to make it you have to be bold and strong and wise. Not to be frightened by life."

"Now you sound like Signore Collins."

"And why should I not? I have served him for years and after a time the servant becomes like the master . . . but never becomes the master." He smiled then, stood up, and added, "You swim well, like a beautiful mermaid. It is good to watch you. You like compliments?"

"What woman doesn't!"

"Me — I make compliments as other people breathe, but they are not always true. But for you — they are the truth. You are beautiful. I hope, some time, you show that you are wise, also."

He drifted away, leaving Elizabeth again with the feeling that he had been speaking this secret language which he expected her to understand.

THAT night dinner was taken in the great hall of the villa and Giorgio ate with them. Ranz served them, dressed as a butler. Over coffee and liqueurs Giorgio played classical records for Signore Collins for an hour and then the old man went up to bed.

Elizabeth went into the garden for a stroll before going to bed herself. As she stood at the edge of the swimming-pool she heard steps behind her. She turned to find Giorgio standing a few feet from her.

He said, "You are enjoying yourself?"

"Very much."

He nodded and tossed away his cigarette. "Money, wealth, all the beautiful things of life . . . paintings, sculptures, travel. For years I have shared this with Signore Collins. He is kind, good, and generous. But still—I am his servant. I share, but I do not own."

"Very few men can ever be as wealthy as Signore Collins."

"True. And some men do not want it. There are other things in life besides wealth — things which prove to a man that he is not a servant but a master." He moved up close to her and one of his hands reached out and held her arm lightly. "You understand what I mean?"

"I am not sure that I do."

Giorgio smiled. "I think you do. But why should you be frank about it? It is a woman's privilege to be evasive—and a man's pleasure and joy to show his devotion by following her until the moment comes when she is forced to be frank. And when that moment comes, then often there is no need for words. As now, for instance."

As he finished speaking, and with a deftness and yet gentleness which enveloped her, leaving no time for evasion or the briefest surprise, his arms went round her and his lips were on hers.

To page 65

Crush Tear Curl

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They describe the totally new process which makes one packet of "quick tips" go further than **one and a half** packets of any first-grade tea.

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Continued from page 64

POSSESSED BY A DREAM

For a moment, lost, no defence in her, held firmly, not only by the spell of this moment, but of all the hours she had passed in the villa, a creature of the dream into which she had voluntarily stepped, Elizabeth felt herself swept away, felt the slow movement of response in her rise and then begin to quicken. Then, suddenly, she had broken away from him and he had made no effort to keep her.

"Please . . ." she said, her breath coming quickly.

Giorgio shook his head slowly, almost as though he were commanding silence, and he said gently, "There is no need to say anything. Later, yes. Many things. But for two people to speak the same language takes time, and at this moment you are like a dreamer not yet ready to wake to a reality which I, Giorgio, could make brighter than any dream if you would let me."

Before she could say or do anything, he had taken her hand, kissed it, and was melting away into the shadows. Elizabeth stood there, watching the dance of reflections from the stars on the surface of the swimming-pool, and a phrase he had used echoed again and again in her mind . . . for two people to speak the same language takes time . . . the same language . . .

SUDDENLY, she thought of Alan, away over the lagoon in Venice. What am I doing here, she thought? What am I doing here? Nothing is real. I should be back in Venice with Alan. And then, with equal force, she chided herself. Giorgio was attracted to her and he had shown it.

He had kissed her. Heavens, men had kissed her before on far smaller pretexts. And let's face it, she told herself, many of those kisses had been far less pleasant than Giorgio's. And the moment she had shown her desire to be free of it, had he not behaved perfectly?

She moved slowly down the pool, and a great white owl drifted between the far cypresses and the stars blazed in the cobalt sky, and she suddenly felt a great surge of excitement in her . . . It was a dream, full of surprises, and while it lasted, it was hers to enjoy . . . and enjoy it she meant to.

The next morning after breakfast and a swim in the pool, Elizabeth walked down the long line of cypresses that led to the far end of the garden, and then through a small gateway out to a stretch of barren ground bordering the side of the lagoon. She walked to the water's edge and saw that a small motor-boat was coming up the wide channel. Someone waved to her from the boat and then it veered in toward the shore.

The boat ran up on to the edge of the sand and Alan jumped out. He ran up the sand to her and took her hands, holding her away from him and looking at her, his face flushed with pleasure at seeing her.

"Elizabeth."

"Alan . . ."

"Are you all right?"

Elizabeth smiled. "Yes, of course, I am. But what are you doing out here?"

"I just had to come. I hired the boat. Come on — pop in and I'll take you for a trip."

"Oh, Alan, I can't. I'm going for a launch trip with Signore Collins in a few minutes. It's all arranged."

"Bother."

He sounded so disappointed and somehow looked so boyish in his pique, that Elizabeth crooked her arm in his and kissed his cheek. "Never mind," she said. "Come back this afternoon and then you can take me out."

"I can't. I'm going out to the hospital to see that girl who was run down, and I'm taking back her coat and bag. One of the doctors from Venice is taking me, and he is going to let me have a look around a special ward they have there for . . . Oh, but you don't want to hear shop talk."

"What a pity. Anyway, come out tomorrow morning and fetch me. I'm leaving then. And, Alan . . ." She hesitated.

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry about our stupid quarrel. I was rather pig-headed."

"No, no . . . it was me. I acted like some old blimp. There was no reason at all why you shouldn't have accepted the invitation."

She stayed talking with Alan as long as she could and then she went back to the house to join the launch party. As she did so, she was wondering why she had not asked Alan to come along, too. Signore Collins would not have minded, she was sure.

But somehow, although she had been glad to see Alan, she knew that she felt a little jealous of these few days in the villa, not wanting to share them with anyone from outside. His visit had not disturbed the dream in which she lived, but yet she was not willing to admit him to it even for a few hours . . . Why, she wondered?

Was it because she did not want to find herself caught between Giorgio and Alan, to have the task of dealing with them both, balancing one world against another? Then, seeing Signore Collins waiting on the terrace for her, she pushed the whole thing from her head.

Giorgio took the wheel of the launch and they headed off into the maze of lagoon islands and finished up by having lunch at Torcello.

In the afternoon, when they got back, Elizabeth had a rest and then a swim. Giorgio, who had been very reserved throughout their expedition, did not appear at the pool — for which, in an odd way, Elizabeth was grateful. For the time being she felt that she did not want to have to talk to him alone.

In the evening she was in her room about to change for dinner when there was a knock on the door. Signore Collins, already changed into a dinner jacket, came in. In his hands he was carrying three large leather cases. He put them down on a table and said, "I would be grateful, my dear, if you would do me a favor this evening."

"But, of course."

"You see, today happens to be the birthday of my daughter. She died, you know, four months before she was going to be married. Oh, I can talk about it now quite easily. But . . . well, I'm an old man, and I allow myself some sentiment.

"You are very like her in appearance, and even in manner, too, a little. Reserved, a dreamer, but a hard worker, I imagine, when a job has to be done. It would give me great pleasure if you would wear these at dinner tonight." He nodded at the cases on the table.

"What are they?"

"They were to have been her wedding present. She never even saw them. She died in this house, you know. I locked them away in the safe and I don't suppose I've had them out three times in all these years. Will you do this for me?"

"You know I will."

"Thank you, my dear." He took her hand and kissed it lightly and then was gone.

Elizabeth opened the cases. She was looking down at a great blaze of diamonds that almost took her breath away. Under the light of the chandelier in the room they seemed to pulsate with a life of their own. There was a slim, crescent-shaped tiara, a beautifully worked, heavy pendant, and two enormously wide bracelets. She could not even begin to imagine the value of them.

It was some time before she could even bring herself to pick them up and examine them. And when she did, she had to tell herself that this was happening to her, to the very ordinary daughter of a hard-worked doctor . . . all this . . . a dream that grew in fantasy and enchantment with every day that passed.

When she went down to dinner, wearing a very simple blue gown, and she entered the great hall, Giorgio and Signore Collins were waiting for her, glasses and a champagne bucket on a small table beside them.

As she had come down the stairs both men stood up and watched her, and she knew then from the admiration in their eyes that she was moving down to them like some princess from a fairytale, some superb creature from a dream, and knowing what she looked like she could feel her heart beating with excitement, knowing that for these few moments she was possessed, completely a creature of enchantment.

Signore Collins came toward her, taking her hand, his eyes misting, and said, "Superb! So much you are like her, so much . . ."

Giorgio bowed to her and, as she approached the table, handed her a glass.

"Champagne, your highness."

"Yes, yes . . ." cried Signore Collins. "We shall drink a toast, the only toast." He reached out and took the glass which Giorgio held toward him. "To beauty!"

They drank, and when they had finished Elizabeth put her lips to her own glass and then said, "You are both very kind." Then she went to Signore Collins and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you so much for letting me wear them. This is an evening I shall always remember . . . always . . ."

"And so shall I, my dear. Always." Signore Collins raised his glass to her again and drained it. "Ah, if I were forty years younger I'd not let you go back to Venice tomorrow . . . eh? But I've had my life — and very few regrets. Isn't that true, Giorgio, isn't that . . .?"

And then as he spoke he slowly put one hand to his forehead and Elizabeth saw his eyes close. Slowly his legs buckled under him and he began to fall.

Before she could do anything Giorgio leaped forward and caught him, holding him upright. The old man sagged in his arms.

"Ranz!" Giorgio called sharply. Then to Elizabeth he said, "Please don't be alarmed. It is one of his attacks. The excitement. Ranz and I know how to deal with him."

At this moment Ranz appeared and Elizabeth watched as the two men carried Signore Collins upstairs. They were gone about ten minutes and Elizabeth paced the room, full of anxiety, wishing there was something she could do. Suddenly the enchantment had fled from the place.

Then she heard the sound of the men returning. She saw them coming down the stairs. Both of them came across to her and she said, "Is he all right? Are you sure you ought not to telephone for a doctor?"

GIORGIO came up to her, smiling, and shook his head. "He will be all right. Just sit down. There is something we have to talk to you about."

Elizabeth looked from him to Ranz, puzzled. And she saw then that Ranz was calmly helping himself to a glass of champagne. Then he looked at her and there was something in his look that made Elizabeth turn cold inside. She sat down in a chair, watching the two, and she knew from their attitude that the warning which Alan had given her was coming true.

She was no longer in a dream, she was no longer moving through a country of enchanted colors and splendid vistas. She was being drawn from the light into a land of nightmare, for in Ranz's right hand suddenly appeared an automatic.

Giorgio said, "Let us get a few things cleared up right away. First of all, Signore Collins has not had a heart attack. He will think he has

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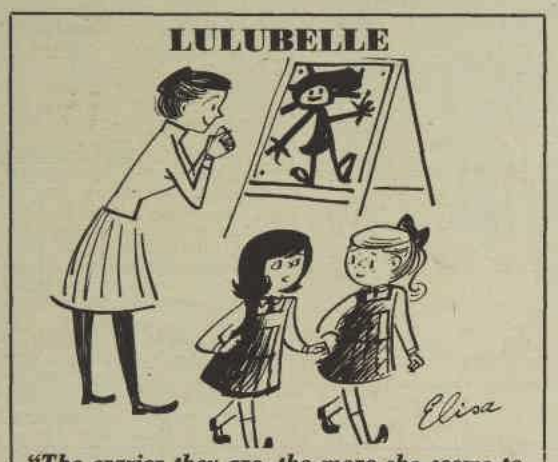

"The crazier they are, the more she seems to like them!"

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Continued from page 65

POSSESSED BY A DREAM

when he recovers. But, in fact, his champagne was drugged by me. Also — it is no good shouting for help. The only other person in this house is Ranz's wife."

Elizabeth closed her eyes for a moment as he finished. This mght be a nightmare, a nightmare full of dangers not yet understood, but whatever it was, she told herself, she was Elizabeth Chalmers, she was straightforward, ordinary Elizabeth Chalmers, and she was not going to lose her head, not going to act like some panic-stricken child.

She looked at Giorgio and said, forcing her voice to evenness, "I think you'd better tell Ranz to put that gun away."

Giorgio smiled and then nodded at Ranz, who put the gun into his pocket.

Giorgio said, "Good. I can see you're not going to panic. For a moment I thought you might."

"I should like to know what all this is about."

"Naturally — but you will have to be patient. First of all you must understand that this is something which Ranz and I have planned for a long time."

"To rob Signore Collins of these?" Elizabeth put a hand up to the diamond pendant.

"Yes. We are tired of being servants. We want to be our own men. Those diamonds will make us that. But Signore Collins always kept them in his safe. Only he knew the combination and he seldom brought them out. Only when sentiment moved him.

"Also—because we are fond of him in our own way, we did not want him ever to know we had robbed him. We would be content to have the diamonds, hold them for a few years until he died, as he must soon, and then find ourselves free. To achieve this we had to find a girl who looked something like his daughter."

"Me? But it was quite by —"

"By accident? Yes." Suddenly Giorgio winked and smiled. "But it could be a lucky accident. You know how I feel about you and you are someone, I'm sure, who will not waste an opportunity."

"What are you talking about?"

"Patience. Let me go on. Mrs. Ranz knew such a girl and it was arranged that she should be sitting at the bus stop waiting for a lift. She was to wear a green summer coat and carry a Florentine bag. Neither I nor Ranz had ever seen her, so we had to be sure."

From behind him Ranz said, "What happened to her? How did you get her coat and bag?"

ELIZABETH understood many things then; the unspoken understanding which Giorgio had always felt he had with her, his talk about Mrs. Ranz explaining things, and Mrs. Ranz's surprise when she had come into the bedroom and found that the wrong girl had arrived.

"What happened to her?" said Giorgio.

"She was knocked down in the town square and broke her leg. She was taken to hospital. But this is all . . . all . . . impossible. You can't really be suggesting —"

"It is no suggestion, signorina. It is an offer." It was Mrs. Ranz's voice. Elizabeth turned. The woman had come quietly into the room and stood by her husband.

"We quarrelled for a time about what we should do," said Giorgio. "But already I knew instinctively that you were the kind who would rise to this moment. They were all for abandoning the project. But I said no. You would help us . . . help me. I can read in a woman's eyes when she likes me.

"And last night by the swimming pool, you would have stayed in my arms if I had held you . . . stayed willingly." He smiled and Elizabeth noticed now a deep, smouldering intensity in his eyes, the eyes of a man possessed with a vision. "There is no need for you and I to talk more about that now."

Sharply, her face tautening, Mrs. Ranz said, "You are a fool, Giorgio. She will never help you. Why must you be so sure of yourself, so vain to think—"

"Quiet!" The word bit like a whiplash across the room, and Elizabeth saw the sudden tight stretch of his lips as anger took Giorgio. Then, instantly, the anger was gone and he was smiling at her, reaching out for one of her hands.

"Listen, before you make any decision . . . Let me make everything plain — so that you will see there is no danger for you if you help us. This is how it is planned. I have great influence with Signore Collins. He would have — at my suggestion — acted with this other girl just as he did with you. He would have asked her to wear the jewels — and then he would have been drugged.

"While we were taking him upstairs, this unknown girl, picked up at the roadside, would have been unable to resist temptation and would have taken a launch back to Venice and never been seen again. And when Signore Collins recovered, we, faithful servants, would have shared his grief at his loss. Later we should all share the profit, and I can tell you that it would have been — will be, I hope — more than enough for us all never to have to worry about money again —"

"Stop!"

Elizabeth was on her feet, tearing her hand away from his.

Mrs. Ranz said harshly, "What did I tell you, Giorgio? She is not that kind of girl. Only in your vanity you think that you have but to look at a woman and she becomes your creature."

Giorgio stood up, his eyes on Elizabeth, dark and intense, and the line of his mouth thin and angry. "Tell her," he said, "that she is wrong."

"Wrong!" Elizabeth's hands went up to the jewels about her throat. "Of course she isn't wrong. How could I do such a thing . . . such a vile, evil thing!"

For a moment Giorgio stood immobile, frozen before her, then slowly he let his body relax and gave a little shrug of his shoulders.

"So I am wrong." He gave a little laugh. "How strange. I am so seldom wrong. And with you . . . I was so certain. It is final then — you will not help? You do not want me and riches . . . or even your share of the riches without me?"

"I want nothing. Nothing!" Elizabeth heard the note in her voice rise, almost touching panic, reaching up into the dark roof spaces, crying out through the nightmare which had so suddenly, irrevocably, closed about her.

Ranz said sharply, "Enough of this. Tell her what we are going to do."

Giorgio nodded slowly, and then he said calmly to Elizabeth. "There will be a little alteration in our plans. You will, of course, steal the jewels and take the launch for Venice. But on the way the launch will hit one of the lagoon buoys and sink.

"You will be drowned and the jewels will be presumed to be lost for ever in the shifting sands of the lagoon . . . That is how it will seem but, of course, we shall have the jewels and you, the supposed thief, will be dead. You wish to change your mind?"

His eyes were on her. Then as he read her answer in her face, he said, softly. "I am sorry. Now, please, take off the jewels."

Elizabeth moved sharply away from him. "You must be mad to think that you can do this."

"Take them off!" Giorgio's tone was hard, merciless.

Ranz moved forward to Elizabeth.

"Take your hands off me!" She struck out at him, but he grasped her wrists and held them. Giorgio stepped up to her and took the tiara from her hair and then removed the pendant and the bracelets.

FROM that moment the nightmare mounted in intensity, so that there were times when Elizabeth felt that maybe she was asleep, caught up in horror, and that any second there would be blissful, reassuring awakening. But there was no respite from the dark sequence of actions.

She was thrown on to a settee and her wrists were tied behind her back, her ankles bound together, and a gag set over her mouth. Then she was carried by the two men out of the villa, down the gloomy avenue of limes to the marble steps of the landing stage.

She was placed in one of the launches and Giorgio climbed in beside her carrying an axe. He turned and said to Ranz, "Give me a few minutes and then follow to pick me up."

The launch engine started and they sped down the narrow reed-lined channel and Elizabeth lay huddled in a corner of the open cockpit, seeing the dark bulk of Giorgio's back as he sat at the wheel. Beyond and above him were the bright stippling of the stars in the sky and the distant loom of lights over Venice.

Elizabeth knew that any appeal to him, even if she had been able to speak, would have gone unheeded. This man had lived and waited for his dream to come true. It had been a darker, more intense dream than hers, and now the moment was on him and he was possessed as she had been.

They swept out into the main channel and their speed increased.

After a while Giorgio looked back, but it was not at her; he ignored her completely. He was looking back to pick up the lights of the following launch with Ranz in it.

After about five minutes Elizabeth heard the engine die away and the launch lost speed. Giorgio stood up, eased the wheel over, and there was a bump as the boat came alongside one of the large fairway buoys. Giorgio took the axe and leaned over, smashing at the buoy to simulate marks of a collision. Then he turned, stared back along the channel, and then, for the first time, looked down at Elizabeth.

"He's coming," he said. "I'm sorry, signorina. At heart I am not a man of violence, only a man who no longer wishes to be a servant . . ."

He swung the axe and began to smash at the thin planking of the hull and Elizabeth saw the white splinters fly and then the dark inrush of water. Giorgio smashed again and again until the water flooded over the floor boards.

Then he straightened up and waited, and out of the dark night, over the still waters of the lagoon, Elizabeth heard the sound of the other launch approaching and she knew that before Giorgio left this launch he would release her hands and feet and then force himself to the violence his dream demanded to make sure that she sank with the launch.

The thought was so horrible that she tried to call out to him through the gag, but her throat was dry, closed, and no sound came from her.

There was the bump of the other launch alongside them. The waters over the floor boards were cold about Elizabeth's feet. Giorgio came to her and, over his shoulder to the other launch, said, "Hold on. I've got to fix her first so that it looks like an accident . . ."

He bent toward her and Elizabeth rolled away from him, but he grabbed her by the arm and jerked her to a sitting position. And as he did so, she saw over his shoulder, a man leap from the other launch into theirs.

Momentarily, in the pale starlight, she saw the face of Alan Fraser as his hand reached for Giorgio's shoulder and pulled him round, his free fist smashing into the man's face.

The last thing she saw was Giorgio stagger backwards, his legs hitting the side of the launch, and then his body fall overboard. Alan was at her side, his arms taking her, holding her and lifting her.

The nightmare began to recede, though there would be moments in sleep long afterwards when it would come back, twisted, confused, full of dark shapes and the voices of Giorgio and Mrs. Ranz, and then Alan's voice, calm, yet protective.

The darkness would go as he explained the lucky chance that had made him look in the Florentine bag when he was taking it back to the hospital to the injured girl, and find in it a letter from Mrs. Ranz with full instructions of how she was to be picked up, and of how richly rewarded she would be if she played her part well . . . and Elizabeth would wake, full of relief, no longer possessed by a dark dream.

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A PARTY TO SAY THANK YOU

Teenagers' WEEKLY

SUKIYAKI is served to guests with chopsticks by pretty Japanese students (from left) Masako Horiguchi, Nobuko Fukuda, and Mariko Ono. The dish is traditionally served on top of raw egg.

JAPANESE tea ceremony is conducted in complete silence —"to empty the mind of all worries and give complete mental quietness," Nobuko Fukuda explained to Sandra Goldstein, who was hostess to her during her stay in Sydney.

● To say thanks to the Sydney people who had invited them to stay at their homes, four pretty Japanese girls recently gave a colorful and traditional sukiyaki party.

THE girls, dressed in beautiful kimonos, were part of a group of 20 Japanese university students at present visiting Australia.

"They're all exchange students and are here to study the Australian way of life," said Claus Jehne, 21, director of the Australian Overseas Student Travel Scheme at the University of N.S.W., which organises trips to Australia for overseas students.

The four hostesses and five Japanese boys at the sukiyaki party had already stayed two weeks in Sydney and were ready to move on to see other parts of Australia like the Snowy Mountain Scheme, the Barrier Reef, and cattle and sheep stations in the outback.

While they're away from Japan, the students have to gather material on subjects like the immigration policy, education system, and aboriginal situation, and will later prepare a 30-page thesis as part of their university course.

— KERRY YATES

ABOVE: Guests at the party sit Japanese style around the table with their pretty hostesses.

LEFT: Mariko Ono explains to Claus Jehne how each flower in Japanese arrangements has a special significance. The highest point of the triangle represents the sun, the middle the people, and the lowest the earth.

KIMONOS make their favorite dance — the Twist — quite difficult, the girls said. They wear them only on very special occasions. Here, at right, Masako Horiguchi dances with Haruichi Kato, and David Berman with charming Yukiko Inoue.

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Lapidary is a gem of a hobby

THOUGH neglected in the past, mineral and gemstone collecting is now well on the way to becoming a top hobby in Australia. There are lapidary or gemstone clubs in all States — about 20 in N.S.W. Age is no bar, as can be seen by attending meetings.

Besides providing great interest, collecting promotes good health through exercise and fresh air, and a possible claim to sapphires, emeralds, topazes, amethysts, opals, agates, etc.

Besides the clubs, a monthly magazine caters for the enthusiast. If you are at all interested, attend a club meeting and have a word with any member.

Without doubt you will contract the real gem fever, which will keep you from spending any spare week-end at home. And remember, Australia possesses not only opals and sapphires but also most gemstones from A to Z. — *R. Keraitis, O'Connor, A.C.T.*

Malaysian . . .

I REALLY think that Miss K. Shephard did less than justice to Malaysian schools in her recent letter. I am a trainee teacher and spent three months in India, Thailand, and Malaysia early this year, staying with families in towns and villages, just getting to know the people and their way of life.

In Malaysia most teachers are well educated and the standard is very high. Most children leave school at 14, but many go on to 16, then attend a teachers' training college for two years. There, if they fail, they must leave — not repeat.

In spite of its small population (7,000,000) and size (less than twice that of Tasmania), Malaysia has five flourishing universities at which high-school teachers train. — *S. Bennett, Hamilton, N.S.W.*

NEXT WEEK:

• Most young Hollywood actresses favor starring with handsome male stars. However, read the story — with color pictures — of the starlet whose co-stars are a lion, leopards, a python, and a monkey!

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

. . . schools

MISS SHEPHARD has absolutely no idea what our leaders are doing for the uneducated in Malaysia. Malaysia is a very young nation, but already we have established a free primary education scheme in many States.

While there may be poor conditions in jungle classrooms, this does not mean that all schools in Malaysia are backward. In fact, Malaysia has one of the highest standards of education in South-East Asia. As well as universities, there are many reputable technical and teachers' colleges and hundreds of properly organised secondary and primary schools.

Teachers will have undergone a two-to-three-year intensive training course before signing a teaching contract for five years.

We Malaysians are very grateful to Australians like Miss Shephard and her colleagues for trying to help us. — *Lilian Kim, Randwick, N.S.W.*

Call-up support

WE hear about boys protesting at being called up. My two brothers joined the Navy, and I can't say that I was pleased to see them go.

The elder just recently came home after serving in HMAS Teal in northern waters. He told us what a dangerous spot Australia is in. My younger brother joined the Navy a few months ago.

When he came home on his first leave he looked the healthiest he has ever been. I am very proud of my brothers, as they joined the Navy of their own free will. — *Sue Wemer, Croydon Park, S.A.*

BEATNIK

"He said, 'Baby, I'm going to show you the world' — then he brought out an atlas."

Sic joke

DID any other reader write the following rhyme in his Latin text book while at school? . . .

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly.
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book will still be dry.

Needless to say, I wasn't fond of Latin. — *"Wattle," Millicent, S.A.*

Recipes for success

MANY people seem to think that because a girl chooses to do a domestic science course at school she has less brainpower than the girl who does an academic or commercial course.

Surely if cooking interests one more than shorthand or Latin, one should be free to study the course where cookery predominates.

When a girl takes cookery and domestic science as school subjects, she may have in mind a career as a dietitian or cookery demonstrator. — *Eva Lichtenstein, Hawthorn, Vic.*

Science v. humanities

I WOULD like to point out to Mark Thackray that the so-called humanities do not automatically help people to understand life. I am studying physics, chemistry, and mathematics for matriculation, but the laws of this State say I must pass in two humanities to qualify.

I find I can gain reasonable marks in these two subjects (English literature and geography) by learning a series of facts on a series of topics just prior to an examination. I do not claim to be learning anything about "life" which I wouldn't learn in my ordinary reading.

However, my science subjects are demanding, and I am really learning something which will eventually enable me to do scientific work which will help many people in a material and practical way.

All the advancements of this century have been scientific and technological. The world has been explored and the continents mapped. The pioneers of the 20th century are scientists and realists.

So wake up to this fact and take your nose out of your history book. Also, there are many more openings for a person with a Science degree than with an Arts degree — even for a girl. — *Meriloy Bennett, East Devonport, Tas.*

Fun at school

ONE of the reasons why many leave school once they have reached third or fourth year, is because we do not have enough social activities at school. They feel that once they are taking an active part in the community, there will be more entertainment.

Because of this, they fail to complete their school education, which is so important if they are to be successful and have a stable future.

One of the remedies for this serious situation would be to include more dances and entertainment such as film nights or barbecues. Students whose parents would not normally allow them to attend community functions, would be permitted to attend these school functions with their school pals and teachers as chaperones.

Exchange students returning from America have remarked on the greater social entertainment offered by American schools, and the greater percentage of pupils staying on.—*Jillian Morris, Croydon, Vic.*

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY

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TEN REASONS to give a party— and TEN party IDEAS . .

By KERRY YATES

Party lines

● *Feeling dull and down-hearted? Have a party! Choose a reason and theme from these suggestions, arrange a time and place, decide on food and decor and what you'll wear — and away you go for the time of your life!*

DRIVING - LICENCE CELEBRATION. Get one of the boys to map out an easy trial route and one Sunday afternoon organise a car rally for your crowd — ending up at your house for a waffle party. For this all you'll need is a waffle iron (someone's mother is sure to have one) and a big bowl of mixture — prepared and left to stand while you're on the trial. Play records as you serve waffles piping-hot — with treacle sauce, whipped cream, and ice-cream.

TO MEET NEW BOYS. Organise a hayride and ask everyone in your crowd to bring a friend. Make inquiries to hire or borrow a big open truck and load with hay — available from a produce store. The number of guests who can travel to a bushland picnic spot will depend on size of truck, but other guests can meet there for a barbecue and go for a hayride later on. A portable radiogram can provide swinging square - dance music for guests in Western-style dress.

IT'S HALLOWE'EN! Yes, on October 31 it's that magic night when the spirits are let loose to haunt and hunt the world. So why not join their fun? Guests come dressed as ghosts, gremlins, and witches, and the party room is decorated with weird faces painted on pumpkins, brooms, paper cats, bats, and monsters. One red globe provides the ghostly light, and don't forget to burn a scented joss-stick.

YOU'RE OVER-WEIGHT. Have a party to launch a diet club. Ask the girls in your crowd one day, "Who'd like to lose six pounds before summer?" and those who would like to qualify for membership. Get the guests to bring a low-calorie recipe to swop at the party and while they're there make out membership cards —with present vital statistics and weight. Club's motto is no bread, sugar, or sweets until they can "weigh-in" six pounds lighter. Then give another party to celebrate.

THERE'S A FULL MOON. Find out the exact time and date of the next full moon and have a Japanese moon-watching party. Invite your guests to come dressed in kimonos, thong sandals, and coolie hats, and decorate the room with Japanese lanterns and loads of chrysanthemums. Serve supper — sukiyaki would be ideal — on a low table facing the window where guests can watch the full moon rise as they eat.

SUMMER'S COMING. And what's a better reason to give a boating party? Arrange a barbecue at a by-boat-only picnic spot and the crowd can meet at a boat-shed. Boys can pay for the boats and girls can bring the food and drinks, which should include potatoes (to roast in the ashes), corn cobs, bananas, and pineapple (to barbecue in tinfoil), and big juicy steaks.

YOU'RE FEELING OLD. So why not have a back-to-childhood party? The crowd come dressed as toddlers — girls in short frilly frocks, bonnets, lace-up shoes, and socks, and the boys in short pants. Party food must include baskets of boiled lollies and chocolate crackles — things that delight all little children. Games like "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" and "Oranges and Lemons" should bring back memories and also a lot of fun.

FEELING DRAB AND DREARY. Well, have a beauty party. Invite three or four of your best friends to stay at your house and have a girls' night. Do all the things you've been meaning to do for weeks. Manicure your nails, pluck your eyebrows, and give each other a facial. Try new make-up tricks and set your hair in a new style. After a toasted chicken sandwich supper, have an early night. That extra beauty sleep will do wonders for you.

A NEW FASHION. So why not have a party to launch it? As mini-dresses (short, little frocks) are IN now — why not make them the theme for your first fashion party. After a mannequin parade a prize can be awarded for the cutest outfit. And as knees play such a big role in these new fashions, here's a new idea—knee make-up. With water-paint or make-up the boys can paint faces on their girl-friends' knees and the most original drawing wins a prize.

NO REASON. That's right. There's really no need to have a reason to have fun. One night — out of the blue — invite the crowd to your house for a Polynesian Luau. Tell the guests to come Hawaiian-style, dressed in muu-muus, colored shirts, and straw hats, and decorate the room with palm leaves and loads of colored blossoms. Serve the luau — hunks of juicy barbecued steak, pineapple, ham, cheese, bananas — on grass mats on the floor. Fruit punch and Polynesian music will help make the party a swinging success.

PARTY ICE-BREAKERS

● As each guest arrives, give him or her a piece of paper with half of a pair — like eggs or bacon, oranges or lemons, needle or thread — written on it. When it's time for the first dance, each guest must seek out his partner — the one that makes up his pair.

● If it's a dancing party, get everyone acquainted with a Cinderella dance. All the girls take off one shoe and these are piled in the centre of the dance floor. Then, at a signal just before the music starts, all the boys rush to the floor, grab a shoe, trace its owner, and then partners her in the next dance.

● Beloved by young and old alike — dressing up. As guests arrive give them a newspaper parcel each containing a mixed assortment of old clothing. Then they dress up any way they like. Prize for the best — and most madly — dressed boy and girl.

THE CLASSICS

BRAHMS and FRANCK: Chamber works

THE most recent disc issued in RCA's series entitled "The Heifetz-Piatigorsky Concerts" brings together two contrasting romantic chamber works: the string Sextet No. 2, in G, by Brahms, and Cesar Franck's Quintet for piano and strings.

Both these works reflect the spirit of the period in which they were written — the second part of last century — in their melodic flow, rich harmonies, and intimate expressiveness. But of the two Cesar Franck, Belgian-born, French-resident, and strongly German-influenced, was by far the more romantic romantic.

Franck's quintet is an ardent outpouring of personal feeling almost from beginning to end; Brahms usually (as here) keeps a rein on his feelings and never lets them get the better of the musical design. This is one reason why he is by a very long measure the greater composer of the two.

The players include Heifetz (violin), Primrose (viola), Piatigorsky (cello), and Leonard Pennaria (piano). The performances, always technically brilliant, are more sympathetic to the style of the music than was the case with some of the more "classical" works earlier in the series.

This disc, like its companions, originated from a series of public recitals given in California four years ago, but it should be stressed that they are studio-made recordings, not "live" recordings taken from the actual recitals. (The latter type is seldom satisfactory.) — MARTIN LONG.

ROUND ROBIN

FROM RED TAPE WITH LOVE

● **Newspapers recently carried the story that experts had measured the vital statistics of 250 women public servants in Sydney.**

THE explanation given was that experts needed the data to design better office furniture.

Don't let that jazz fool you. Behind the seemingly innocent story lies the amazing tale of how one of the greatest criminal attempts in history was foiled.

I know—because I was involved in the whole nasty business.

I can reveal now that I am really a special agent, Robin Adair, Chanel No. 005, licensed to lady-kill.

I had just finished a job on which I stopped a mad genius putting covers—called modesty panels—on the fronts of secretaries' desks to stop blokes looking at their legs.

With the help of a beautiful girl spy, Calf Galore, I beat that one.

Jim Bond was out of favor—ever since he met Dr. No he had become a bit of a yes-man—so I copped the new job.

"Look here, Chanel No. 005," said the chief, "we've uncovered a plot to steal all the girls in the Public Service."

I crossed my knife edge-creased silk pyjama legs—darn it, I knew I'd forgotten something that morning—and nodded.

This would be the work of that evil master-criminal who was always pinching girls—Boldfinger.

The solution was so easy.

Boldfinger was posing as a public servant.

I sabotaged his office's morning and afternoon tea trolley and made him write an office memo using Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage.

He hanged himself with red tape.

— Robin Adair

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Timid boyfriend

"I HAVE a very extraordinary problem. Please do not laugh. My boyfriend is very thoughtful and kind and he often tells me he is in love with me — but he is too timid and has never held my hand or even kissed me. He sits in the pictures with his hands in his pockets or his arms folded. I know I love him. I am 16 and he is 17. I do not want to embarrass him by encouraging him, so what should I do?"

"Timid," Vic.

Don't do anything — he'll come round in time. Boys, despite what most girls think, are often much shyer than girls in this age group. Be pleased that you have such a pleasant relationship, and bide your time. If you really want to you could reach out and take HIS hand in the pictures sometimes. But leave it at that until he plucks up courage.

Stupid defiance

"MY parents are strict teetotallers and rule me with a rod of iron. By a great deal of persuasion I was recently allowed to attend a mixed party. Her parents are very broadminded and allowed a moderate amount of alcohol. This would have been all right had some of the boys not brought their own. I was very weak-willed and allowed myself to join a car-load who drove off and drank heavily for the rest of the night. Consequently, I went home pretty well drunk and my parents were furious. Now I'm not allowed out anywhere unless with one of my parents. I am 18 and this is my first mistake. Do you think my parents are fair to judge me for one wrong?"

"Belittled," S.A.

Any parent, teetotaller or not, would be furious. You defied them in the very thing that means most to them and spoilt what could have been your chance for more freedom if you had handled it responsibly. I can understand that it would take them a long time to trust you again, and can you blame them if the first time they do loosen the reins you bungle it so stupidly?

The only way you can make amends is to be sincerely sorry, and to accept their punishment. After a while say you would like to have a party at home to show them that you do know how to behave.

Financial security

"MY boyfriend and I plan to become engaged. However, he insists on paying not less than £200 for an engagement ring. My mother and I both feel that a ring worth £50 would have the same meaning and sentiment and also we realise that £150 would help us on the way to financial security. I have argued and argued about this, but he insists he wants the best for me. I really do appreciate his attitude, but please advise me how to change his mind, as I feel it is an unnecessary waste."

"Economist," A.C.T.

It is hard to answer your letter because, of course, in theory you are right. But I can't help but feel that it's a shame that you are not delighted rather than just appreciative of "his attitude." It is a tremendous compliment that he thinks more highly of you than he does of "financial security," and I think you should accept it gracefully and try to save money on something else.

No good points

"I'VE so many things that worry me I just don't know where to start. The thing that worries me most is that I have very dark hairs on my upper lip and awful veins on my legs and face. My legs are much too fat as well and much too much hair, even though it's fair. It shows through my stockings. There's not one good thing about me, but if you would be kind enough to help me there may be one good point. I'm only 15½ and I would really like to stop these things. I've never needed help like this before. As you can see, I can't even write good."

"Ugly," Qld.

The first thing to do is ask your mother to take you to a reputable beautician. Pick out one from the phone book if you have no other way of choosing one. Failing that, you could approach a trained cosmetician at a chemist shop. She will explain to you how to use a depilatory cream on the superfluous hair. You can also buy creams that will take the hairs off your legs, or abrasive mittens. You should see a doctor about the veins. In the meantime, ask the beautician about a light make-up that will help hide them.

As far as writing is concerned, you should look up in a dictionary every word you can't spell, ask someone to correct your grammar, and practise your writing until it looks neater and is easier to read.

Don't get down-hearted about your faults, real or imagined, until you have done everything possible to correct them. And don't be afraid to ask people for help.

Teachers, doctors, and people trained in other specific fields will be happy to do everything they can.

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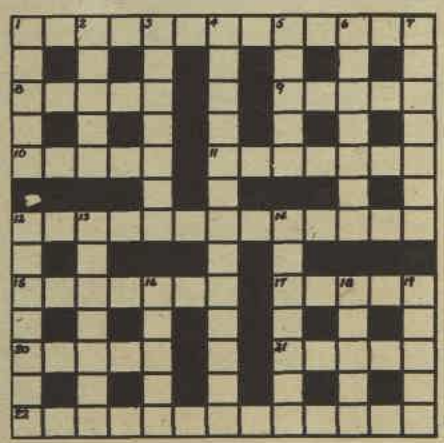
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

A STRANGE MAN is found unconscious in the sea by Mandrake, Narda, and Lothar while they are on a cruise. He is rescued and, after being revived begins to talk. NOW READ ON.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Hazardous attempt of doubtful issue (4, 2, 3, 4).
8. To be loquacious (5).
9. Essential to organic life (5).
10. Bounding line (5).
11. Aged rag (anagr., 7).
12. University degree (13).
15. A signal success (7).
17. Bulky beer (5).
20. Express in spoken or written words (5).
21. I dial for a famous epic poem (5).
22. Do they read only the headlines? (13).

DOWN

1. Part of a coat-breast folded back (5).
2. Excite with fear (5).
3. Sloth (7).
4. Concerns the art of printing (13).
5. Young fish, which can revel (5).
6. Island in the Leeward group, West Indies (7).
7. A variety of North American ring-plover (7).
12. Beat soundly, starting with a wager (7).
13. Make a shrill rattling noise, mainly with a brood of animals (7).
14. Being without motion (7).
16. Feeble-minded person with a letter in the moon (5).
18. Leaves out where Tom is (5).
19. The sun influences them and the moon, too (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.

3490.—Young Junior and Teen long-sleeved shift with self ruffles. Sizes 30, 30½, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- inc. postage.

3461.—Pretty shirtmaker (centre above) with lined bodice and skirt, sheer sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 inc. postage.

3435.—Semi-fitted, slightly A-line dress (below) with wide sleeves. Optional, detachable roll collar and ribbon bow. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3431.—Semi-fitted dress, front zippered to below waist, top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- inc. postage.

3486.—Useful pattern for 2 to 6X (centre below). Back-buttoned, long-sleeved dress, and sleeveless front-buttoned dress. Sizes 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest. Price 5/- inc. postage.

3474.—Large-size range, semi-fitted jacket with A-line skirt (below). Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

	DESIGN	SIZE
NAME		
ADDRESS		

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Bushells
THE TEA OF FLAVOR

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents

Cake Decorating

PART 2

● This book completes our guide to the fascinating art of Cake Decorating, which we introduced in Part I published last week. Included are directions for many beautiful piped flowers, fancy decorative piping, flowers on wire, bluebirds, sugar bells, cornelli and clipper work, and pretty moulded fruit, vegetables.

BASKET OF FLOWERS CAKE uses the designs given in this book. Directions on page 16.

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PIPED FLOWERS

● All piped designs in this book use royal icing, either white or colored as desired.

FLOWERS can be piped on to flower nails (see picture on this page) or on to heavy waxed paper, greaseproof paper, or lightly waxed luncheon paper.

All should be well greased with white vegetable shortening to ensure easy removal of the flower.

White vegetable shortening is used for all greasing for cake decorating. Any other greasing substance will perish the royal icing and will also discolor white royal icing.

Flower nails can be bought at stores where cake-decorating equipment is sold. A plain board, with holes drilled, is useful for drying flowers piped on nails and for storing nails when not in use.

Otherwise, insert nails with piped flowers into the rind of a halved orange, or apple or thick piece of stale bread; set aside until dry.

To remove flowers from nails when dry, place board (or fruit or bread pierced with nails) into a very cool oven—with the door open. Watch until shortening just shows signs of melting.

If the oven is too hot, or the flowers left in too long, the icing will soften and the petals will break as soon as they are touched.

Remove from oven and, with tip of pointed knife, lift gently on to piece of light towelling; allow to cool before touching or handling. Finish off flowers by piping in the centre and tinting petals.

The petal shapes used when piping roses are also used, with variations, for petals of most other flowers.

Flower petals are piped with No. 20 petal tubes (small, medium, or large, depending on size of flower).

Two-Tone Icing: Some piped flowers will have a more natural effect if they are piped with two-tone royal icing. Leaves are very often piped in two-tone to give autumn colorings.

To make this two-tone icing, screw tube on bag, fold top of bag back in usual way, and place tube flat on table.

Place small amount of one-color royal icing on inside or heel of bag, keeping well clear of centre. Then slip knife blade containing contrasting icing down other side of bag.

Close bag and gradually ease icing down until it shows at tip of tube.

For autumn leaves, use green royal icing with deep pink, orange, or brown contrasting icing.

For flowers, any natural blending of colors can be used.

To Color Piped Flowers: To gain a more natural effect with piped flowers it may be necessary to tip, tint, or paint flowers when dry. This is done with a very fine, soft paintbrush and food coloring.

If coloring is too bright it can be diluted with water to desired shade.

Note: In our Cake Decorating Book, Part 1, published last week, we gave recipes for royal icing, fondant, almond paste, and sugar syrup; for fruit cakes suitable for decorations and basic directions for piping work.

FLOWER NAILS are used as a base on which to pipe and dry flowers.

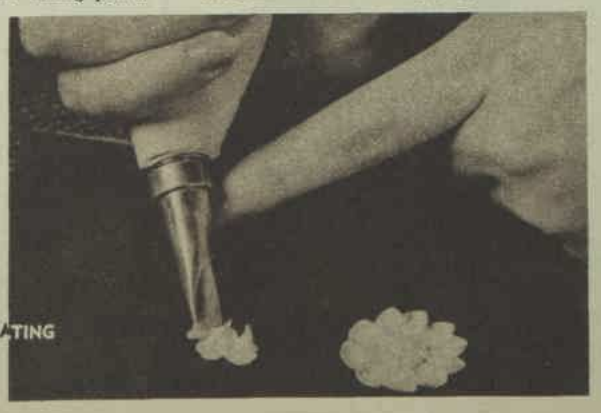
PANSY

With large No. 20 tube and royal icing, pipe one petal slightly to right, letting icing pleat a little. Pipe next petal in same way but to left and overlapping first petal slightly.

Repeat these 2 petals once, as shown in picture.

Reverse nail or paper, and pipe large petal for base of flower. Pipe 2 dots drawn to slight point in centre of flower with No. 0 writing tube.

Tint desired color, paint in veins when flower is dry.



HOLD BAG in this position (right) to pipe flowers on paper.

FOR PANSIES (at right) use real flowers as a guide to color.

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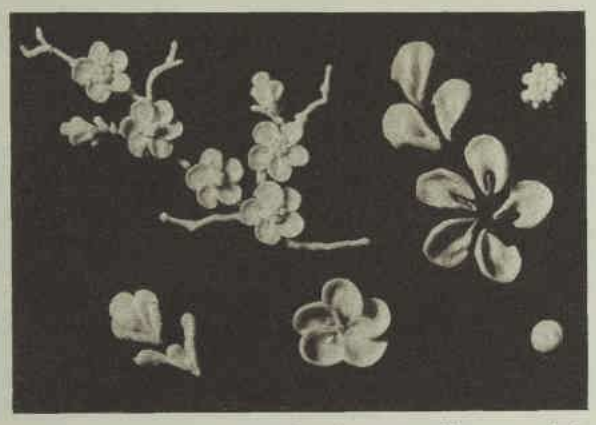


BLOSSOM is shown in the stages of piping and final spray.

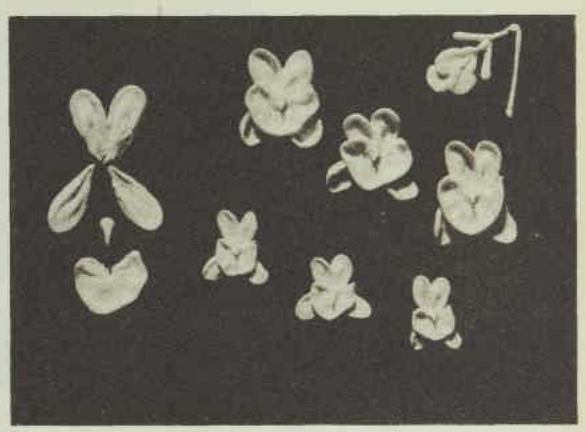
BLOSSOMS

Using small No. 20 tube, pipe 5 small petals slightly overlapping. With No. 0 writing tube, pipe large dot in centre of blossom; allow to dry slightly, then cover with small dots to form centre of flower.

Blossoms can be piped with pale pink or two-tone (pink and white) royal icing, with centres of lemon royal icing.

When dry, tip centres with orange food coloring, using fine paintbrush. Arrange blossoms in sprays with brown stems, piped with No. 00 or No. 0 writing tube, and with green or two-tone leaves.

Blossom Buds: Pipe one petal with No. 20 tube, then pipe 2 petals with same tube, slightly to side and covering bottom of first petal, as shown in picture.



VIOLETS (right) in the stages of piping and in the various sizes.

VIOLETS

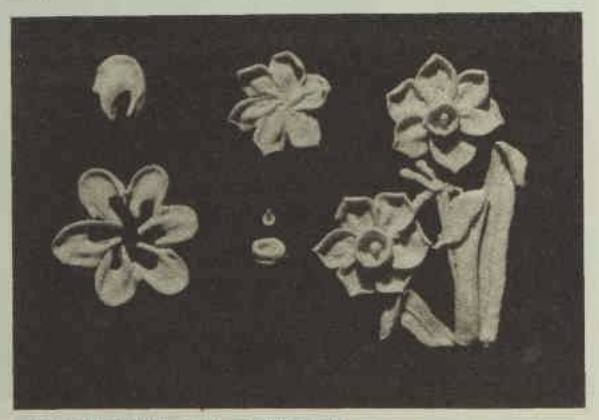
With small No. 20 tube and royal icing, pipe 2 long petals together. Reverse nail or waxed paper and pipe another 2 petals slightly apart, as shown in picture.

Pipe a petal in semicircle over base petals. With No. 0 writing tube, pipe a dot in centre of flower.

When dry, tint, paint in veins, and tint centre dot yellow.

Violet Bud: Pipe as for blossom buds. Pipe a green calyx and stem.

Leaf for Violet or Waterlily: Using large No. 20 tube, pipe complete circle of icing, moving paper or nail round as you pipe.



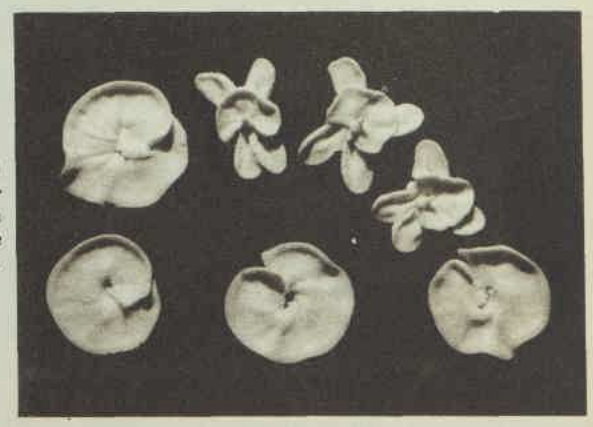
NARCISSUS or jonquil, showing the separate sections and sprays.

NARCISSUS OR JONQUIL

Using large No. 20 tube, pipe 6 large petals together. Pinch or shape tips of petals as they dry. With No. 1 writing tube, pipe trumpet of flower, starting with dot and graduating to large circle, as for hollyhocks.

When dry, tip trumpets with orange food coloring, and petals with green food coloring, using fine paintbrush.

Jonquil Leaves: Using No. 17 leaf tube and green royal icing, pipe straight line, turning over at top to form pointed leaf tip.



LEAVES (right) for violet or waterlily, with violets to give idea of size.

Continued overleaf

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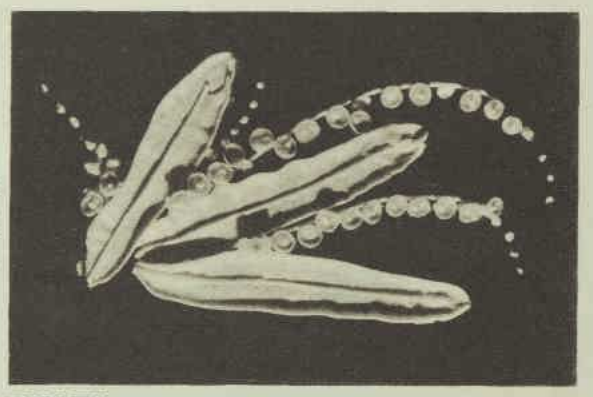
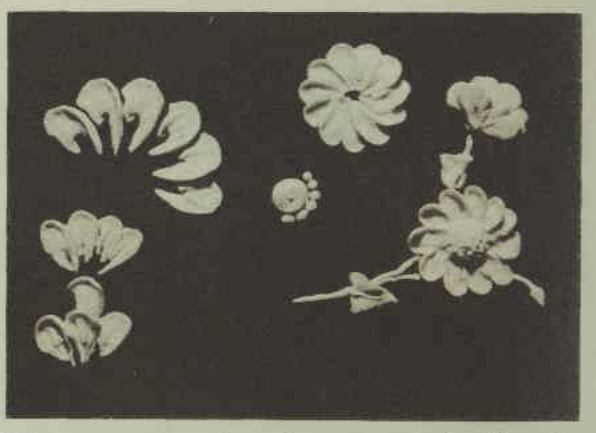
PIPED FLOWERS . . .
. . . continued



SPRAY of lily of the valley has flowers made of melted candle.



DAISIES (right) are very popular as decorations. Centres are dots.

LILY OF THE VALLEY

Light a plain-edged (unfluted) household candle. Hold candle on its side and move slowly over a saucer of cold water, letting the drops of wax fall into water. The wax will form little bells resembling lily flowers.

Hold candle approximately 1½in. above saucer of water. If drops of wax flatten out instead of forming a bell, candle is being held too high above water.

Lift flowers from water with fork, allow to dry on clean towels. Store in clean matchboxes until needed.

When assembling lily sprays, pipe line of green royal icing, using No. 0 tube. While line is still wet, and using same tube, pipe small dot inside wax bell.

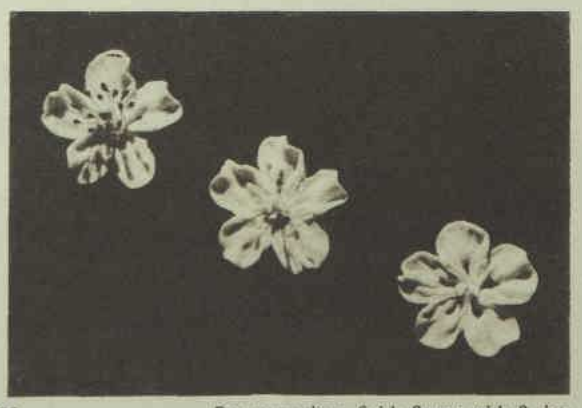
Do not remove tube but lift bell, holding it on end of tube, and place gently on to icing line. Draw tube away. Finish sprays with graduating dots to resemble buds; then pipe leaves.

Lily of the Valley Leaves: Using medium petal tube No. 20, pipe straight line. Turn edges up slightly as leaf dries. Pipe line of royal icing down centre of leaf with No. 0 tube.

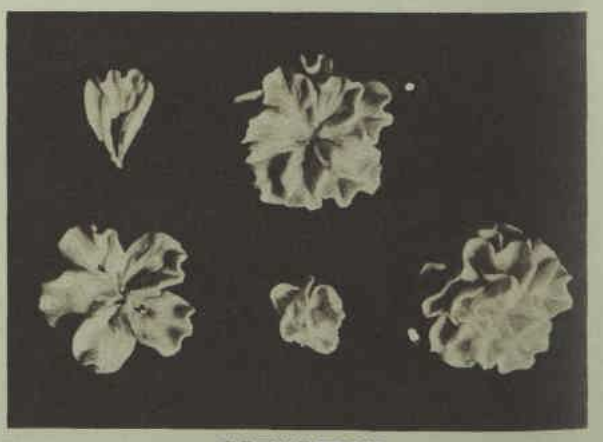
DAISY

With large No. 20 tube, pipe 11 petals together in circle, moving waxed paper or nail round as you work. Fill centre with large dot of icing, using No. 1 writing tube, and cover completely with smaller dots.

Daisy Bud: Pipe 4 petals in a line. Pipe another row of 3 petals on top, three-quarters covering first row.



POPPY, nasturtium, and hibiscus are all piped in the same way.



CARNATION (right) is soft, pretty, contains pleated petals.

POPPY

This flower is also used for hibiscus and nasturtium. To make it, pipe 5 petals similar to the first row of petals for carnations, but do not pleat as much.

For nasturtium, finish flower with 2 dots drawn to a slight peak. Tint when dry.

For poppy and hibiscus, add large dot of icing and stamens. Tint flowers when dry.

CARNATION

Pipe 5 petals with large No. 20 tube, pleating them a little by gently pushing or shaking tube. Then, with medium No. 20 tube, pipe smaller petals to lie in between first petals. Pipe 3 pleated petals for centre. Tint when dry.

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SWEET PEAS make a colorful decoration on cakes in sprays.

SWEET PEA

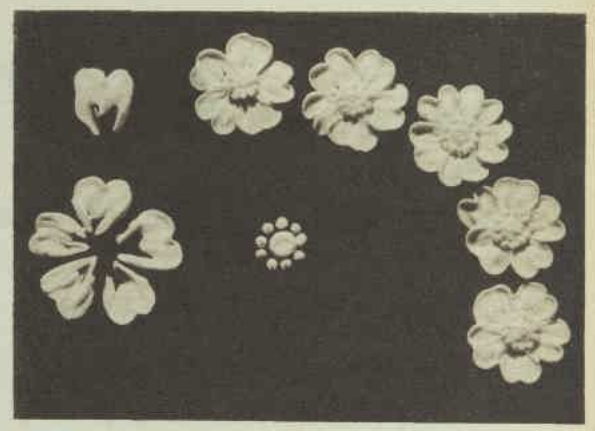
Pipe large petal in semicircle, using large No. 20 tube and allowing the petal to pleat slightly.

Pipe next 2 petals as for pansy on page 2, one to left, then one to right, overlapping the first slightly. Then pipe horseshoe-shaped petal at base.

For centre, using same petal pipe, pipe up and down 2 or 3 times in the one spot.

Finish with green calyx by piping 3 lines up and down from centre base.

WILD ROSE (at right) blends well with other flowers in a group, always looks pretty.

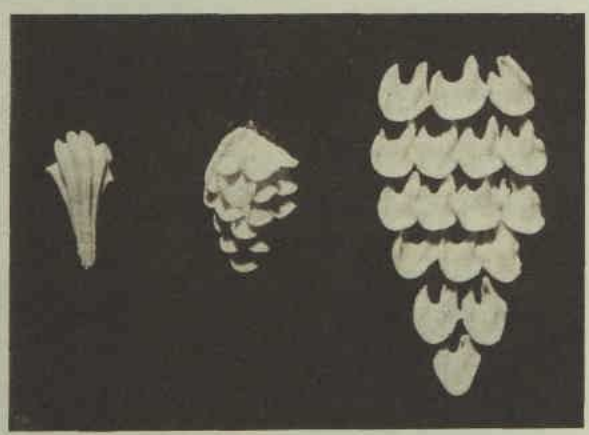


WILD ROSE

Pipe 5 heart-shaped petals with No. 20 medium tube by piping half the petal, then drawing tube down slightly and then pushing it back up to complete piping petal. This gives heart shape at top of petal.

Finish flowers with large dot of icing covered with smaller dots.

WISTERIA flowers are piped over a shell base to give support.



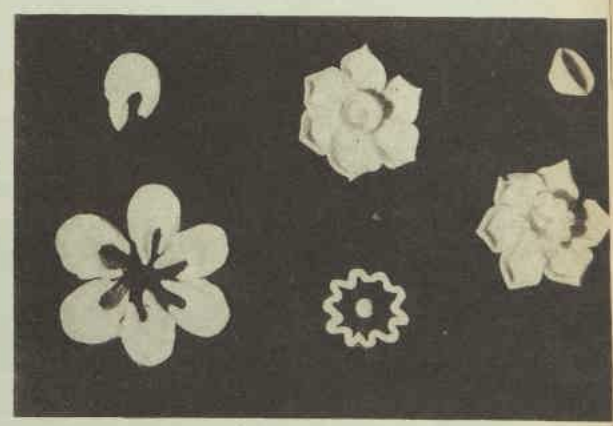
WISTERIA

With No. 12 shell tube, pipe single shell on waxed paper laid on flat tray; this is foundation for the flower.

Reverse paper, then, with small No. 20 tube, pipe one petal over base of shell.

Next pipe 2 petals, one to right and one to left, slightly covering base of first petal Continue, following picture, until flower is complete.

DAFFODILS (at right) make a colorful and unusual trimming.



DAFFODIL

Pipe as for jonquil on page 3. Finish trumpet with fluted edge, made by piping zigzag line with No. 1 writing tube.

Tip trumpet with orange food coloring when dry.

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ADVANCED PIPING

● Now you will be eager to try this beautiful and more expert piping work.

BRIDGE OR EXTENSION WORK

This type of delicate decoration is popular for base designs of many cakes. A very smooth-textured royal icing is needed. Tubes used are usually No. 0 or No. 00 writing tubes.

The first step is to build out rows of scallops at base of cake. With band of greaseproof paper, measure round sides of cake. Then fold paper over, back and forth, until it is reduced to desired size of scallops. Place measured paper again round cake, and mark off the spaces with pin.

Join pin marks with row of piped loops, letting loops fall ⅛in. away from cake board.

Allow each row of scallops to dry before piping next row on top. Continue in this way until at least 6 rows have been built out from cake. Pipe a guide line approximately ⅜in. above scallops.

A simpler method for scallops at base of cake is to roll out some fondant and cut into strips wide enough for the foundation. Measure length of a scallop, and cut fondant strips to this length. Place over dowel rod or rounded object of required diameter and allow to dry out (see picture on opposite page).

Attach to cake with royal icing. Clean away any icing which has squeezed out and proceed with bridgework.

It is wise when first attempting bridgework to have cake slightly tilted (top toward you and base away). The piped lines will then hang in vertical position away from cake sides.

Sometimes, when piping lines on untilted cake, the lines tend to sag in toward cake.

The actual bridgework is then done by piping lines of royal icing from top guide line, drawing thread down and securing to scallop below.

To have a neat appearance when finished these lines must be spaced evenly, the width of a piped line between each thread.

Finish off top edge with line of snail's trail or with edging of piped lace pieces. Finish base with row of small herringbone trail.

NET with piped designs for leaves and for the butterfly.

PIPING ON NET

Cut pattern from paper, then cut it again from net, using pattern as guide.

Place paper pattern on tray which has been greased with white vegetable shortening. Smear thin layer of vegetable shortening over pattern and cover with square of waxed paper. Smooth out paper carefully, leaving no ridges or air bubbles.

Dip net into sugar syrup (recipe for this is in first Cake Decorating book), moistening it well. Lift out and place on towel, open out and gently blot away excess syrup. Holes clogged with syrup will, when dry, have white spots that will spoil your work.

Place net accurately on top of pattern. With No. 1 writing tube, pipe design on to net, following pattern.

BUTTERFLY

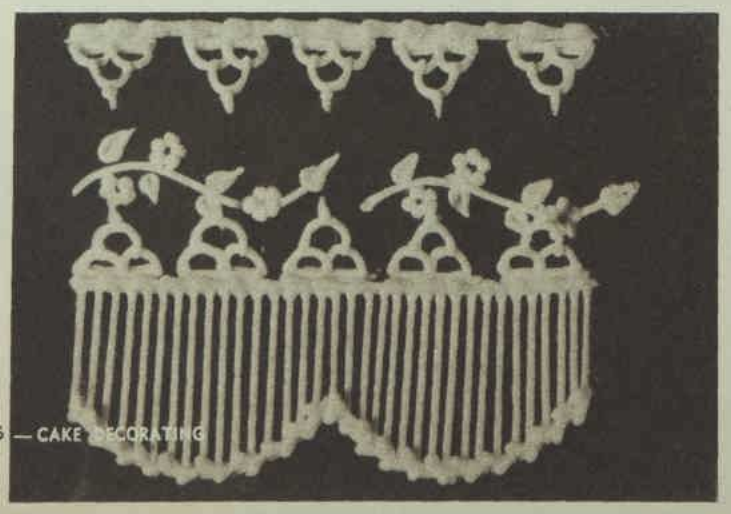
Follow directions above for pattern cutting and placing. Pipe in veins on wings and wing edges. Pipe feelers separately on to waxed paper.

When wings have dried, place tray over gentle heat and melt vegetable shortening. Slide waxed paper with wings carefully off tray on to towel. Now reverse and slowly peel off paper. Do not handle wings until they have cooled.

Using No. 5 shell tube, pipe row of 3 shells, squeezing a little harder for centre one. Draw out third shell longer to form tail. This forms the body.

Place wings in position, stand tubes beneath wings for support until dry. Place feelers in front of head shell. Pipe 3 more shells on top of first shells to complete body.

TWO BRIDGEWORK SECTIONS, completed, are shown below. Note the decorative finishing details.



BUTTERFLY enlarged to show piping. Pipe body, feelers separately.

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TIGER LILY

Cut out 6 petal shapes from paper, then from net. Follow directions in Piping on Net opposite for combining net and pattern.

Place petals over ⅜in. dowel rod that has been wrapped with wax paper and greased with white vegetable shortening. Pipe lines and dots with No. 1 writing tube. Allow to dry, then slide petals off dowel rod.

Place dab of icing on square of waxed paper laid on flat tray. Arrange 3 petals. Insert second row of petals between these 3. See picture as guide to placing petals. Flowers can also be assembled directly on to cake.

Finish with stamens. These can be bought from millinery departments of large stores or from any shop which sells equipment for cake decorating.

Leaves: Cut pattern in leaf shapes and follow basic directions.

BOOTEES

Cut pattern from thin cardboard in shape of foot. Roll piece of fondant out ¾in. thick. Lay cardboard pattern on fondant and carefully cut out with sharp-pointed knife.

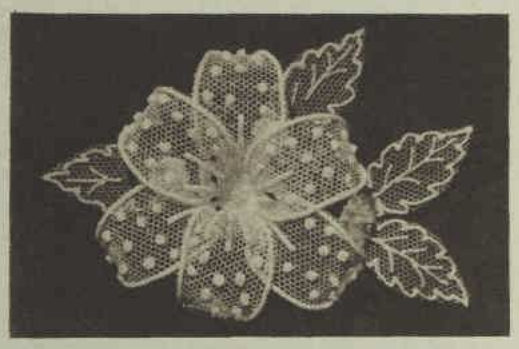
Place fondant shape on waxed paper to dry, then mark in ankle sections with heavy pencil.

Using No. 5 shell tube, pipe downward round side of bootee, pushing tube in and out to give pleated effect.

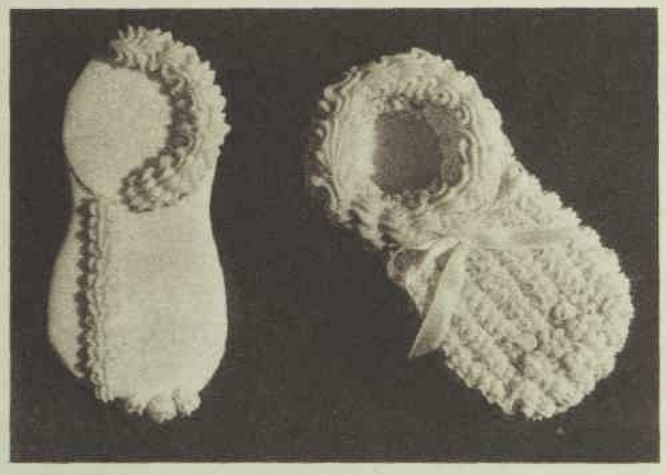
To pipe the top, start at toe and pipe back in rows, pushing in and out as you proceed. Change to No. 8 shell tube and pipe circle round ankle on marked line. Repeat 3 times, working one row on top of the other.

Cut 7 pieces of very narrow baby ribbon in ¾in. lengths. Fold in half and, with tweezers, insert into icing round ankle at intervals.

Finish with bow and forget-me-nots, with few green leaves at toe. Repeat for second bootee.



TIGER LILIES have six petals, and leaves of piped net. See directions above for this flower.



BOOTEE, partly piped with ankle marked in pencil as a guide to piping work, and the completed bootee.

LACE PIECES

Picture shows variations of basic lace pieces given in our first Cake Decorating book. Use very fine No. 0 or No. 00 writing tubes for this work.

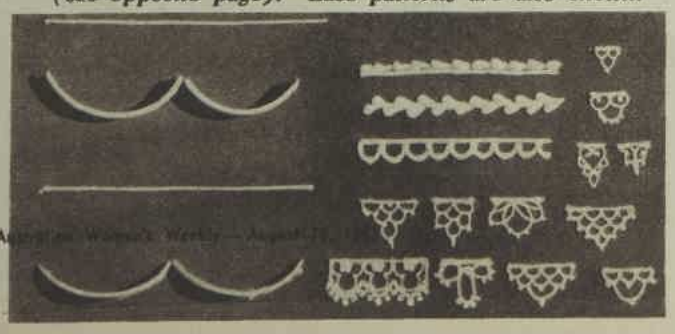
Always use freshly made royal icing for lace piping. If tube blocks when piping and prevents flow of icing, do not force a pin into tube opening to remove blockage. Take tube off and clean it from screw end. Poking pins or wire into a fine tube opening will ruin it.

Pipe lace on to heavy waxed paper, piping guide line first, then loops; finish with dots where necessary. Allow to dry overnight.

To remove from paper, bend paper back and, with point of knife or fingernail, lift lace piece off paper.

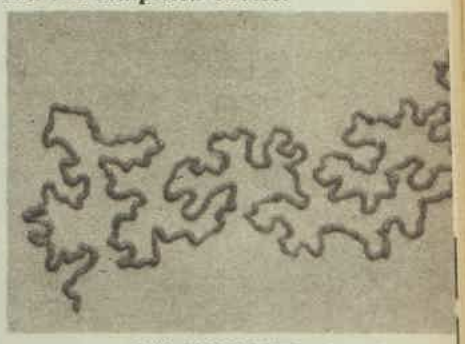
Lace is usually the last decoration attached to cake. It is delicate and breaks very easily.

FONDANT shaped into scallops as guide to bridgework (see opposite page). Lace patterns are also shown.



CORNELLI WORK

Select area on cake to be covered by cornelli work. Then, with No. 0 or No. 00 writing tube and royal icing, pipe unbroken, twisting line to cover this area as shown in picture.



CORNELLI WORK (right) is an unbroken line of piping.

Continued overleaf

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ADVANCED PIPING . . . . concluded

TEARDROP EDGING

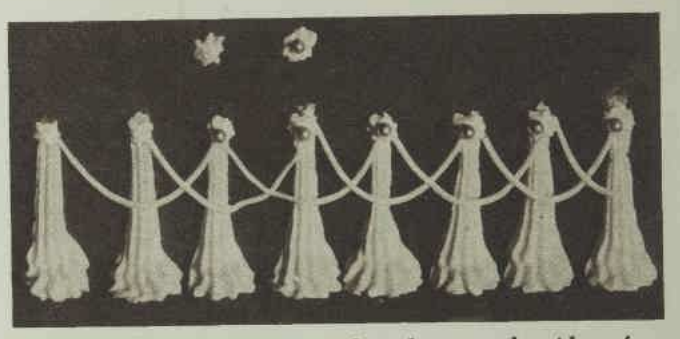
Take long thread of cotton and tie round cake 1½in. up from base. Along this line mark off ¾in. spaces.

Work over cake from top. With No. 12 shell pipe and royal icing, touch down with pipe at base of cake, squeeze hard, and steadily draw tube up to line of cotton thread, easing off pressure as you rise. Repeat at next ¾in. marking and continue round cake.

Then with No. 2 writing tube, and contrasting icing if desired, commence at No. 1 peak, draw icing thread across and attach to peak No. 3.

From peak No. 2, draw thread to peak No. 4, by crossing over top of peak 3. Continue round cake.

Finish top of peak off with star of icing and colored cachou.



TEARDROP EDGING is used to decorate the sides of cakes. Each teardrop is topped with a silver cachou.

BLUE BIRDS, WHITE DOVES

A firm royal icing is needed for piped birds, because the feathers must show their individual lines to look effective when finished.

The Wings: With No. 1, No. 0 or No. 00 writing tube, pipe top feather for wing, starting at shoulder end. Pipe the "s" curve at end of wing and, without breaking icing thread, turn and pipe back over line to shoulder, forming double line.

Pipe second feather in same way. Begin beside first feather and pipe to same length, then pipe back over line to just over half-way; carry piped line up on to first feather.

Pipe 4 graduating feathers in same way, overlapping each other at shoulder edge.

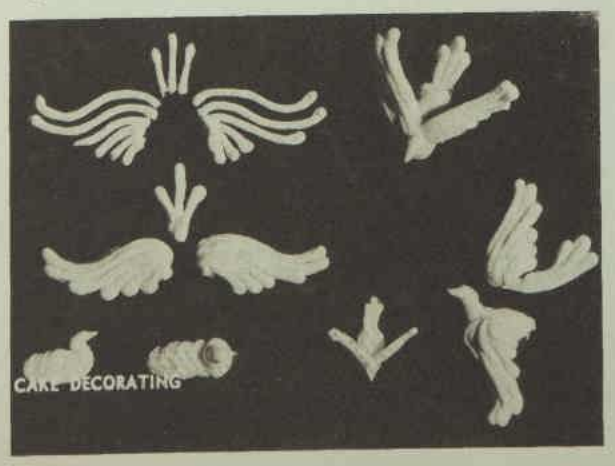
Pipe pair of wings for each bird and three-feathered tailpiece as shown in picture. Leave to dry 24 hours before assembling.

Body of Bird: This is a bulb of icing squeezed on to waxed paper by steadily moving tube toward you. Gradually lift tube, squeezing all the time, to form neck and head of bird. Holding tube steady and at right angles to neck, release pressure and pull tube away to form bird's beak.

Place tail and wings in position while body is still wet. Beak can be painted with yellow food coloring, and eyes with black food coloring.

Bird in Flight: This can be piped on to wax paper or straight on to side of cake. Pipe first wing in position and immediately behind it, pipe the tail. Squeeze body underneath wing and tail, draw up head and beak. Pipe on outside wing.

SECTIONS OF BIRD which fit together to form tiny ornament, and (below, right) a bird in flight.



DOMES

A finely piped dome is very useful as centre decoration on top of cake. With white vegetable shortening, grease upturned patty tin or section of egg-poaching pan or small, round mould.

With No. 1 writing tube and royal icing, begin with centre line and pipe across tin, keeping lines even. When dry, pipe cross lattice.

Broken and mended lines give patchy look to finished appearance of work, so avoid these if possible.

Finish dome with small shell edge piped around base with No. 5 shell tube.

Leave 24 hours for icing to set. With lighted match, warm inside of tin, taking care to keep flame well within rim or icing will scorch.

A tiny click will be heard as icing is freed from tin. With the edge of fingernail gently lift dome.

It should lift off easily, but if it is stubborn, light another match and watch vegetable shortening (used to grease moulds) for signs of melting.

Handle domes with great care. Leave on towel until cool.

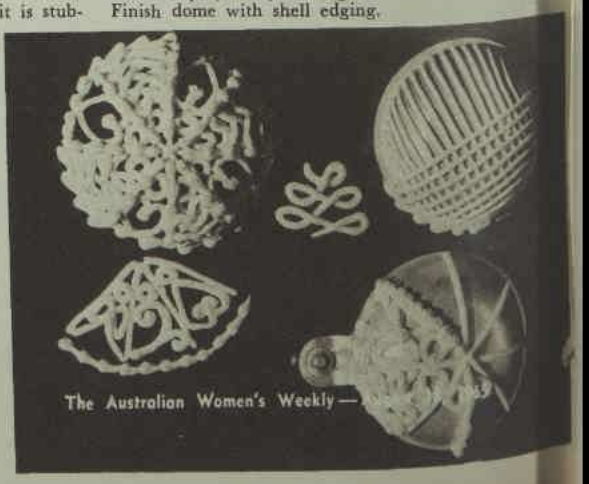
Variation of Domes: Prepare tin or mould with vegetable shortening. With No. 5 shell tube, pipe in divisions — centre, quarters, eighths. Lightly press down peak made at top from overlapping dividing lines. These dividing lines are later finished off with No. 5 shells or stars.

In the top of each section pipe a circle, using same tube. Then in every second section, pipe panel of braid by piping the way you would write capital L or £ sign.

Continue down tin, broadening out to base, each loop lying slightly on one above, as shown in picture.

Alternate spaces can be filled in with heart shapes, bows, or design of own choice. Finish dome with shell edging.

DOMES (right) with sections filled in with lattice, braidwork, and hearts,



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Flowers on wire

FOR wire work, flowers are piped in royal icing on to straight lengths of wire. When flowers are dry, the wire can be bent slightly to give more realism to the sprays.

RED-HOT POKER

With No. 2 writing tube and apricot royal icing, build up foundation on 6in. lengths of flower wire by piping 4 lines half-way down wire.

From the wire end, pipe 4 lines half-way up first lines. This gives extra base padding for flower.

Using No. 1 writing tube and commencing at covered top of wire, pipe cluster of small dots to resemble buds. Then begin to pull dots to a point for flowers.

Continue in this way, gradually making dots larger until approximately 2-3rds of piped lines is covered. Change to No. 2 writing tube and continue to pipe drawn dots until flower is completed.

BLOSSOMS

Pipe blossoms on to waxed paper (see Piped Flowers on page 2); remove when dry. Place pieces of wire on waxed paper, place blossoms in position, securing to wire with small dot of royal icing.

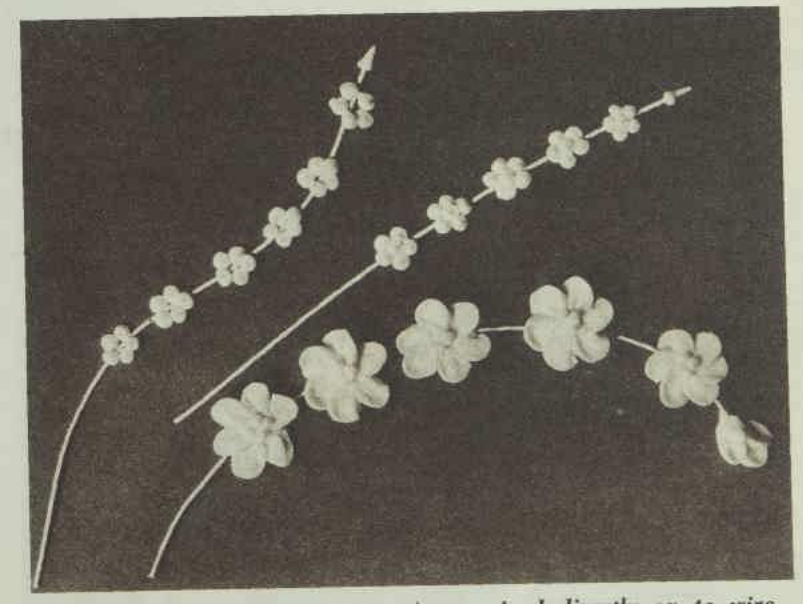
Allow to dry, then remove wire stem from waxed paper and squeeze dot of icing over exposed wire on back of flowers. This secures flowers strongly to wire.

● Sprays of flowers piped on wire can be filled into little baskets to top cakes.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

Cut wire into 4in. lengths. Place on waxed paper. With No. 0 or No. 00 writing tube, commence with dot at tip of wire, then pipe flowers at even spaces down wire. Fill centre, if desired, with contrasting colored dots.

***RED-HOT POKER** has a base padding composed of icing piped on to the wire. Small dots of icing are then piped on to base.*



***FORGET-ME-NOTS** (top sprays) are piped directly on to wire. Blossoms (lower spray) are piped separately, then attached.*

LILY OF THE VALLEY AND LAVENDER

Place 5in. piece of wire on waxed paper. With No. 1 writing tube, pipe a pulled dot at tip of wire. Continue down both sides of wire, piping pulled dots at ¼in. intervals. Then pipe a row down centre.

When flower has dried, remove from paper, reverse and pipe row of pulled dots up centre of flat side. This gives a three-dimensional effect.

Continued overleaf

***LILY OF THE VALLEY** (below), piped on to a wire, is a delicate decoration. Lavender flowers can be piped in the same way.*

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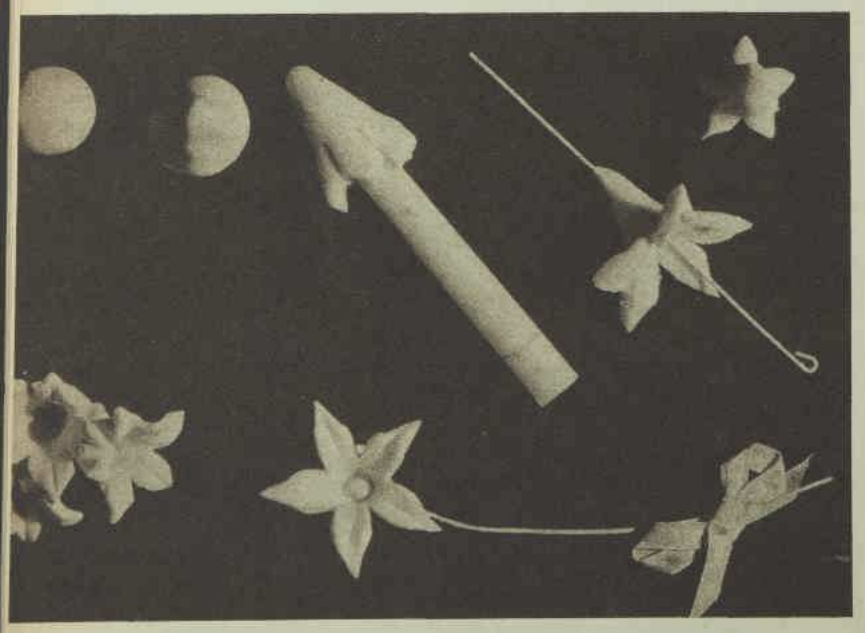
BLUEBELLS AND HYACINTHS

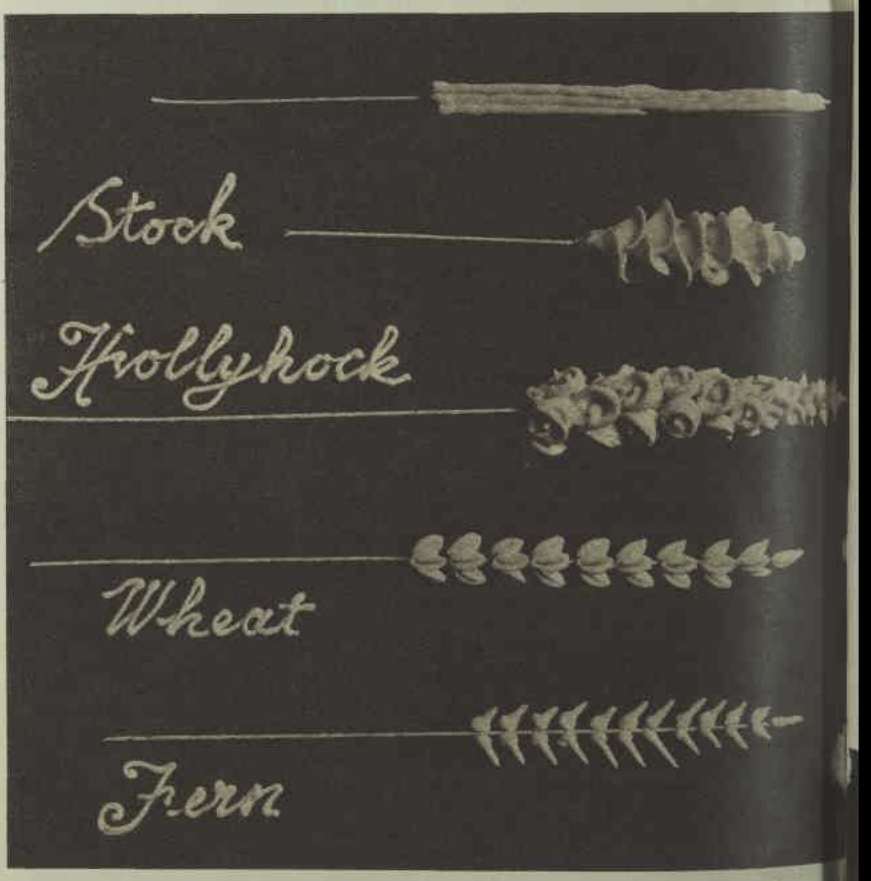
Take a piece of fondant the size of a green pea. Roll into ball, place on top of rounded end of a pencil which has been dipped in cornflour. Work down over pencil tip until a tube is formed. With sharp-pointed knife, cut 5 spaces. Cut off corners to form petals.

Remove from pencil and pinch each petal to a tip. Fold back and mark vein with knife.

Cut pieces of wire into 4in. lengths. Roll tip over slightly and dip in a little royal icing to form a plug. Insert through centre of flower, pinch fondant on to wire. Pipe a lemon dot of icing in centre of flower to hold wire in firmly. Stand flower in jar to dry. Tint with diluted food coloring when dry.



VARIOUS STAGES of modelling and assembling the bluebells are shown above. Hyacinths are made and wired in the same way.



STOCK AND HOLLYHOCKS are piped on to wire, first padded with icing. Wheat and fern are piped on to the unpadded wire.

OTHER DESIGNS

Stock: Pad wire with piped lines, then, using medium No. 20 petal tube, pipe petals as for roses, drawing petals down the wire.

Hollyhocks: Pad wire with piped lines as for red-hot pokers on this page. Pipe hollyhocks as shown in Book No. 1, graduating them down the wire.

Wheat: Place wire on waxed paper. Hold small No. 20 petal tube and bag with cream royal icing close to wire. Squeeze bag, release pressure and withdraw tube. Continue down the wire as shown in picture.

Fern: With No. 1 writing tube, pipe drawn dots down both sides of the wire.

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Novelty methods

● On this and the following page are four different methods of decorating.

Flooded work

THIS is a very good way to decorate cakes, especially for children. Nursery rhyme books can be used for designs and ideas.

With sharp pencil trace design required on to tracing paper. Lay patterns on flat tray and fasten at the four corners with a little royal icing. Over this place piece of waxed paper, secure at corners with royal icing.

With royal icing and No. 0 or No. 1 writing tube outline pattern with row of piping. Allow to dry completely. Try to do outline in unbroken line.

Place a little royal icing in egg-cup and with ice-block stick or small plastic teaspoon stir in a little strained fruit juice, such as lemon, grapefruit or orange (or fruit cordial can be used).

Continue to add fruit juice until icing is broken down to thick flowing consistency similar to thick cream. Keep covered when not in use.

Using an artist's small brush, dip into the thinned icing and paint inside of design, taking care that air bubbles do not form. When base has been fully painted, lift brushfuls of icing over design and allow to flow into pattern, flooding it to very top of piped line.

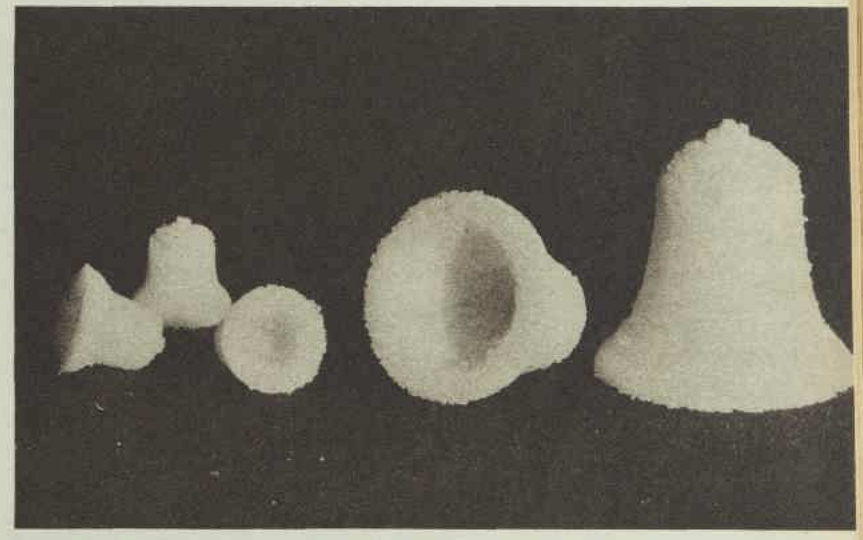
Leave in level position to set and dry. It could take up to two days to harden thoroughly.

When hard, details can be piped over the flooded object, and features such as eyes, nose, etc., can be painted in with diluted food coloring.

Peel waxed paper off back of design; store design in airtight container until required.

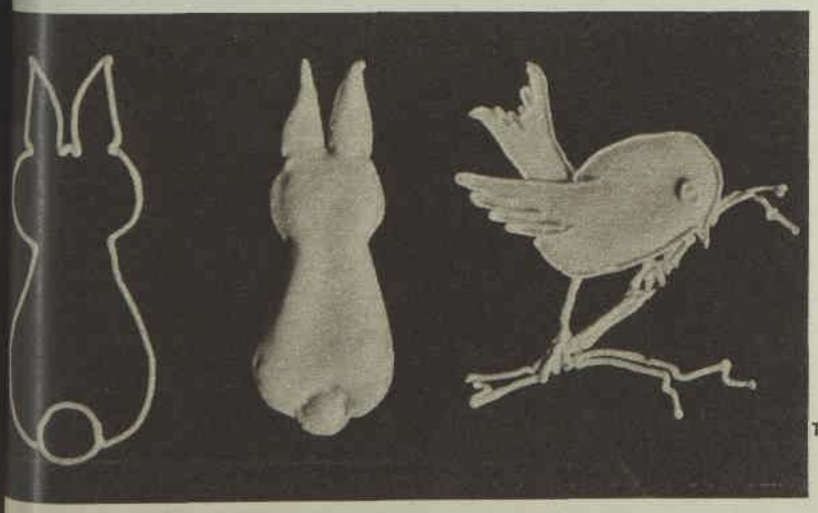
Animal shapes can be flooded in left and right pairs and, when dry, joined together with royal icing and stood up on top of cake.

When using several colors in one piece of work, each section must be allowed to dry before attempting the next section. This is slow but effective, and results pleasing.



SUGAR BELLS, in various sizes, make pretty decorations for a wedding cake. Small plastic or glass bells are used as moulds.

RABBIT AND BIRD are two attractive designs in flooded work. The outline is piped first, then the design is brushed in with icing.



Sugar work

BELLS and vases made with sugar are popular decorations for wedding cakes.

Use the following recipe to make up the sugar mixture.

SUGAR RECIPE

One egg-white, approximately 2lb. granulated sugar.

Place sugar in basin, add egg-white (unbeaten), and mix thoroughly. Store in covered container.

SUGAR BELL

Plastic or glass Christmas bells are ideal to use as moulds. Pack mould firmly with sugar, leave a few seconds only, then turn upside down on to wax paper, tap gently and lift mould carefully away.

Allow outside of bell to set for several minutes.

Then, with pointed vegetable knife, scoop out damp sugar from centre of bell. Smooth centre with tip of forefinger. Stand on clean waxed paper until thoroughly dry —at least 2 hours for large bells. Smaller bells will dry more quickly.

Small dry ball of sugar with piece of wire inserted can be added for tongue of bell.

When bell is dry, decorate with cornelli piping or very small flowers.

Sugar vases are made in exactly the same way.

Continued overleaf

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Threaded ribbon

NARROW ribbon threaded through the fondant looks effective on wedding and christening cakes.

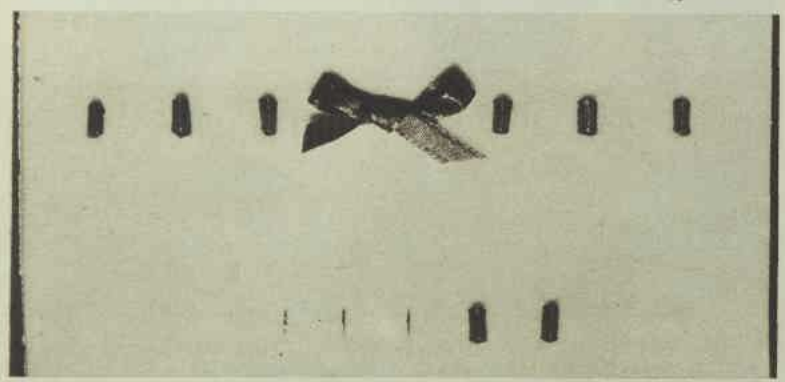
This must be done as soon as fondant has been placed on cake.

Have pattern prepared on paper. Measure and mark off sections where ribbon is to go and cut small holes on these markings. Place pattern on cake and pinprick design on to cake through the holes. This prevents pressure marks on the fresh fondant.

Cut narrow ribbon into pieces ¾in. in length and fold each piece in halves.

Make slot with point of thin-bladed knife in fondant over pin mark. Into this insert ends of ribbon. Pair of broad-ended tweezers is very useful for this.

Ribbon can be inserted between rows of lace or between bands of clipper work.



Clipper work

SPECIAL clippers make decorative patterns round the sides of cakes. This design is often combined with threaded ribbon work.

This type of decoration is easy to do and can be applied to a freshly covered cake instead of having to wait until fondant dries. There are at least 6 designs in clippers obtainable at stores selling supplies for cake decorating.

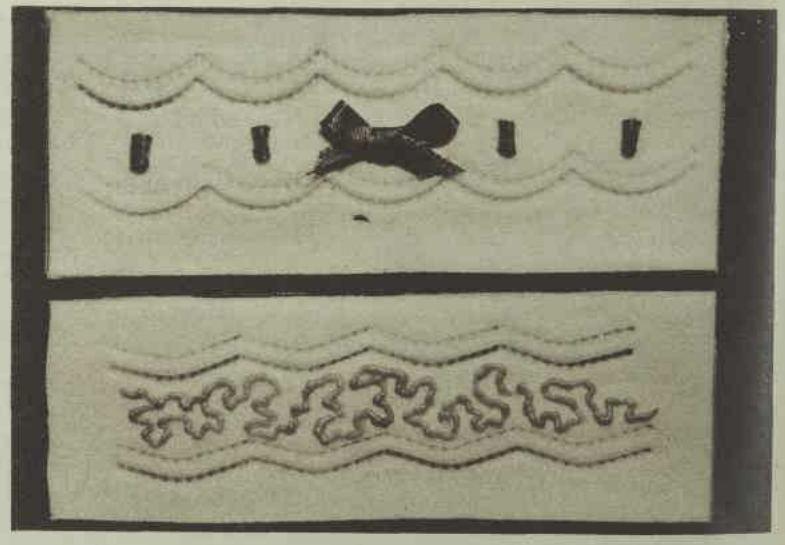
Pattern is formed by pinching and pressing the fondant with the clippers.

To begin pattern, select the clipper, hold between thumb and forefinger, and dip serrated edge in cornflour.

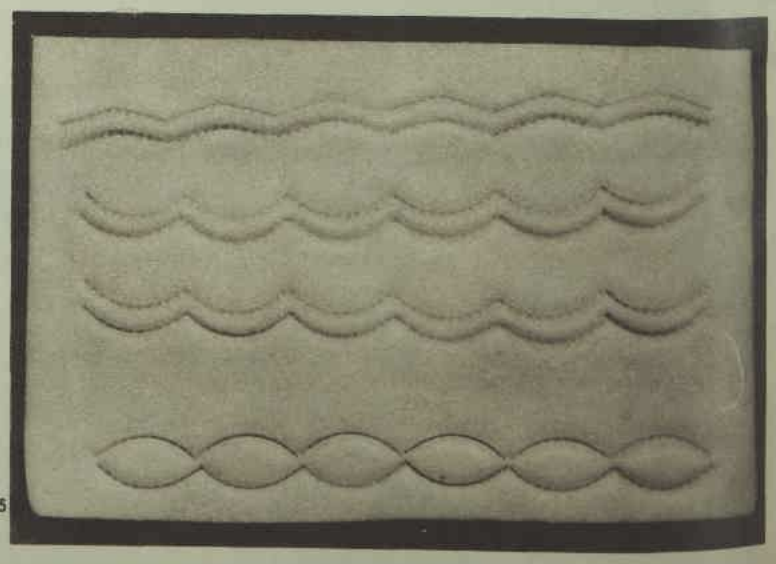
Press until tips are ¼in. apart. Press into fondant and pinch until fondant between tips is about ⅛in. in width. Before withdrawing, reopen clipper to ¼in. space and lift out.

Fondant will pull out if tension is not released before clipper is lifted. Use cornflour freely on tips to avoid sticking to fondant. Brush off cornflour when dry.

Any cracks formed in fondant along the clipper design can be filled and smoothed off with matching royal icing.



***THREADED RIBBON WORK** (at left) and types of clipper work (above) combined with threaded ribbon work, cornelli (see page 7).*



***TYPES OF CLIPPER WORK** used to make decorative borders for threaded ribbon and for cornelli work.*

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Moulded designs

● Fondant or almond paste is used to mould natural-looking flowers and fruit.

TO MAKE FLOWERS

MOULDED flowers can create a more natural-looking effect than piped flowers. Moulded fruit and vegetables make very pretty groupings.

See our Basket of Flowers Cake on the cover for the beautiful effects which can be achieved with moulded roses — one of the most popular flowers used in cake decorating.

Small amounts of waste from covering fondant can be used to mould flowers, but, because it dries out quickly, it is not really suitable for moulding large quantities of flowers. A special modelling fondant is used for this.

SIMPLE MODELLING FONDANT

One pound pure icing sugar, ½oz. glucose, ½oz. gelatine, 2oz. water.

Combine water and gelatine in saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until gelatine has dissolved. Add glucose and mix well. Allow mixture to cool slightly then add to sifted icing sugar. Knead well.

MOULDED ROSES

Set of scone cutters in graduating sizes for various sized roses will be needed.

Take piece of fondant the size of walnut and roll into ball. Point tip, press waist at base. This forms centre or bud of rose.

For petals, take small piece of fondant and knead into smooth ball. Roll out as thinly as possible on board dusted lightly with cornflour.

With scone cutter (about 1½in. or 2in. diameter) cut circle from fondant; cut this in halves. Thin edges with fingers dusted with cornflour.

Brush straight bottom of petals with little sugar syrup, using fine paintbrush. Then closely wrap petals round bud like baby's shawl. Press well in at waist.

Cut next petals slightly deeper — three-quarter way down petal as shown in picture above. Attach these to bud in spiral formation.

Change to larger cutters for larger petals as rose grows. Keep tops of petals level with bud section to prevent getting a "cabbage-looking" rose.

Shape petals by placing paintbrush behind petal and gently folding petal back over brush. This gives natural-looking effect and finish.

When rose is completed, pinch or cut off surplus fondant at base. This can be re-kneaded and used again if not too dry. Dry fondant will give cracked petal, which will spoil effect of rose. Any cracks which do show on finished rose can be filled with matching royal icing.

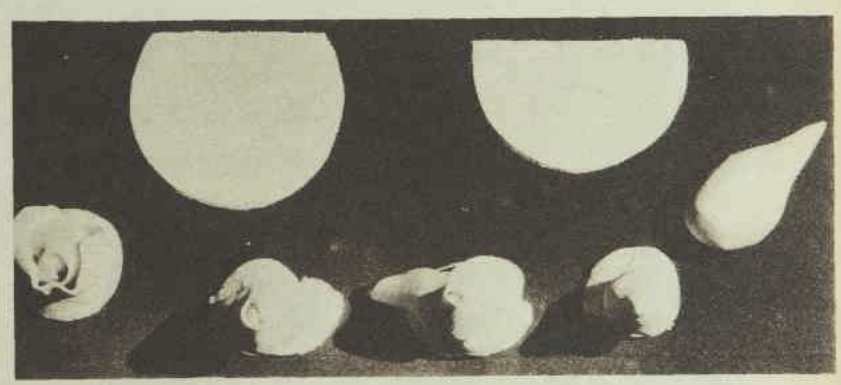
COLORING ROSES

For pale roses, mould coloring into fondant before beginning rose.

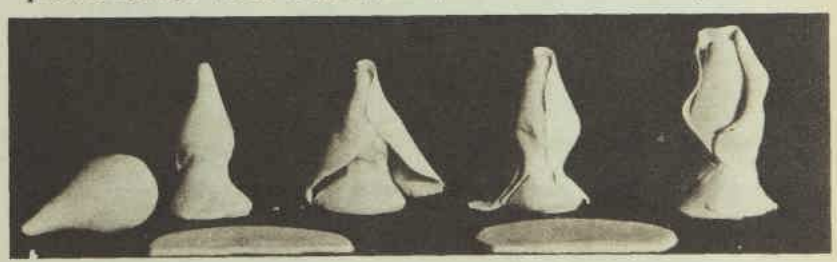
For red roses, allow completed rose to dry, then paint with scarlet food coloring.

Variegated roses are made by using well-kneaded base-colored fondant, then adding few drops of food coloring and roughly kneading in. When fondant is rolled out it will have a marbled effect.

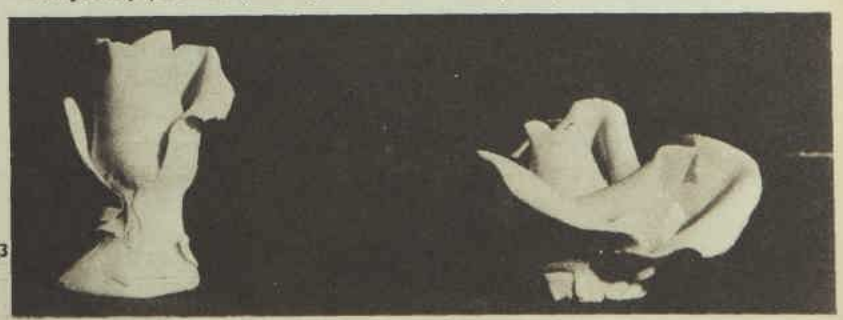
Continued overleaf



BEGIN modelled rose with ball of fondant, then point tip (at right in picture above). Press a waist; this forms centre or bud of rose.



WRAP PETALS (above) round bud, curve edges gently. When rose is completely formed (below) remove the surplus fondant at the base.



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FRANGIPANI

First cut tear-drop-shape pattern for petal. Have shape approximately 1in. high by ½in. wide.

Cut out from thinly rolled white fondant, one petal at a time, using pattern as guide. Gently pinch edge of petal until smooth and fine. Try not to enlarge petal by squeezing out of shape.

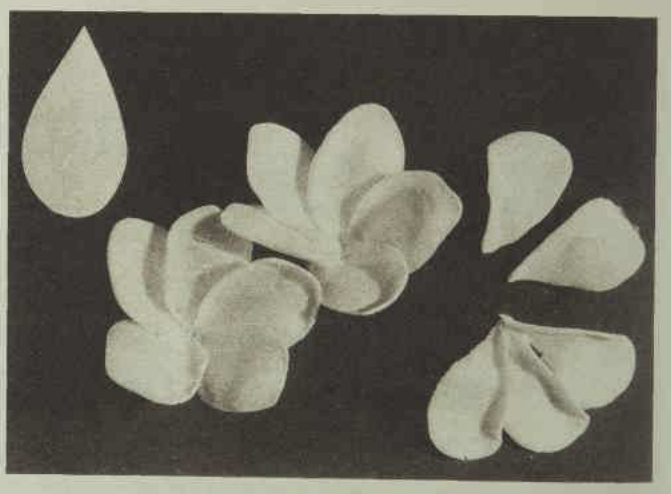
Curve up left-hand side of petal slightly. Place over edge of patty tins until dry. Repeat until enough petals are made.

When petals are dry, assemble flower, using No. 5 shell tube and lemon-colored royal icing. Place dot of icing on base of each petal. Place together overlapping petals like a fan.

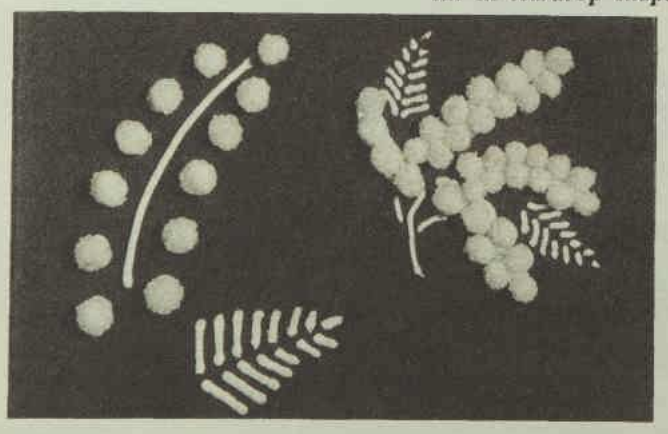
To insert last petal and form the flower, pick up and balance flower in fingertips of left hand. Move petals into position and add last petal.

It is advisable to have fingers of left hand dipped in cornflour to prevent royal icing sticking to fingers.

Invert flower and stand like a tent on waxed paper until dry. When dry, tint with diluted yellow food coloring.



FRANGIPANI PETALS (right) are cut in teardrop shape, then curved.



WATTLE

Mould tiny round ball of fondant, pierce with pin, then dip in sugar syrup or water and toss in yellow sugar made by mixing 1 tablespoon of sugar with two drops of yellow food coloring. Place balls on waxed paper, remove pins, and allow to dry.

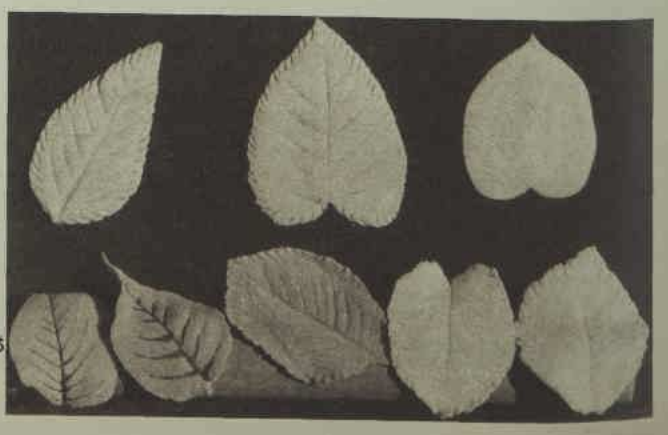
When balls are dry, pipe green stems, using No. 1 or No. 0 writing tube. Place blooms each side and decorate with piped leaves as shown in picture.

WATTLE (left) is arranged, with its characteristic leaf, in dainty spray.

MOULDED LEAVES

Roll out enough fondant for one leaf. Cut out shape with pointed vegetable knife. Mark veins with back of knife tip. Then with tip of the leaf facing you, serrate edge of leaf by cutting halfway through fondant. Pick up with knife blade and lift on to dowel rod or handle of wooden spoon to dry.

Make different shapes; tint when dry with diluted food coloring.



LEAVES can be gently eased into different shapes, placed on rod to dry.

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VEGETABLES

Fruit and vegetables can be moulded from fondant or almond paste, tinted when dry with diluted food coloring.

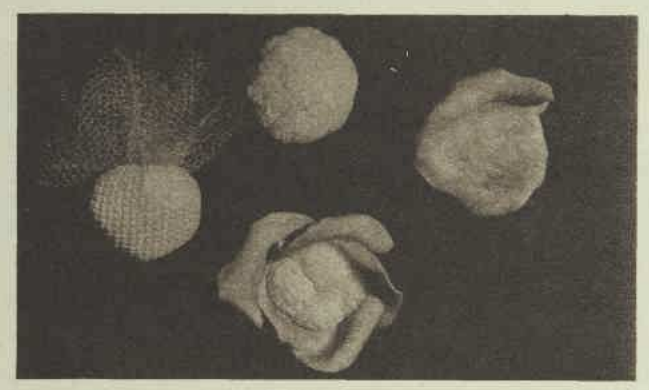
Cauliflower: Take ball of white fondant. Place piece of coarse net over it, draw ends of net down under fondant; twist tightly. With back of pointed knife, mark into tufts like a cauliflower. Carefully remove net.

Make 5 leaves, same as for rose petals, and place round cauliflower as shown. Tint leaves green.

Green Peas: Roll small pieces of green fondant into balls for peas. Roll out larger piece of fondant cut into pod shape. Dampen centre of leaf with sugar syrup. Arrange peas in line and fold up pod round them. Tint with green food coloring when dry.

Carrots: Shape orange-colored fondant into cylinder. Point at one end, then curve slightly. Mark lightly at intervals with wooden cocktail stick. Insert clove at broad end of carrot. Tint this end green. Tint remaining carrot orange-red and mark in a few places with green.

Potato: Roll piece of white fondant into potato shape. Indent eyes with broad end of wooden cocktail stick. Toss lightly in cocoa, dust off excess cocoa.



CAULIFLOWER (right) is marked into flowerets by drawing coarse net round ball of white fondant.

FRUIT

Flavoring essence can be added to the fondant or almond paste to suit each variety of fruit.

Peaches: Roll piece of peach-colored fondant into ball. Make indentation with skewer to form rather deep crease. Tint with yellow food coloring, brush with red food coloring for blush. Fade color off to back of peach.

Grapes: Shape piece of fondant into rather long triangle. Roll pieces of fondant into tiny balls and pile on to fondant triangle, securing with little sugar syrup. Insert clove stem at top of bunch. Tint when dry.

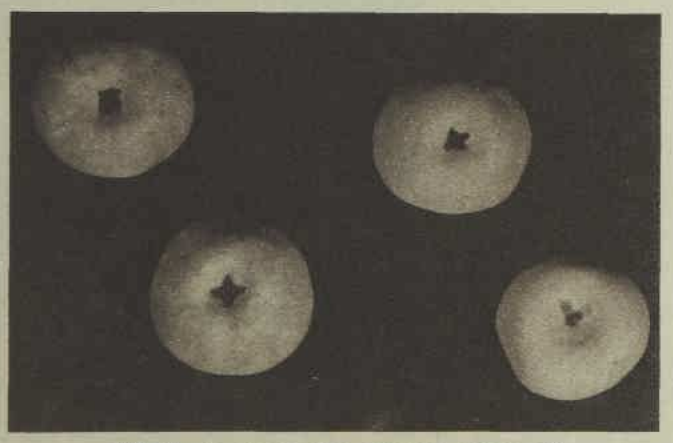
Orange: Roll piece of orange fondant into ball. Roll over grater to mark for rind. Tint with orange food coloring. Finish with clove flower at top.

Pears: Roll ball of yellow fondant into pear shape; taper off one end. Press flower end of clove into base of pear and stem of clove into top of pear for stalk. Brush pear over with yellow food coloring. Add blush if desired.

Bananas: Form yellow fondant into slim banana shape. Insert clove flower at top and bottom. Tint each end green, add brown markings.

Strawberry: Shape piece of pink fondant into strawberry shape. Roll over grater for marking. Dip in sugar syrup, then roll in pink sugar. From green fondant cut calyx and secure to strawberry with icing.

Apple: Shape piece of fondant into ball. Add flower from clove to base and stem of clove to top of apple. Tint with red, green, and yellow food colorings.



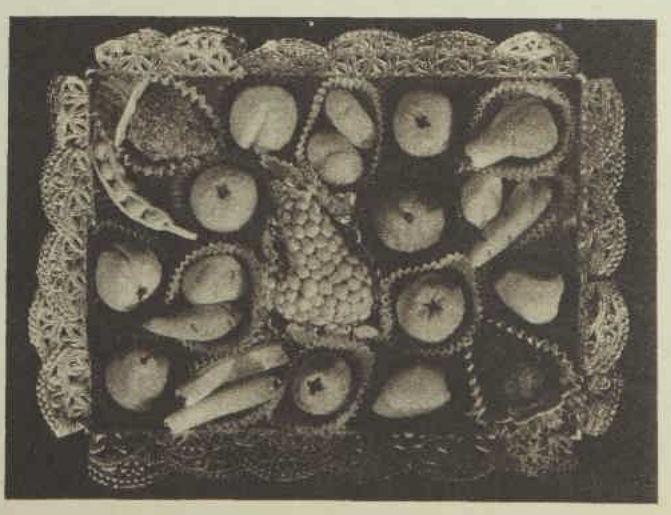
APPLE is made by shaping piece of fondant into a ball, with cloves at base and stem. Tint red, green, or yellow.

GIFT BOX

This is the nicest way to present finished fruit and vegetables. It also makes an ideal gift.

Fill small paper patty cases with fruit and arrange in box, cover box with cellulose paper if necessary, and finish with dainty ribbon bow.

Colored paper doilies can be used to line box to give attractive edging.



ATTRACTIVE BOX of fruit and vegetables modelled in fondant and almond paste.

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OUR COVER CAKE

● Below are the directions for decorating the beautiful Basket of Flowers Cake shown on the cover of this book.

DIRECTIONS for all icing work on the Basket of Flowers Cake, including the flowers and leaves, are given in this book and in Book 1 of the series.

The hinged lid of the basket, under which the flowers are clustered, is made of two halves of a circle of cardboard.

Here are the directions:—

Make ½lb. fruit cake in 8in. round tin.

Cover cake board with gold paper, place strip of wax paper over this to prevent marking gold paper when fondant is placed over cake.

Stand cake in centre of board, fill any cracks and spaces, if necessary, to even contour of cake.

Cover cake with almond paste. Allow to stand a day or so to make sure almond paste dries out completely.

Fondant: Make up 2lb. quantity of fondant. Tint 1lb. of this the desired color for basket and top of basket lid. Tint one-quarter of remaining fondant in contrasting color for quilting under basket lid.

Use remainder of fondant to mould the flowers and leaves.

Glaze cake with a little sugar syrup, then cover with the colored fondant, reserving a little for basket lid.

Lid: Cut circle of cardboard same size as cake tin, then cut this in halves to form hinged basket lid. Roll out contrasting fondant thickly. Glaze cardboard, cover each half with layer of fondant. Trim at edges.

Mark off fondant at 1in. spaces. With back of knife or ruler dipped in cornflour, press in pattern of quilting on the 2 sections of hinged lid. Leave until dry.

Glaze reverse sides of cardboard, then cover with reserved fondant from cake, rolled thinly.

Cover with piped basket weave pattern in royal icing same shade as fondant. Place on waxed paper dusted with cornflour; pipe herringbone edge round curved side only.

This hides any joining marks, as well as finishing the lid. Set aside to dry at least 4 days. If this time is not allowed, cardboard still retains moisture and will bend under weight of icing.

Add 4 drops of glycerine to the royal icing, stir in well. Pipe basket weave on cake sides. Outside of icing will set firm, leaving underneath soft, so when cake is cut icing will not fly off in hard chips.

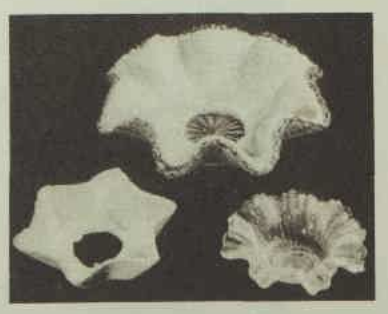
Finish off, using No. 8 shell tube at base; pipe top edge with herringbone shell border.

Decorations: For this cake you will need: One dozen moulded roses in different tints and shades; 4 rosebuds; 24 rose leaves; 6 frangipani; 10 bluebells or hyancinths; 1yd. satin ribbon about 1in. wide in matching or contrasting color to basket weave; 1 gift tag made from fondant, finished with clipper work.

To Complete Cake: Place heavy line of icing across centre of cake, then stand the 2 sections of lid in position, leaving plenty of space for the flower arrangement.

Support lid with ice-block sticks until sufficient flowers are in position to provide support. Then remove sticks.

Tie decorative ribbon bow and place in position between hinged sections of lid.



JAM OR BUTTER DISHES make good moulds for fancy baskets.

MIXED FLOWERS, filled into a moulded basket, are a pretty centrepiece for cake.

BOUQUET OF FLOWERS IN BASKET

● Here is another pretty basket design comprising a variety of mixed flowers piped on wire and set in a moulded basket made of fondant.

To make the basket you will need a fancy-shaped butter dish and an egg-cup.

Roll out piece of modelling fondant to size of butter dish, dust well with cornflour, cut hole out of centre with egg-cup, place fondant on inside of dish.

Press gently into the formation. Leave it to dry several days.

Glaze egg-cup with sugar syrup and cover with modelling fondant, smooth to shape, and polish with cornflour.

When dish section is dry, turn out of mould, remove any cornflour with brush and, with royal icing, mount on egg-cup base. Centre hole in dish section should fit over top of egg-cup. Leave to dry.

Using No. 5 shell tube, pipe basket weave on the outside. Finish edges with herringbone shell.

Gather ½yd. tulle to fit round inside of basket. With royal icing, secure tulle to inside of basket.

Cover 15in. piece of basket cane with crepe paper to match basket. Bend cane to meet at ends, cross over at ends, and bind with thin wire to secure.

Tie bow of ribbon, attach to handle with piece of thin wire.

Fill egg-cup with royal icing. Press handle well down into this.

Fill basket with assortment of flowers piped on to wire, arranging them attractively. Allow royal icing to set 24 hours; then flower wires can be bent to soften the effect if necessary.

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